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SCRAP BOOK

72-77a-P.F.M.
#43
Special Occasions
I-
Coffin Reunion,
Centennial 1895
Tercentenary 1930

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

I.

Coffin Reunion
Centennial 1895
Tercentenary 1930
General

Boat Strike 1960

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1881.

CLAN COFFIN.

The Descendants' Honors to Tristram and Dionis.

Scenes, Incidents, etc., at Surf-side.

Monday morning last, ushered in with the east wind that Dickens has such an aversion for, threatened to dampen if not to darken the prospects of the Re-union festivities of Clan Coffin, for which great preparations had been made. But during the forenoon the clouds rolled away, and a Summer day burst upon the expectant crowds with all the promise desired. For weeks, the members of the Coffin Clan have been gathering upon our island, and the daily steamers have brought fresh arrivals, thus swelling the numbers of those who have come from every part of our country, to join in the commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Tristram Coffin—the first of his race who settled in America. At an early hour on Monday forenoon there was a business meeting held in Wendell's Hall, at which were present some two hundred members of the Reunion Association, the president, Charles G. Coffin, in the chair, and Allen Coffin, Esq., secretary. Jared Coffin, of Brooklyn, was appointed assistant secretary of the meeting. A vote was passed that all money contributed for the memorial fund be kept separate from other financial matters connected with the gathering. A vote was also passed guaranteeing that all expenses incurred should be paid. It was voted that a committee be appointed to call upon members for subscriptions for a guarantee fund, and report at the next meeting. The subject of a monument, its cost, form, etc., was discussed at length, but the matter was subsequently tabled. A vote was passed that a record book be opened at Surf-side on Tuesday, in which members in attendance could enter their names, lineage, &c. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered the president, secretary and executive committee for their exertions in behalf of the association. Prof. Selden J. Coffin introduced a resolution in favor of appointing a historical committee for the purpose of preparing a history of the Coffin family to be issued at an early date, to consist of five persons, with power to increase their number. The president was to announce the names at the next meeting. The [illegible] a resolution that money in the treasurer's hands, after payment of expenses, be turned over to the historical society for use in their work. A committee was appointed to take charge of the crockery and dispose of the same for the benefit of the association. The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the chair.

A marked and significant feature of the Reunion, lies in the fact of the most perfect unanimity of feeling among the members, at Wendell's Hall, on Monday forenoon, the 15th inst., with reference to the financial basis of its success, and the manner of raising the needful funds. This arrangement was perfected at once, and the able and unwearied secretary, Allen Coffin, Esq., who has had the burden of the executive management upon his shoulders ever since its inception, was then and there relieved of all responsibility. On motion of Judge Owen Tristram Coffin a unanimous vote of thanks was extended to the secretary of the association.

The opening exercises of the Clan Coffin Runion opened Tuesday morning. The 10.30, A. M., train took out a party of about 250 passengers and these were followed by nearly as great numbers on each succeeding train. The assembled crowd amused themselves as best they could until the arrival of the band at 1.30 P. M., the only public and general diversion in the meantime being the photographing of the large group of Coffins by Mr. Gardner. Shortly after the arrival of the band the clan assembled at the tables, those who could—some 300 in number—gaining admission to the inner tabernacle, and the most of those who could not get inside contenting themselves as best they could at the tables on the piazzas. In all about 500 were seated. The room was tastefully trimmed with flags and bunting. Each side of the speakers' stand was arranged on the wall in evergreen "Welcome." Opposite the speakers' stand on the wall was the legend "Honor to Tristram and Dionis," flanked on either side by still other "Welcomes." The assemblage was called to order, and Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford requested the attention and patience of the audience while the Divine blessing was asked, which service was performed by Rev. Herbert W. Coffin, of Plymouth.

This over, every man, woman and child attended to the duty they had immediately in hand as rapidly as food could be served them. The repast consisted of clam chowder, baked clams, baked corn, baked fish, lobster salad, with relishes, tea and coffee for drinks and watermelon for dessert. It was quite late before all parties were served, as all the guests could not sit at the tables at once, probably nearly or quite a hundred of them being left over when the first call was made. It was fully half past four o'clock before the hall was cleared of tables and the guests seated. The band played as an overture a selection from the "Pirates of Penzance," and they were called to order by the President, Mr. Charles G. Coffin, who introduced Allen Coffin, Esq., the Secretary of the Association, as master of ceremonies.

Secretary Coffin, in rising, welcomed, in behalf of Nantucket, the Clan who had assembled to do honor to the memory of a common ancestor. He alluded in strong terms to the virtues of the first Tristram, and the renown which had been acquired by some of his descendants. Not all the honor nor all the glory, in his opinion, should fall upon Tristram, as deserving as he was, but equal honor and equal glory should be accorded her who had, with him, buffetted storms and delighted in sunshine—his wife Dionis. Both should alike be commemorated, and to their memory should be erected such monuments as would show our appreciation of the woman as well as the man. It would mark a new departure, and he was glad that Clan Coffin had the honor to lead in this variation. Mr. Coffin was frequently interrupted by applause, and his sentiments evidently found among his auditors quite a strong following.

The Secretary closed by introducing as the orator of the day Tristram Coffin, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who delivered the following

over

See Papers entire
Mirror & Journal

SURF-SIDE.

Three or four separate trains conveyed the party to Surf-side to partake of the banquet. It was on this occasion that caterer Copeland let himself out, and he did well. In fact this was the only collation for which he assumed entire responsibility. Everything seemed to pass off excellently. The young ladies who acted as attendants were all that could be desired in that position. We give below the bill of fare for the occasion.

BILL OF FARE.

Tomato Soup.
Blue-fish, baked, Madeira Sauce.
Boiled Sword Fish.

ENTREES.

Stewed Lobster and Wine Sauce.
Chicken Croquettes.
Lobster Salad.

Roast Rib of Beef.
Roast Spring Lamb.
Roast Chicken.
Westphalia Ham.
Corned Beef
Tongue.

Green Peas.
Green Corn.
Cucumbers.
Tomatoes, Lettuce.
Potatoes.

Light & Fancy Cakes.
Assorted Cakes.
Pastry.

AFTERNOON.

The afternoon's entertainment commenced with an overture by the orchestra, which did not seem quite so familiar to us as some of the other music they played. Some of their selections, which we remember to have heard in other places, and which we have already heard them perform three times, are beginning to seem like old friends.

The secretary announced that the tickets to the ball, which would be held at Atlantic Hall, admitting a gent and two ladies, could be obtained at the stores of Miss Amelia M. Coffin, Miss Phebe E. Clisby, or of the secretary.

The Trustees of the Methodist Church, having tendered the free use of the church to the Association, if the morrow should be stormy, it was voted to accept their hospitality, and that a vote of thanks be extended them in behalf of the Association; also that Prof. Coffin be requested to deliver his address in that church at 10 o'clock, Thursday forenoon. These votes all passed without a dissenting voice.

The literary exercises commenced by an address by Judge Owen Tristram Coffin, of whose remarks, as well as those of the gentlemen who followed him, we can only give a brief abstract, since none of them were committed to manuscript.

THE BALL.

The continued unpleasant weather rendered it imperative to change the place at first assigned for the ball (Surf-side) to Atlantic Hall. We think this was a judicious move under the circumstances, and by reason of the precarious state of the weather. But the followers of Terpsichore take no note of times and seasons. Joy is ever unconfined, "when youth and beauty meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet." And this dance was no exception. Smith's Quadrille Band furnished the music, and under the direction of a careful management, it was a complete success. The following are the names of the floor managers:

Floor Director,—Jared Coffin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; *Aids*,—John A. Coffin, James B. Coffin, Alanson S. Barney, Nantucket, Mass.; Charles Henry Coffin, Orville Coffin and Henry Coffin Everett, Boston, Mass.; J. Sherwood Coffin and Alfred Coffin Estes, New York, N. Y.; Sylvester Swain and Frederick Worth, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Joshua Coffin Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Coffin, Richmond, Ind.; Walter Channing Coffin, Somerville, Mass.; Charles Coffin, Walnut Ridge, Ark.; Robert Coffin, Mabbettsville, N. Y.; and Charles E. Coffin, Indianapolis, Ind.

PROGRAMME.

GRAND MARCH.

1.—QUADRILLE, - - - *Le Printemps.*
2.—WALTZ, Blue Alsatian, - - - *Strauss.*
3.—LANCERS, Fatinitza.
4.—GALOP RACQUET, - - - *Simmons.*
5.—QUADRILLE, Triumph, - - *Bosquette.*
6.—WALTZ, Ever or Never, - - *Waldenfel.*
7.—LANCERS, Centennial, - - *Schleperell.*
8.—PORTLAND FANCY.

INTERMISSION.

9.—WALTZ, Olivette, - - - *Audran.*
10.—QUADRILLE, Pinafore, - *Gilbert & Sullivan.*
11.—GALOP RACQUET, Boccaccio, - *Von Suppe.*
12.—LANCERS, Chimes of Normandy.
13.—WALTZ, Blue Danube, - - *Strauss.*
14.—VIRGINIA REEL.
15.—POLKA.
16.—QUADRILLE MEDLEY, Good Night, *Stopples.*
HOME, SWEET HOME.

The attire of the ladies was elaborate, and as they moved gracefully through the intricate mazes of the waltz and quadrille, a kaleidoscope beauty filled the hall, and something of the charm of fairy-land hovered over the scene. We deem that particular mention of many of the dresses, as worn by the fair dancers, will be interesting to the participants, and present our description as follows:

Mrs. W. H. Burgess, bottle green silk, en train. Mrs. A. M. Myrick, white momie cloth, white satin trimmings, en train. Miss M. E. Starbuck, striped Swiss, lace trimmings, pink roses. Miss Hattie Wyer, white spotted Swiss. Miss Annie Coffin, bronze brown satin, lace bunting overdress trimmed with Spanish lace. Mrs. B. C. Easton, blue chene silk, claret trimmings, diamond ornaments. Mrs. F. J. Crosby, white nainsook, trimmed with lace. Miss Marion Crosby, white, tastily made. Mrs. E. C. Hammond, brown silk under-dress, camel's hair polonaise, diamonds. Mrs. W. Coffin Bolton, N. Y. City, London smoke silk, shell trimming, diamonds. Nannie E. Coffin, Stoneham, Mass., black brocade satin, duchess lace, diamonds. Miss Nettie Coffin, Winchester, Mass., blue and crimson changeable silk, thread lace. Mrs. W. G. Monk, Boston, white Swiss, tastily trimmed with duchess lace and white satin, diamonds. Mrs. E. G. Cory, brown silk, golden brown trimmings, diamonds. Amelia L. Owen, black velvet under-dress, foulard silk over-dress. Miss E. M. Rounds, white spotted Swiss, garnets. Miss S. Lizzie Austin, Lawrence, blue silk armure, lace trimming. Mrs. Dr. Joseph Austin, Lawrence, black striped satin under-skirt, brocaded polonaise. Miss Daisy Starbuck, evening silk, cherry trimming. Mrs. W. T. Foster, baby blue Mexican brocade, satin trimming. Mrs. S. J. Howes, black brocaded satin and silk, Spanish lace. Mrs. Jared Coffin, black silk, diamonds. Mrs. Fred. Worth, black brocade satin, jet ornaments. Miss I. W. King, white spotted Swiss, pearl ornaments. Miss Emma Crosby, black velvet under-dress, silk embossed tissue overdress, Spanish lace, pearl ornaments. Miss M. E. Macy, white spotted Swiss, satin trimming. Miss E. S. Barney, plumb-colored silk, white Spanish lace. Mrs. Mary Coffin Johnson, black silk, en train, blue satin trimming, black lace waist over blue. Miss Violet Beach, white striped muslin, fine embroidery. Miss M. V. Cockroft, black velvet under-dress, baby blue over-dress, Spanish lace, diamonds. Miss Hattie Leonard, white spotted muslin, finely embroidered. Miss Emily McKay, black silk under-dress, black satin over-dress, jet ornaments. Miss Annie M. Allen, white cashmere, Spanish lace trimming. Miss Lizzie B. Allen, black silk, satin striped trimming. Miss M. W. Ellis, white Nun's veiling, satin and Spanish lace trimming, tastily trimmed. Mrs. G. J. Kingsley, baby blue silk, en train, mechlin lace trimming, diamonds. Miss C. R. Macy, black velvet under-dress, white cashmere over-dress, velvet trimmings. Miss Lizzie Taylor, lovely garnet silk, trimmed with velvet and cashmere bead trimming. Miss Blanche Richardson, pink organdie, languedoc lace trimming (very pretty). Miss Angie Richardson, white organdie, languedoc lace trimming. Miss Emma Grandin, white embroidered Swiss, German lace trimming. Miss Florence W. Coffin, white spotted muslin, thread lace trimming (very tasty). Miss Lizzie Macy, spotted Swiss, satin bows, pink roses. Miss Lillie C. Everett, white cashmere, white satin trimming. Miss E. M. Everett, cherry silk under-dress, white muslin over-dress, all trimmed with lace. Mrs. A. C. Tripp, black silk and velvet, jet ornaments. Mrs. George H. Cary, brown silk and satin. Miss Amelia Lowden, white muslin, black embossed trimming. Mrs. W. A. Spinney, handsome black silk, satin-trimmed, pink roses. Mrs. F. A. Coffin, brocaded silk, diamonds. Miss G. Coffin, white cashmere, silk trimmings. Mrs. G. H. Mackay, elegant embroidered white muslin, black Spanish lace waist, handsome diamonds. Mrs. R. Gardner Chase, rich lavender satin, duchess lace, diamonds. Miss Mary Ewer Coffin, white cashmere and blue silk, duchess lace, pearl and topaz ornaments. Miss Emma Cook, white muslin, lace-trimmed. Miss Marianna Veeder, garnet satin, brocaded, Spanish lace. Mrs. F. Haskell Stewart, pearl gray silk, Mechlin lace, pearls. Miss Kate C. Coffin, heliotrope satin and brocade, diamonds. Miss Minnie Coffin, white satin, and muslin over-dress, thread lace; pink roses, pearls. Miss E. L. Nickerson, light blue silk, en train. Miss Fannie A. White, white cashmere, elaborately trimmed with white satin and cheneille fringe. Miss Lutie B. Chase, light pink watered-brocade under-dress, changeable cardinal silk overdress. Mrs. Charles E. Coffin, rich cloth of gold and velvet, handsome diamonds. Miss Fannie Macy, mauve-colored silk, en train. Miss Libby Marchant, white spotted Swiss, white lace trimming, arranged in watteau waves. Miss Annie Roberts, cream-colored brocaded satin, quilted front, elegantly trimmed with pearls, pearl ornaments, Spanish lace. Mrs. David W. Coffin, garnet foulard silk, Roman stripe trimming. Mrs. M. M. White, cream-colored Canton crape, elegantly embroidered, black satin trimming. Mrs. George Carlyle, lavender silk, lovely lace fichu. Miss Annie Robinson, white spotted muslin elaborately trimmed with valenciennes lace. Miss Florence Coffin, plum-colored silk, beautiful cherry sash.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Perhaps one of the most tender features of the grand Reunion ceremonials, was the pilgrimage of a large number of the Clan to the sacred spot of ground where once stood the old ancestral home. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." On yesterday afternoon a delegation of the Clan Coffin Association visited the site of the homestead of their distinguished ancestors, Tristram and Dionis. The president, Mr. C. G. Coffin pointed out many points of interest—the site of the home of Mary Starbuck, the place where she was buried, the pond where the first Baptist converts were immersed by Peter Folger, the place where stood the house in which the mother of Benjamin Franklin was born, and the well from which she drew water.

Aug. 20, 1881

THE COFFIN RE-UNION.

The Initiative Step Taken by Our People—Formation of an Association—An Harmonious Gathering of Descendants—Articles of Association Adopted—Officers Elected.

In response to the advertised call for a meeting of those interested in a re-union of the descendants of Tristram Coffin, about twenty persons assembled in the office of Allen Coffin, Esq., Thursday evening, to take action in the matter. The meeting was temporarily organized by the choice of Allen Coffin, Esq., chairman, and Roland B. Hussey, secretary. In brief remarks Mr. Coffin stated the object of the gathering, and then presented his views of what class of exercises the proposed celebration should consist. He thought three days' commemoratory exercises would be the right thing, to consist, perhaps, of a rustic picnic or clam-bake on the site of the original settlement the first day, profound memorial exercises on the second, which he would have occur on the 2d of October, 1881, the second-hundreth anniversary of Tristram Coffin's death, and close with a grand banquet and ball or other entertainment for the third day and evening. He did not favor the erection of a monumental pile, believing the proceeds could be better expended for a memorial hall or library, the furnishing of a Coffin alcove in the Athenæum, or anything that should be of benefit. He would not oppose a monument if that was the general desire; in fact was ready to fall in with any suggestion which should meet the wishes of the clans-men. The remarks were well received, and proved to be the sentiment of the entire meeting. Other suggestions will be offered from time to time, it is hoped, both from at home and abroad, from which an excellent programme can be made up.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

This association shall be known as THE TRISTRAM COFFIN RE-UNION ASSOCIATION.

Its object shall be the commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Tristram Coffin (the first of the race who settled in America) October 2d, 1881.

Its officers shall consist of a President, seven Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of thirty, the Vice-Presidents and executive board being delegated with power to increase their numbers at any time.

Any person who is a descendant of Tristram Coffin may become a member of this association by proving his descent, and paying to the Treasurer an admission fee of fifty (50) cents.

Charles G. Coffin, Esq., was chosen President of the Association by an unanimous vote. A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. R. B. Hussey, William C. Folger and John A. Coffin was appointed to report a list of names for the remaining officers, and presented the following list, which was adopted:

Vice-Presidents.—Capt. Oliver C. Coffin, William C. Folger, Mrs. Eliza Barney, Rev. Herbert W. Coffin, of Plymouth, Mass., Miss Anna Gardner, Mr. James B. Coffin. Mrs. Ann L. Coffin, of Newburyport, Mass.

Secretary and Treasurer.—Allen Coffin, Esq., of Nantucket.

Executive Committee.—Allen Coffin, Esq., Capt. Oliver C. Coffin, William C. Folger, Mrs. Eliza Barney, Miss Anna Gardner, Mr. James B. Coffin, Mr. Eben M. Hinckley, William H. Macy, Esq., Judge Thaddeus C. Defriez, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Barney, Mrs. Anne M. Macy, Mrs. Ann M. Coffin, Messrs. John A. Coffin, Arthur H. Gardner, Roland B. Hussey, Alexander Macy, Jr. Samuel F. Coffin, Andrew Whitney, Joseph B. Macy, and Misses Amelia M. Coffin and Stella L. Chase, all of Nantucket, Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer, of New York, Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, of Jersey City, N. J., Rev. Herbert W. Coffin, of Plymouth, Mass., Mrs. Ann L. Coffin, of Newburyport, Mass., Judge Owen Tristram Coffin, of Peekskill, N. Y., William E. Coffin, Esq., Richmond, Ind., Charles F. Brown, Esq., and William M. Bunker, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., and Mr. Alexander Starbuck, of Waltham, Mass.

By vote of the meeting the Secretary was authorized to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at any time. Adjourned at 9 o'clock.

With the initiative step taken in a permanent organization, the work will have a fountain-head, and will, we doubt not, spread rapidly, assuming shape as it progresses. The small membership fee will furnish sufficient funds for conducting the correspondence, which has already begun, and which is expected to be large. Our columns are open, friends, for your views of the project. Let us have hearty response from those at home and abroad.

March 20, 1880

Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.

JERSEY CITY, N. J. April 15th, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You will not wonder that I expressed the opinion in my last, that a sort of Institute meeting might be held while the Clan is on the island—not during the three special Clan days—but for those to attend who come earlier or stay after the great gathering season, when you learn that immediately upon the announcement in the New York *Independent*, (which circulates largely among intelligent people, and, *of course* reached the Coffins, far and near) of the discovery of the *Erica Cinereria* upon Nantucket, the president of the Botanical Society (Mrs. Catherine Starbuck) received letters of inquiry and congratulation. Among these was one from Claridon, Ohio, which is of such real value to the Clan Coffin cause, that I have urged its publication. It is dated Feb. 22, 1881, and is worthy of the date:

"*My Dear Madam:*—I am delighted to see by the *Independent* that the real Scotch heather has been found on the island of Nantucket, and especially because it was discovered by a young lady of my own name. I am no botanist myself, but have been so much with a botanical friend in the island of Jamaica and its wonderful vegetation, that I have become infected with somewhat of the enthusiasm of the genuine followers of the lovely science. Indeed for a year I lived in the hope that the name of Starbuck might be attached to a fern which my friend Wilson discovered, and which had never been seen in Jamaica before. But the new plant was spared the not over euphonious designation of *Felix Starbuciana*, or whatever it should have been, by being able to prove that it had been seen in the high woods of one of the sister islands. I am glad to perceive, however, that the family name is gaining botanical distinction in a more active and better deserved way.

We are all greatly interested at our house to learn how the plant prevails on Nantucket, whether somewhat extendedly or in a scattered specimen or two. We infer the latter, from its not having been known before. There are, if I am rightly advised, no *Erica* in America. Did this new found plant come over as a waif of the sea? If I am not presuming too far on the interest which all the descendants of Edward Starbuck and of Nathaniel and Mary are entitled to take in one another's achievements, I should be happy to know. I am, my dear madam, very sincerely and respectfully yours,

CHARLES CAREY STARBUCK.
Pastor Claridon Congregational Church.

Of course the botanical president courteously responded, and on March 3d was written the following very interesting epistle, which is too full of genealogical and kindred information to be kept from the Clan:

"*My Dear Mrs. Starbuck:*—I owe you my most cordial acknowledgments for your kind letter and the information so promptly given therein, and actually crowned by a gift of the famous plant itself, which was certainly more than I expected to be honored with. I had often read of heather-bells, and wondered whether they were really beautiful, or whether their purple was some dull, inconspicuous hue. And I could hardly believe that the beautiful sprig enclosed in your letter was really the heather itself. I assure you that our household feel highly gratified and flattered by the present, which we shall frame and hang up conspicuously in our humble parsonage, with a suitable inscription, commemorating the fact of its discovery on my ancestral island, and by my kindred and namesakes.

We were thrown into such a flutter of pleasing excitement by the arrival of your letter and its enclosure, that we have been sportively asked which we made the most of, the heath that arrived on the 3d of March, or the little Charles Edward that arrived on the 1st? The question answers itself, but the second arrival is a very agreeable corollary to the first. I tell my little Eric, the elder of the two boys and of the three children of whom I can now boast, that I now have in my family an Eric and an Erica.

My little Mary, just turned of seven, is very fond of listening to George MacDonald's Double Story, and how the Wise Woman put all her guests to sleep upon her living bed of heather, whose bells it was their duty to water every day, and it seems to her as if this present came direct from the Wise Woman herself. I am willing to feed her on the utterances of a Christian seer, like George MacDonald, for I tell her, that as the seventh in lineal descent from Mary Coffin, there should be a certain congruity in her with the prophetic character, for Mary Starbuck was the Deborah of Nantucket.

Mrs. Barney was right in supposing me to be of the Hudson Starbucks. Nathaniel Starbuck, whom I dare say you knew, as he has often visited the island, was my great uncle, my grandfather's youngest brother. My great-grandfather, Benjamin Starbuck, Jr., only and posthumous child of Benjamin, Sr., who was cast away at sea at the age of 24, left Nantucket in 1770, carrying with him my grandfather, Charles, who was born in 1769, and a number of elder children, while he had others born in Hudson, and in Easton, 60 miles north of Hudson, to which he finally removed, and from which our branch of the Starbucks has radiated. There are many of his blood, but comparatively few of his name. In my grandfather's family, particularly, my four-years-old Eric and two-days-old Charlie are the only boys who bear his name. The Giffords, of Hudson, are his most numerous descendants, as the late Sanford R. Gifford, the eminent artist, son of my father's sister Eliza, was his most distinguished one.

Benjamin, Sr., my great-great-grandfather, was the son of Nathaniel, Jr., and grandson of Nathaniel, Sr. and Mary Coffin, and thereby great-grandson of Edward Starbuck and Katharine Reynolds, whose name, I am glad to perceive, has not grown obsolete on the island.

I fear that I shall not be able to attend the Coffin gathering, though few would have a better right, as I perceive by my chart that I am lineally descended in five several lines from old Tristram. But if any chance should bring me, I assure you, my dear madam, that I shall be fully ready to give the promise that will initiate me into the Order of the Heath. I am delighted to learn that Nantucket has so rich a Flora.

Commending myself to your kind remembrance and that of your daughter, and Mrs. Barney, and other unknown relatives, I remain very faithfully your friend and kinsman,

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

The above letters give the assurance that the far-scattered children of Tristram and Dionis are not unmindful of their ancestral isle and its productions, and if an Institute was held, and inquiry made in regard to the botany, geology, etc., of Nantucket, the Coffins and the Starbucks would be there, ready to query, and some of them ready to answer.

I wonder if it would not be advisable for Nantucket to cultivate the plant known as "wild rice." The Canadian Government are stimulating the growth of it in all the inland waters of the dominion. "It is now found in many ponds, lakes and rivers of Canada, nearly to the Arctic Circle. It grows annually from seed, and induces the presence of enormous flocks of wild fowl in the Autumn, which visit these rice lakes and extensive beds for food. In Lake Erie, it grows in water six to eight feet deep, and millions of reed-birds, as well as ducks and other water fowl, resort there, and afford fine shooting. Sportsmen's clubs are also taking means to extend its growth, as it attracts game of all kinds. In Rice Lake, where it grows prolifically, it has been cut before seed time by manufacturers, who find its fibre, taken from the under surface of the water to a depth of six or seven feet, to be very valuable. It affords, it is said, the strongest kind of fibre known for making bank-note parchment paper." I am not certain, as I have not studied into the matter, but it seems to me that if the Canada climate will allow the growth of this plant, surely the climate of Nantucket would not hinder. There is then no reason why our island should not be made attractive to other birds as well as to those now found there, and thus the supply of edible fowl be increased, while the fibre of the rice plant would be also a source of profit.

I learn from Miss Anna L. Coffin that the old homestead of the historian, Joshua Coffin, her father, in Newbury, is to be photographed and heliotyped, and one hundred copies given to the Reunion Association by one of the Clan. Miss Coffin adds: "I will send you a list of my 'fore-bears.' Our oldest sister, Mrs. Prince, is the seventh generation born in the house. I copy from our genealogy:

'The house in which Dea. Tristram Coffin lived, and which he built in 1659, is still standing, and has been owned and occupied by Dea. Tristram, Jr., his son, Hon. Nathaniel, his son, Col. Joseph, his son, Major Joshua, his son, Joseph and his son Joshua Coffin, who was born in 1792 and died in 1864.'"

Seeing the notice recently that the children of Edward Everett are descendants of Tristram and Dionis, of course through their mother, the daughter of Peter C. Brooks, I have wondered if the distinguished Prof. Louis Agassiz left any children by his second wife, who was also a daughter of Peter Chardon Brooks. If so, do they not belong to Clan Coffin? At any rate, does not the accomplished Mrs. Elizabeth C. Agassiz (does the C. stand for Coffin?) herself belong to the Clan? Those of us who have enjoyed her "Seaside studies in Natural History," will be glad to know it, and some of us will trace "the Coffin drop" in the evident love of science as illustrated on the seashore.

P. A. H.

Apr. 30, 1881

THE COFFIN FAMILY.—The numerous descendants of the first settler at Nantucket by the name of Coffin, will doubtless be glad to learn that some talk has been had concerning the propriety of raising some kind of monument to the memory of Tristram Coffin, senior, the centennial anniversary of whose death will occur in the year 1881. This subject will not require much talk among a family so numerous to put it into practical operation at once, if the minds of those now agitating it can be reasonably agreed as to the kind of monument and place of location. It is a commendable proposition and creditable to the heads and hearts of those who suggested it.

There is a tradition that Tristram Coffin dwelt "upon a hill in a valley between two hills," and a place upon what is known as his original estate at the west part of the town, near the Capaum pond, fully answers this description. Relics of former civilization have been discovered about this spot including ancient coins. Its identity may be as satisfactorily established as the life of Pocahontas, but, of course, upon all such subjects dating so far back as the settlement of Nantucket, there is room for much speculation and doubt.

A reunion at Nantucket, in 1881, of all the descendants of Tristram Coffin, is also being agitated. Such a gathering, besides proving intensely interesting, would awaken sympathies that have long slumbered, and promote a universality of thought which must redound to the honor and fame of the renowned common ancestor whose children have trod the remotest regions of earth, sailed upon every sea, and now people every clime. There will be room enough for them all upon the island, and they will find a hearty if not a royal welcome.

Aug. 23, 1879

DIONIS.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

(In Memoriam of the infant daughter of Allen Coffin, Esq., Secretary of the Coffin Reunion Association, who died Sept. 30, 1880.)

Only a babe! yet gladly loving hearts
Gave her a place on earth,—
Then loving angels welcomed her above,
At her immortal birth.

The far, ancestral mother whose good name
She bore, we never knew;
Yet the blank record proves her to have been
A woman pure and true.

A woman on whose name there is no blot,
Whose soul was white as his
By whose dear side she walked till life was done,
Then sought the realm of bliss.

Too early for the hearts that loved thee well,
Sweet babe! thy summons came,
But thou hast carried our reverent thought above,
With thy clan-honored name.

Green be the turf above thine island-grave,
Fair blossoms deck the mound,
While on the head-stone is the name, no more
An unfamiliar sound.

And some bright morning, in the happier land,
That babe, to woman grown,
We'll greet, amid ancestral companie,
Theirs, henceforth, yet our own.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

March 5, 1881

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Dionis and her Husband.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—All who have been so fortunate as to inherit Coffin blood are deeply interested in the plan to honor our common ancestors. At the same time, our love for Nantucket makes us wish to see our native place benefited by the memorial it is proposed to erect. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to the kind of monument or monuments which ought to be raised. Most are in favor of two monuments, one to Dionis Coffin, and the other to her husband, Tristram. The best of objects do not always arouse enthusiasm, and if they are not continually talked over, people are liable to be apathetic about them. Therefore, I add my little to what has already been said.

It is very important for us to have a definite idea before hand of the kind of monuments we are to erect. They must be such as will be sure to attract the attention of the numerous visitors to our island. A building for a library, or an old woman's home, both of which have been suggested, would be almost unnoticed by thousands who come here from cities where libraries and homes are common-place. If the monument were a library building, Dionis Coffin would have her name respected only by the literary few, and an old woman's home would confine her memory to the little set of old folks who would monopolize its rooms. A brass or a stone *statue* of Dionis, with perhaps a companion statue in like material of her respected husband, will attract the attention of strangers more than anything else. Any one in the far future, writing about Nantucket, could not fail to menuion these statues and refer to the history of Dionis Coffin. A statue would be sure to be conspicuous, wherever placed on Nantucket. Abroad, statues are usually set up in parks and handsome squares, and the eye is apt to wander from the statue to the surroundings. Here on Nantucket a beautiful statue would not be eclipsed by rival beauties of art. The novelty of a statue erected to a woman would in itself be enough to excite interest in the person represented, and strangers seeing it would ever after remember the subject of the companion statue as the honored husband of the woman whom Nantucket delights to remember. The statue of Dionis and her husband would, in the opinion of many, be of greater moral benefit to the town than either of the institutions that have been proposed. As our children see the statue of Dionis, with that of her husband not far away, it will remind them of the lasting honor which a woman may win for her husband, by cultivating virtues which her descendants will admire. The benefit derived from the statues to the island will depend of course on where they are placed. It is very important that we should form some definite plan beforehand as to the location. The statue of Dionis should certainly be put where there will be an apportunity of placing that of her husband not far away. His statue should, however, be at such a distance from hers as also to attract some special attention. It has been thought by a few that the old town-house lot would be a good location; but that seems rather cramped. The Square would be injured for business purposes if one were placed at the upper and the other at the lower end. Why would it not be a good plan to place them one at one end of the new jetty and the other at the other end? Everyone entering our harbor or walking upon our North beach would notice them, and inquire about them.

The statues ought, of course, to be true to life. It would be a pity to dress Dionis like a Roman matron, or like one of the goddesses of Mythology. Historical characters should be represented in the dress of their times. I would have her standing on the outer end of the jetty. She should be dressed in the simple garb of a member of the Society of Friends. In granite the plain gray gown, shawl and bonnet could be almost exactly represented, and even bronze would soon tone down to an orthodox brown.

I would have her standing in a determined, confident position. In one hand she should hold a torch, raised aloft, which would at all times be useful as a beacon, and with her other hand she should be holding to her lips a long trumpet, such as seamen call a fog-horn. This trumpet could be connected by pipes with the shore, and be blown in foggy weather. Thus the statue would be both seen and heard. I would place the statue of her honored husband at the shore end of the jetty, sitting in a chair, —a representative of quiet, domestic life. Like his wife, he should be attired in his appropriate garments. He should wear the hat, surtout, waistcoat and trousers of the Friends. His hands should be clasped six inches below the breast, with the thumbs one above the other as though about to revolve. His face should be beaming with calm delight as he is gazing out at his brave wife, who warns and welcomes those who approach our shores. I trust that those who gather here this summer will duly consider the suggestions I have thrown out, and which have seemed already to meet the approval of others with whom I have spoken in private.

JETTY.

Apr. 30, 1881

G. H. GARDNER,
PHOTOGRAPHER

WILL be at Nantucket on or about August 12th, for a short stay only, and will attend to all orders for **Large Photographic Work,** such as pictures of Hotels, Private Residences, Family Groups, &c., &c. All work will be first-class and satisfaction guaranteed.

PRICE LIST.

Size of Negative.	Size of Card.	Single Pictures.	½ dozen.	1 Dozen.
8x10.	11x14.	$2.00.	$5.00.	$9.00.
11x14.	14x17.	3.00.	7.00.	12.00.
14x17.	18x20.	5.00.	10.00.	15.00.
14x17.	18x22.	5.00.	11.00.	16.00.

Orders for 50 or 100, 30 per cent. discount from regular rates.

☞ These prices are for in town. At Siasconset, Polpis, or anywhere over a mile outside the town. extra charge will be made, according to distance, For further information apply at the *Journal* office, where all orders may be left. al3

Aug. 13, 1881

PHOTOGRAPH.—Mr. George H. Gardner, of Boston, will be in town to-day, to make preparations for taking the big picture of the assembled Coffins, which, we are informed, will be sold by subscription. He will also be prepared during his stay to make large photographic views of private or public buildings, and announces his price list for the same in a card in our advertising columns. It is an excellent opportunity for those desiring large pictures of their homes.

Aug. 13, 1881

Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.

Dionis and Her Husband.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Inheriting Coffin blood as I do, it is but natural that I should feel a deep interest in everything pertaining to the present movement of things Coffin-ward; and in which connection I may say, I can but admire the sentiments of your correspondent "Jetty" as expressed in a communication to your now expanding journal of a late issue. Yes, he states a fact when he says, "there seems to be a difference of opinion as to the kind of monument or monuments which ought to be raised;" and to "begin with," I shall say boldly that Dionis Coffin, Esq., is probably as deserving of a conspicuous and attractive monument as is the grandest hero that ever lived. For was she not great? was she not good? was she not handsome? do not her photographs (!) show her beauty and her exact features? True, since white settler first set foot on Nantucket she would be the only Coffin of all who had not a drop of Coffin blood in her veins; but what do we care for that, provided we can but once get her well h'isted on a pedestal? what do we care, provided we can wring it all in under the guise of a new departure in art? (Art indeed.) Again, your correspondent says, "A brass or a stone statue of Dionis, with perhaps a companion statue in like material of her respected husband, would attract the attention of strangers more than anything else." Ah, "Jetty," how could you? Brass!!—just think on't,—we have heard of brass monkeys. We really think something else would be *better*, and suppose we say lead. Lead would be darker in color; perhaps it would show up well in a fog; besides, it wouldn't cost as much as glistening brass, and who knows but 'twould last longer? We beg to suggest lead, and please put us down, Messrs. Editors, as in favor of lead for Dion.

Now "Jetty," it seems, is in favor of locating this monument to Dionis at the far end of the new pier and "in earnest, defiant attitude," probably holding a pipe or something in her hands, spirting water off into the sea; and would he really set her thus up as an example to the rising generation of Nantucket girls? We think we could decidedly improve upon this, and therefore would humbly venture upon a somewhat different suggestion, to wit, that she be placed nearer town, holding in her hand a simple water ejector, which, connected with the street mains, could be made to do great and good service in case of fire; and it would be no stretch of the imagination in believing that during the long time she would remain upon her pedestal, that for once, at least, she might be the means of preventing a serious conflagration. Now here would be some utility connected with your art,—a new departure indeed—Dionis tapped in case of necessity and your town saved from ashes. Really "what could be finer?" I don't know so much about her husband. "Jetty" suggested he should be represented as lying off in an arm-chair farther in from shore than the pier; but perhaps if it were finally thought worth while to erect that statue at all, it would be all sufficient that it be built in some back yard, under the woodshed, either in Egypt or Guinea. And bronze would soon tone down to an "orthodox brown" said your correspondent. Now "orthodox brown" is good, but let me say in all soberness, that there is not in all the country, scarcely, a three-year-old bronze exposed to the weather but has turned as black as your hat. Look at the Vanderbilt bronze on the freight depot, costing thousands, and all told is some thirty feet in length; it is as black as charcoal, and from its hardness of color, to use a conventional term, is as interesting and beautiful to look at as is a black cat in a coal bin at midnight. Is there any agreement of color between black bronze and grey granite, and would there be any unity of effect, that first great object of inquiry in any and all art work, in such a combination? and it is no excuse that it is being done all over the country, either. Am I to make a goose of myself because my neighbor does?

And now, would there not be oneness and unity of effect in cutting a statue from the same material that the balance of the monument is from? To conclude, if we put up two bronze statues, are there not thirteen monuments to come after us? and if these follow in our footsteps, i.e., in the same rut which it is thoroughly American to do, will there not be just twenty-eight bronze statues at the final end of things? and where, pray, would there be anything artistical in such a repetition? The Coughings have a responsibility.

JOTTIE.

NEW YORK, May 11th. 1881

Clan Coffin.

Tristram's Descendants.

The Rev. H. A. Hanaford, in a recent letter, states that he has been personally informed by one of the parties that the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., of Cambridge, and Prof. William Everett, son of the Hon. Edward Everett, who were classmates at Harvard, are both descendants of one common ancestor by the name of Tristram Coffin.

The Coffin Medals.

BOSTON, March 28th, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I notice that some inquiries have been made as to the whereabouts of the Coffin medals. We have one of the white metal ones which came down to us from my wife's great-grandfather, George Bunker Coffin, who married Abigail Allen, and who afterwards moved to Hudson, N. Y.

Yours truly,
WARREN P. ADAMS.

Coffin Coat-of-Arms.

RICHMOND, Ind., March 28th 1881.

ALLEN COFFIN, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:—As there seems to be a serious doubt as to what is the correct Arms of our family, and as none of us would wish to use what we are not entitled to, I would suggest the appointment of an "Heraldic Committee," to examine and definitely settle the question. John Coffin Jones Brown, of Boston, seems to be an expert. Would he not be a suitable member?

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM E. COFFIN.

Apr. 9, 1881

CLAN COFFIN.



Benefit of the Memorial Fund.

The Life of Tristram Coffyn--Photographs of ye ancient family of Portledge--Hector Coffin Coat of Arms.

Under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association, has been compiled a life of Tristram Coffyn, together with reminiscences and anecdotes of some of his numerous descendants, and some historical information concerning the ancient families named Coffyn. Price, $1.

Photographs of eight ancient oil portraits of different members of the Coffin family of Portledge, in North Devon, England, the originals of which were mostly executed in the sixteenth century, are also for sale. Price for the set, $1.50.

Also, the Coffin Coat of Arms, printed from the identical copper plate used by Captain Hector Coffin in his lifetime, which is a fine specimen of copper-plate engraving, and answers in general description to the Coat of Arms granted Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart, in 1804. Price, 15 cents.

The above can be obtained of Miss Amelia Coffin, who is a member of the Executive Committee, at her store on Lower Pearl street, and also at the office of the secretary. The proceeds to be devoted to the Tristram Coffin Memorial Fund.

ALLEN COFFIN,
Secretary T. C. R. A.

jy2

July 2, 1881

LINES

Recited at the Reunion of the Coffin Family at Nantucket, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of August, 1881.

BY ROBERT BARRY COFFIN.

I.

When good-man Tristram and his friends sailed to this pleasant land,
The Indian unbent his bow and buried in the sand
His tomahawk, and lit the pipe of peace and passed it round,
And gave the strangers fellowship and helped them till the ground.

II.

The white man and the red were friends, no war between them grew;
Do unto others as you'd have those others do to you—
This was the golden rule they preached; and gave the Indians rum,
Tobacco, blankets, and in pounds sterling a midling sum.

III.

And so our good forefathers throve, and did exceeding well;
But lo! the Indians took to drink and went where—none can tell.
But one was greatly civilized and honors high acquired,
And, as a Justice of the peace, his rulings were admired.

IV.

Yes, 'Squire Kadooda's laws were just, ere litigants he heard
He ordered first both parties whipped and then judgment deferred.
A more than Solomon was he, a wiser man, I think:
Few troubled him with their complaints unless they were in drink.

V.

The old forefathers of our race were sturdy, helpful, bold,
They ploughed the land and ploughed the sea, but gathered little gold:
And yet sufficient for their needs, they lived a simple life,
And were contented if they owned a ship, a home and wife.

VI.

From Tristram Coffyn and his wife (Dionis Stevens born)
A race of men and women sprung who well earth's ranks adorn.
The daughters are both pure and fair, the sons no sons excel,
The husbands brave, the virtuous wives, Mothers in Israel.

VII.

Could our ancestor have foreseen this gathering today,
It would have straightened many a path, smoothed many a rugged way;
Have lent a solace to all grief, have lightened every pain,
And carried to his heart the truth that he'd not lived in vain.

VIII.

Not all of good old Tristram's race the name of Coffin bear,.
The Macys, Mitchells, Folgers, Joys equal the honors share.
The Gardners, Colemans, Bunkers, too, the Barnards and the Halls,
The Starbucks, Husseys, Paddocks are a few my muse recalls.

IX.

"What's in a name?" the poet asks, and then, as is most meet,
"By any other name," he adds, "a rose would smell as sweet."
And so Smith, Brown and Hanaford are Coffins just as good
As if they bore the honored name—for they have Tristram's blood.

X.

I love to ponder on the past and dream of vanished hours,
And re-create in fancy's mind those ancestors of ours,
Who, dying, left a fragrance sweet to blossom in the dust,
Attesting in a silent way the actions of the just.

XI.

I love the records of the past, and cherish in my heart
The history of that olden time wherein they bore a part.
I see beyond the mist of years the father of our race
Clad in the fashion of his time, trunk hose and ruffled lace.

XII.

Again I see, in later days, a noble form appear,
A benefactor to his race whom all our name revere;
Sir Isaac,* loyal to his king and doing his command;
Yet loving well his kith and kin and well his native land.

XIII.

Forgive your poet if he lay one leaf upon the shrine
Of him† who was his great grand-sire, and fourth of Tristram's line,
Who lived an honest, upright life a hundred years save one,
Then died, and this his epitaph—"Thou faithful one, well done."

XIV.

I tell you those were good old times, though not exempt from care,
When our forefathers toiled and saved, and ate their humble fare:
Lobscouse, plum-duff and chowders rich of clams and codfish, too,
With green corn-puddings, Indian style, washed down with home-made brew.

XV.

Two hundred years have passed since he whose memory now we keep,
Was laid beneath these drifting sands in God's good time to sleep;
But generations yet unborn shall glory in his fame,
And, with the grand old admiral, do honor to his name.

Letters from the People.

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 14th, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As I have received several letters from the great fraternity of Coffins, asking if the armorial bearings on the circulars recently published by the secretary of the Coffin Reunion Association is a fac-simile of the Coffin Coat-of-Arms which I am about to issue, I would like to occupy a short space in your columns in regard to this matter.

The Coat-of-Arms which appears on the circular, with four bezants, is one of six differing arms which I have seen since I began to investigate this subject nearly a year ago. This arms is *not* the one which is to be put before the Coffin family for the benefit of the memorial fund. The arms which I have adopted, and in which, I am gratified to state, I am sustained by several who have made this subject a study, is the Portledge Coat-of-Arms which the present occupant of the old Coffin Manor in Devonshire, England, the Rev. John Thomas Pine Coffin sent to me, saying "I am happy to send you the original arms of Coffin, of Portledge, which is now, and has been, prior to the reign of Henry the VIII, worn by the Coffin family."

The secretary of the T. C. R. A., Allen Coffin, Esq., (than whom I doubt if any other man could have been found to do the arduous work which he is doing more acceptably) writes me that he has never made the subject of armorial bearings a study, but having seen several differing Coffin Coats-of-Arms, had one printed upon the circular. As this gentleman has ordered a number of copies of the arms soon to be issued, I would take this means of notifying him, as well as all who have subscribed, that the Coffin Coat-of-Arms will be sent to them within the next fortnight.

I observe in a communication to your paper from Amory Coffin, M. D., of Aiken, S. C., that he does not sympathize with the four bezanted arms. Mr. J. O. Austin, of Providence, who has made this a study, writes me,—"This arms, with four bezants, is not what I have considered the original Coffin arms; neither is the motto correct." I was especially gratified that this gentleman was in full sympathy with my own views on the subject. Where this four bezanted arms originated can not definitely be traced. I have seen it attributed to Sir William Coffin, of Portledge, but no such Coat-of-Arms can be found as connected with the Coffin Manor.

In the British Encyclpædia of Heraldry it states that instances had been known where members of the same family from generation to generation had changed the figures on their armorial bearings, but never the colors; and have even been known to sell them like Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Those who have seen the arms of Admiral Sir Isaac and of Hector Coffin, can understand how hard it was for me to pass them by and adopt a plainer coat; but we had no more right to those imposing helmets, men-of-war and batons than we had to their family jewels and plate; at the same time the field or foundation of both those coats, accord, and were taken from the Portledge Coat-of-Arms,—three bezants and semee of cross crosslets. I have said it was hard to pass by the imposing armorial bearings of the Admiral, and not add those peculiar emblems which belonged to his immediate family. This was my feeling before becoming familiar with the subject; now it would be like exchanging old wine for new, for the Admiral's Coat-of-Arms was only made in 1804.

When we see a family Coat-of-Arms severely plain and simple, we may be assured that there is age upon it. But, Messrs. Editors, I am making my "brief article" lengthy, and thought I would stop right here and continue at some future time, but perhaps I had best have it out now, and not make a chronic thing of it; for, judging others by myself, they will tire of mullets, bezants, chevrons and the like,—which reminds me that Barnum once remarked he had never owned a Coat-of-Arms himself, but had had a great many coats without any arms.

I have among my armorial bearings of Coffins one which is styled "that very ancient arms," and is mentioned in this wise:—"Prince Worthies, of Devon, page 229, says that Richard Coffin, of Portledge, showed him an ancient coat of the Coffins, earlier than 22 Edward III:—argent, a chevron between three mullets sable;" and would date back to 1100 or 1000, A. D. This arms never was in common use at Portledge, but it is thought that the present Coffin arms at Portledge, dating back of Henry VIII, covers, or is grounded upon this very ancient arms, as the 3 mullets coincide with the three bezants of the arms of Coffin.

The British Encyclopædia says,—"It is uncertain at what period armorial bearings found their way into England. The Conqueror and his successors certainly did not use them; they did not appear upon their seals, nor are they shown upon the banners of the Bayeux tapestry. Arms came more generally into use in the 13th century. Particular symbols have in all ages been assumed by the various families of mankind, civilized and uncivilized. Such were the Lion of the tribe of Judah; the S. P. Q. R. (the Roman Senate and people,) upon the standards of ancient Rome, and the Eagle surmounting them; the tattoo marks of the savages of America and the Pacific; the Danish raven and the white horse of Saxony, which still remains carved upon the chalk downs of western England. The stories as to bearings adopted to commemorate feats of arms in Palestine are mostly inventions. The cross, no doubt, was a crusading bearing, but it was so because it was the emblem of christianity and primarily popular as such."

It would seem, then, if we, the descendants of Tristram Coffin, are descended from that ancient family of Coffin, of the west of England, as we claim to be, and doubtless are, we can revert back in our armorial bearings to a very early period; and, if we are not of that family, why, who in the world are we? If any descendant of Tristram is disturbed in his mind on this point, I venture to state there is not one of the family but would contribute to fit him out on a voyage of discovery, with a single admonition,—Do not penetrate too far back of Moses and the Prophets, but keep in the open sea, avoiding the genealogical domains of the man Adam, for it has been intimated that his escutcheon was none of the fairest.

E. V. HALLETT.

NOTE.—A printed fac-simile of this "ancient arms" will accompany each copy of the Coffin Coat-of-Arms, to be lithographed in the correct colors, $1.00 to cover the whole expense.

FEBRUARY 19, 1881.

Aug. 20, 1881

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

The Coffin Medals.

MESSRR. EDITORS:—Your Brooklyn correspondent, Mrs. S. M. Coffin, asks the question "Who have the Tristram Coffin medals?" The medals which bear upon one side a full-length representation of a man dressed in the costume of the English gentleman of the 16th century with the inscription "Tristram Coffin, the first of his race that settled in America. 1642;" and on the reverse side four hands clasped and crossed, with the inscription "Do honor to his name. Be united;" were many in number. These medals were caused to be struck in England, by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., the representation of Tristram Coffin being wholly ideal. They were of bronze and white metal, with the exception of one, which was described by the Admiral as "gilt," and intended to be held by the President of the Board of Trustees of the Lancasterian School, and his successors. This "gilt" medal, which was at one time supposed to be solid gold, but probably only plated with gold, has been lost sight of; if in existence, its whereabouts are unknown. The present President, who is entitled to its custody, has no knowledge of it, as I have been informed. Each of the original Trustees, your Brooklyn correspondent suggests, had a bronze medal. Some of the white metal ones were given to other descendants of Tristram. The late Philip Coffin, who resided at the head of Main street, had a white metal one, presented him by the Admiral, which is in the possession of Mrs. Turner, a granddaughter, the only one I know of now upon the island. Miss Anna L. Coffin, of Newburyport, has a bronze one; Mr. Uriah H. Coffin, of Boston, has another. The family of Rev. Charles Coffin of Knoxville, Tenn., had one which was destroyed by fire during the late war. It would be difficult to tell whether either of these bronze ones I have mentioned ever belonged to either of the Trustees of the Coffin School. The one possessed by Mrs. S. M. Coffin is, of course, the one presented to her grandfather, Capt. Ariel Coffin, who was one of the original Trustees. But these medals were numerous in the days of the Admiral's visits to America, and were, doubtless, presented to many descendants of Tristram by the Admiral himself. When the Admiral was in Hudson, N. Y., he was the guest of Capt. Alexander Coffin, formerly mayor of the city, and left with that gentleman a leather bag containing fifty of the Coffin medals in white metal and bronze, to be distributed among his descendants, so says Robert Barry Coffin, a great-grandson of Capt. Alexander, aforesaid. He further says he well remembers them and the pleasure he used to take with his great grandfather when engaged in pitching them at a fork stuck in the floor; and although the Coffin medals were so plentiful then as to be used as playthings, he is not now the possessor of one, but would be glad to obtain one if he could learn of any person having one who desired to dispose of it.

ALLEN COFFIN.

March 2, 1881

Tristram Coffin Reunion Association.

The Tristram Coffin Reunion Association held what may be termed its third annual meeting, at Wendell's Hall, on Wednesday morning last, August 16, 1882. The Association was organized about two years and a half ago, and in August, 1880, held its first general meeting, the great gathering of Clan Coffin last August being the second. The meeting was called to order at ten o'clock, and Mr. Charles H. Coffin, of Boston, was chosen president, *pro tem*.

The secretary and treasurer immediately suggested the death of the president, Charles G. Coffin, Esq., since the last meeting of the Association, whereupon the following resolutions were presented:

Resolved, That this Association sorrows in the death of its first president, Charles G. Coffin, Esq., on the 13th of April, A. D. 1882.

Resolved, That in his death, the Association loses one whose devoted interest to the purpose of the Association can never be transferred to another.

Resolved, That this Association mourns his loss, sympathizes with his immediate family, and will devote a place in the record book of the Association for recording of the same.

While the resolutions were before the meeting, Allen Coffin, Esq., pronounced the following

EULOGIUM.

Charles G. Coffin, the first President of this Association, died at New York City on the 13th of April, 1882. He was born at Nantucket, on the 23d of October, 1801, and had, consequently, passed the eightieth year of his life by five months and ten days. His departure calls for a more extended and better prepared notice than it is possible for me to present, not only because he has made a vacancy in our ranks which it will be difficult to fill, but because his absence from our community where he so long resided is sorrowfully felt. His life, it is true, was fully rounded to its term.

From an early period of life he had been active in public affairs, taking a lively interest in all matters which sought the good of the whole, so that death found him crowned with honors spontaneously bestowed, yet without any of the emoluments of official position. For more than half a century he was the tried and faithful servant of his fellow-townspeople, filling in turn, and for long terms, almost every town office within the gift of the town that had no salary attached, besides serving upon boards of private corporations, such as the Atheneum, the Coffin School, Banking Institutions, and Moral Reform Associations, and never profited a penny thereby. In all this wide range of public duty, so conscientiously performed, he labored without price, and oftentimes provided the means necessary to ensure success for the object in hand. He inherited a large estate, and, by years of successful business operations, gained much wealth. But his riches did not consist of that material which the moth doth corrupt, for that took to itself wings and flew away.

His hands generously dispensed goods to the poor, and his capital bountifully supplied labor for the many. While his wealth remained with him, no work of benevolence or charity was ever mooted in Nantucket, that did not count him among the donors. Many a fireside has been cheered, many a sick room comforted, many a home blessed by the munificence of his hands. And it was because he bore the burdens of others in the vigor of his manhood, unmindful of his own personal interests, that his declining years beheld his once ample estate diminished.

His life was the most unselfish to be found among men. Strong in his conviction of the right, and of the service he owed it, and tenacious of his opinions, standing sometimes almost alone, the persecuted advocate of some righteous cause, or the defender of some outraged sentiment; yet he never was harsh in expression, or violent in manner, or severer than the truth itself. Malice and revenge, I think, were strangers to him, and he never went out, in all his goings, to do his fellow-man a wrong. Quick to discern the right of all popular movements, he was early the defender of the slave, a life-long temperance advocate, and a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Upon all the questions of social science and moral reform his acuteness ever placed him upon the right side and in the front rank.

Unlike many of our Nantucket kinsfolk who have achieved enduring fame in many parts of our country and even beyond our national domain, in the field and in the forum, in the halls of learning and in the marts of commerce, he confined his labors to Nantucket. He was pre-eminently a Nantucket man, interested in everything that pertained to the island from its earliest history down to life's close. His childhood and youth were enjoyed here. The vigor of his early manhood and the experience of his riper years were given to her in their best estate. He loved the old homes of his illustrious ancestors, and never, to the close of his octogenarian career, did he cease to be interested in all that pertains to the welfare of Nantucket, whose generous soil has kindly folded him to rest, within the sound of the deep sea mutterings, as it did his great prototype two centuries ago. It was well that he lived to see the first Reunion of the Descendants of Tristram Coffyn successfully consummated. He was descended in a paternal line from the first Tristram (1), James (2), Nathaniel (3), Benjamin (4), Micajah (5), and Zenas (6), placing him in the seventh line or generation from Tristram (1).

I have remarked in my Life of Tristram Coffyn, that the most eminent and remarkable descendants had come through Tristram's son James. There is no occasion for changing that statement which I regard as strictly true, but I ought to state, perhaps, that James, being the father of the largest number of children (fourteen), a better opportunity was afforded for great personages. And the Benjamin I have mentioned as the ancestor of our late President, in the fourth generation, was the father of eighteen children.

Charles G. Coffin was also a direct descendant on his mother's side of the great Mary Starbuck, and of that other Mary Starbuck, the first white child born upon the island, who married James Gardner, the son of the first Richard Gardner. Looking back beyond his father and his mother, of whom honorable mention is always made, clouds of ancestors appear, from whom it will be difficult to find one that does not reflect lustre upon his time and generation.

His grandmother on his father's side was a daughter of Elihu Coleman, the Quaker preacher, who published the first pamphlet against American slavery. His great-grandmother on the same side, was a daughter of Batchelor Hussey, descended from the first Christopher Hussey, who stands among the fifteen citizens of Massachusetts who first successfully maintained the sacred right of petition against the decrees of the General Court in the matter of removing the political disabilities of Robert Pike. And his next maternal ancestor on his father's side was the daughter of William Geyer, a well-educated English gentleman who removed to Nantucket about 1670 and married Dorcas Starbuck, the daughter of the first Edward Starbuck. This great-great-grandmother, Damaris (Geyer) Coffin, was also the great-grandmother of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, the founder of the Coffin School. Our lamented President was the youngest person named by the Admiral on the board of Trustees of that Institution, and was the last survivor of the original trustees named.

But he has left us, and we must take our leave of him. No man is truly great who is not good; and no good man passes from the scenes of Earth that does not leave a great vacancy. If it be true that celestial songs are sung and heavenly harps played on the departure of good souls from Earth, the angel choir was well nigh full upon his advent to the World Beyond.

William C. Folger, Esq., commended the eulogy of Mr. Coffin as an eminently fitting tribute to the memory of the late president, and, so far as he knew, it was entirely correct in every particular. He suggested that it be printed in pamphlet form for the benefit of members not present.

Mrs. Elizabeth G. M. Barney moved that the eulogy, together with the resolutions, be printed in both the *Inquirer and Mirror* and *Journal*, which motion prevailed.

1882

Tristram Coffin Reunion Association



A MEETING of the members of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association will be held at Wendell's Hall, in Nantucket, on Wednesday, the 16th day of August, 1882, at the hour of 10, A. M.

The Executive Committee of the above Association are requested to meet at the same place at the hour of 9, A. M.

ALLEN COFFIN,
Secretary and Treasurer.

jy29—3t

Ornamented Crockery as Souvenirs.

BETHLEHEM, April 19th, 1881.

ALLEN COFFIN, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:—Your last favor received some time ago, but sickness in my family has prevented my acknowledgment of the same. I hope to be present at the Reunion, and hope my aunt, Mary W. Coffin, will also come. Will be glad to give a small sum to the statue fund; wish I could give a large one, but considering travelling expenses, &c., could not. Have been trying to interest a cousin, Albert Coffin, of Philadelphia, the only remaining male member of our family. Your idea of copying photographs I think a very good one. Aunt has an oil painting of grandfather, taken in Amsterdam, we value very highly. I would suggest the plates, cups and saucers should be ornamented in some way commemorative of the occasion, and let each individual purchase those used by themselves—as souvenirs—a very nice fund would thus be raised.* Grandfather's name, Capt. Albert Coffin, grandmother's, Martha Gibbs Coffin. Would be glad to know if any of our branch of family still live at Nantucket, or if the old homestead still stands. What are the hotel accommodations, and will it be possible for all to be accommodated in that way. Thanking you for your kindness,

I remain respectfully,
W. J. C. WHITAKER.

*We understand that the secretary has recently made arrangements for the use of crockery decorated with the Coats-of-Arms of Coffyn to be sold as souvenirs for the benefit of the memorial fund.

May 2, 1881

The Arms of Coffin.

There seems to have been within the past few months some discussion as to what is the correct Coffin Coat-of-Arms, and what the descendants of our common ancestor, Tristram Coffin, are entitled to use. Many interested in the matter are looking forward to a grand settlement of this, when one shall be chosen and the other thrown overboard; but the matter has been already settled as far as it ever can be; and to explain this, that those who are not familiar with the subject shall understand, I make this statement:

The line of ancestry back of Nicholas, the grandfather of Tristram Coffin, is broken. We cannot tell to what family of Coffin we belong; therefore no one knows what Coat-of-Arms Tristram Coffin was entitled to, or if he ever had *any*. The essential difference between the two arms in question is, one has three bezants and the other four. There appears to be good authority for each, [if we came from the Portledge Coffins, as it has long been thought that we did.]

Mr. J. C. J. Brown, of Boston, inclines to the arms with *four* bezants, but says, until our ancestry can be traced no one can prove it. Miss Hallett, of Hartford, inclines to the *three* bezants and says:—As the line of ancestry is broken, I cannot say that Tristram Coffin ever saw this Coat-of-Arms, but it is now in use at Portledge. Allen Coffin, Esq., Secretary of the Reunion, says:—I am convinced it cannot be known for a certainty which is the correct Tristram Coffin arms; I find good authority for both the three and the four bezants, and in view of that fact, I have ordered both arms to be put upon the china which is to be used at the festival during the coming Reunion.

As the time draws near for the gathering in of this numerous family, they will be able to see and judge for themselves concerning all points of interest pertaining to the Clan; and I would add: come one, come all, let us be in at the roll call, for probably not one will respond to his or her name at the next centennial reunion here of Clan Coffin.

HERALD.

June 4, 1881

TRISTRAM COFFYN'S DESCENDANTS.—As the time fixed for the assembling of the Coffin Reunion at Nantucket approaches, the number of Coffins on the island increases. Many of the name and descent are already present, some having come from far-away parts of the country, who have never been identified with Nantucket, and others—sons and daughters of the island—have come back to their island home to do honor to the name of their illustrious ancestor. Perhaps no family name among all the early New England settlers, can boast so large a number of descendants as that of Coffin; and, that the family gathering will be a highly intellectual one, cannot be doubted, from the number of scholarly names already announced as among the Clan who will participate in the exercises.

The Executive Committee have received assurances that a poem by Robert Barry Coffin, of New York, has been written for the occasion.

Some debris, showing where a dwelling house formerly stood, has recently been discovered within the bounds of Tristram Coffyn's original house lot, which subsequently passed to his great-grandsons, Robert and Tristram Coffin. It is now a part of the estate of the said Robert Coffin, deceased, and answers the description in Tristram's deeds to his sons John and Stephen, which mention a new house upon the hill, as conveyed to John, who is to have possession after the death of Tristram and his wife. As a site where a monument has been placed to mark the homestead of Tristram, is not upon a hill, but under a hill, it probably marks the site of the old dwelling house, while the late discovery will prove to be where the new house stood, and where its owner died.

Mr. A. F. Copeland, the caterer for the grand celebrations, will visit the island on Tuesday next, to personally inspect the premises where banquets will be held, and to otherwise ascertain the requirements to make the affair a complete success.

The difficulties attending the gathering of ancient relics of the Coffins, so highly prized by their possessors, and the grave responsibility in caring for them and returning the same in as good order as when taken, have induced the Committee to abandon that feature of the entertainment. It will be regretted by many, but most of the owners of such articles will probably have no objection to showing them to visitors in the places where they are usually kept. At the Secretary's office several relics may now be seen.

July 30, 1881

THE

Coffin Medal, Family History

—AND—

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

A MEMBER of the Coffin Family, for his own gratification, has had arranged and printed, upon cardboard (18x13) suitable for framing:—

I. A reproduction, by the Lithographic process, of the Coffin Medal, struck at the expense of Sir Isaac Coffin, in honor of Tristram Coffyn.

II. *Fac-simile* of the signature of Tristram Coffyn.

III. Coffyn family Coat of Arms, and Crest borne by Tristram Coffyn.

IV. The Coat of Arms and Crest granted Sir Isaac Coffin, in 1804.

V. A sketch of Tristram Coffyn and his Ancestry.

The whole work has been done by the Lithographic process. The medal is so excellently simulated that the bas-relief appears to have been embossed, and as the Medals now command a very high price, these copies answer to extend the purposes for which the Medal was designed.

☞ **The only correct Tristram Coffin Arms.**

To satisfy a general wish of members and connections of the family, extra copies can be obtained, post paid, for **One Dollar** each, of

FREDERICK C. COFFIN,
43 Chelsea street, East Boston, or
MISS PHEBE E. CLISBY,
apl2—2m Centre Street, Nantucket, Mass.

Apr. 30, 1881

YE ANCIENT CLAN.—We have received from the secretary of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association, photographic copies of ancient oil paintings, which for two centuries and more have adorned the walls of the Portledge estate, near Bideford, in Devonshire, England. Some of them are pretty pictures, and some of them are very plain looking. Supposing them to be faithful likenesses of the persons they represent, we should conclude that they stood for a family that represented the culture and education of that period.

One young man, who bears the name of Richard Coffin, is not handsome, but interesting, particularly in the cut of his hair, which, for all the world, anticipated the present bangs by two centuries. It will, perhaps, surprise the girls to learn that young men first introduced bangs. Then there is a darling boy with his bow and quiver of arrows, and we learn that he was one day sheriff of Devonshire. Two young ladies, the daughters of one Richard Coffin, whose first wife was named Dorothy, and whose second wife was named Anna, are as beautiful as the painter's art could make them. Dorothy and Catharine, children by the first wife, much resemble each other, and display low-necked habits, while Annie, a daughter by the second wife, is more modestly attired. The eldest of these, Dorothy, married January 24, 1671, Edward Pine, Esq., of East Downe, from which union, the Pine-Coffins, who now possess Portledge, are descended, her half-brother, Richard, having died unmarried. Then we have Elizabeth Coffin, widow of John, who flourished from 1590 to 1644, a pleasant looking lady, whose maiden name was Hurding; and another Elizabeth Coffin, widow of Richard, born 1571, died 1651, whose maiden name was Loveys; and then Dorothy, the mother of the two charming girls. Dorothy and the elder Elizabeth are taken in out-door dress with beaver hats on, while the younger Elizabeth may be decked in full evening costume.

They afford us a glimpse of past ages as no history can teach, and are a study for the thoughtful. A full set can be obtained of some members of the Executive Committee for $1.50.

July 2, 1881

See also Oldest House Want Hist. Assn

Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.

HARTFORD, March 7th, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I read the article from your correspondent, Mr. John Coffin Jones Brown, in regard to Coffin Coat-of-Arms, with much interest; and after reading it over and eschewing the unhappy expressions in one or two instances, I was forcibly reminded of the little child who expressed a desire to have her small brother sent to a "politening school."

Mr. John Coffin Jones Brown states that your correspondent has "taken a short cut in procuring the arms by appealing to *a family* who live on the old Coffin manor at Portledge, and the *easy old gentleman*, with the politeness accompanying pomp and ease, also takes the shortest method of kindly suavity, and probably never having had so much interest in Coffin genealogy and its heraldry as to the descent of Tristram, sends her something, what, I don't know," &c.,—and it is very evident he does *not* know, as he adds, "this she has not taken from her correspondent" (Rev. J. T. P. Coffin of Portledge) "but from Prince's Worthies of Devon," &c.

I will here state that it is a little singular that the "easy old gentleman, with the pride of pomp and ease," should have sent the same precise statement in regard to the Coat-of-Arms to others in this country, being very explicit in regard to the matter, and expressing great interest in the American family of Coffin. It is Boston versus Portledge, or New England against Old England for interest in and knowledge of heraldry. Comment is unnecessary. You remember, Messrs. Editors, the pleasant letter of Mrs. Mary Coffin Johnson who visited the Rev. Mr. Coffin at Portledge. Her description of him was anything but a man of "pomp," &c.

Mr. John Coffin Jones Brown speaks as if this was the only means I had taken to find the Coffin Coat-of-Arms. This was a confirmation of what I had gathered in this country from valuable books under the charge of Trumbull, the historian, and from many sources. In the very outset I discovered the Coat-of-Arms in the Joshua Coffin mansion, as a grandson of that gentleman kindly sketched it for me. This is in Newburyport (formerly Newbury). It is a good-looking Coat-of-Arms, the arms with four bezants and from which the one on the circular was originally taken, and which Mr. John Coffin Jones Brown had had his mind upon for thirty years. If he could at the same time have employed some of those hours in searching out the missing link showing to what family we do belong, it would have been very gratifying. I further quote from our cousinly friend: "I honor her motives, but hope that whoever buys this arms with three bezants will remember it has nothing to do with Tristram Coffin, *so far as known.*" In reply to this I have only to caution Mr. John C. J. Brown against purchasing an arms with four bezants, as it has nothing whatever to do with Tristram Coffin, *so far as known.*

But your readers do not care to dwell upon this, for the substance is contained in a single point,—after the thirty years' explorations by Mr. J. C. J. Brown, he (I quote from his own words) has arrived at this conclusion: "It is *most likely* that Tristram belonged to a branch (referring to the family at Portledge) who had with propriety marked the change in its bearings by inserting the four bezants;" but no one can *know* that, and it does not appear in the family to which he is thought to have belonged.

After about a year's research, which I am quite sensible falls short of Mr. J. C. J. B.'s explorations just twenty-nine years, I, with the assistance of others, and having had it borne in upon me that we belong to the family of Coffin of Portledge, of which the Rev. J. T. Pine Coffin is the present representative, have adopted the arms which have been for a long time and are in present use in that same Portledge, with three bezants, &c. Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin was of the same opinion when he secured his arms in 1804, and took the same field, three bezants, adding his own especial emblems to them.

I will add that the subscription list has grown to that extent that this Coat-of-Arms will be represented in many households, and trust for the sake of the object,—to add to the Coffin Memorial Fund,—that many more names will be added, since it fairly represents the Portledge arms now in use, and that of itself is worth the amount paid; and as we have every reason to believe we belong to that family, I see no reason, if we use any Coat-of-Arms, why it should not be this one; and if it should prove in after years that we are entitled to one more bezant, we can comfortably bide our time.

This Coat-of-Arms can be seen and obtained after Monday next at the office of the Secretary of the T. C. R. A.

In conclusion I would say, if Mr. John Coffin Jones Brown should find to a certainty that the arms with four bezants was given to our ancestor Tristram Coffin, I will recall these of the present issue and present each subscriber with one of the four-bezanted arms.

As I am exceedingly averse to newspaper controversy, this will be my last in discussion on this subject.

Very truly,
E. V. HALLETT.

March 12, 1881

Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 22, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Among the Clan Coffin letters published in your issue of February 12th, was one signed Mrs. W. C. Bolton. She speaks of the Tristram Coffin medal, and says that her sister has one of them. I have often thought I would like to know who have the Tristram Coffin medals. I have been told that each of the original trustees of the Coffin School had a medal. I have my grandfather's copy of the act of incorporation of the Coffin School. In it are named as trustees, William Coffin, Ariel Coffin, Gorham Coffin, Jared Coffin, Thaddeus Coffin, Charles G. Coffin, and such others as may be added to their number, provided always that the trustees shall all be descendants of Tristram Coffin. Charles G. Coffin, of course, has his medal; Mrs. Mary M. Coffin has one; I have Ariel Coffin's (my grandfather's). Will the Coffins having the others please say so through your columns, that Clan Coffin may know where they are fifty-four years after the school was incorporated?

I also have an old English tea-spoon that my grandfather called the Tristram Coffin spoon. He gave it to me in 1852. On the back of the shank is stamped a lion, the figure 1, and a king's head; on the front is a head so worn away that it is impossible to tell what it is a head of. Who in Clan Coffin has a mate to it, and who can tell me its age, for it must be over two hundred years old.

MRS. S. M. COFFIN.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I would like to state that there are two differing Coats-of-Arms upon the china to be used at the banquet at the Coffin Reunion; one with four bezants and one with three, both of which were approved by the committee on decorating the ware. The one with three bezants is a fac-simile of the armorial bearings *in present use at Portledge.* The same is also on sale in a beautiful lithograph of the correct colors, suitable for framing, at the store of Miss A. M. Coffin, Lower Pearl street, the proceeds to be donated to the memorial fund.

A MEMBER OF THE CLAN.

Aug. 6, 1881

CLAN COFFIN.—*A Few Notes Appertaining to the Coming Reunion.*—In our issue of November 6th we announced that Mme. Le Clerc, mistress of Courtiton, near Fallaise, Normandy, had sent flowers gathered upon the estate (which is the birthplace of the first Sir Richard Coffyn, of English fame) to the committee of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association, to be placed beneath the memorial stone. These flowers have been received in this country by Mr. William E. Coffin, of Richmond, Ind., through Admiral Henry E. Coffin, of the British navy, who writes us that Mme. Le Clerc desires them placed beneath the corner stone, as an offering from the descendants of the French to the American family. In the letter accompanying the flowers the Admiral writes:

Mons. Le Clerc is the great grandson of a French count who married the last Miss Coffin Only a part of the original chateau is standing, but in the old church are all the Coffin records and monuments. Every member of the family visiting France should pay their respects at Courtiton. They would find Mons. very much of a gentleman and Madame a lady.

Mr. William E. Coffin writes that he has collected many curious items, hoping to assist in making the reunion pleasant and profitable.

It will be noticed by advertisement in another column that Miss E. V. Hallett, of Hartford, Conn., is prepared to receive subscriptions for the Coffin coat-of-arms, at $1 per copy, the proceeds from which will be devoted to the Coffin memorial fund.

Dec. 18, 1880

Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.

A SUGGESTION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—After reading your leading article on "The Coffin Family," the first thing I did was to examine my chart and ascertain whether I could be personally "counted in" as one of the descendants of Sire Tristram. "To which Nantucket clan do I belong?" was my mental question. I knew that I belonged to the Folgers, and am also equally a clansman of the Starbucks. But I find, too, that I am entitled to fight, if necessary, in the original clans, severally, of the Swains, the Macys, the Husseys and the Coffins. And then my first question widened out into a broader question, "What *are* the Nantucket clans?" To decide this we must of course go back to the original "heads of clans" among the twenty settlers and proprietors. Am I right in striking out the following names from the list as having founded no clan? viz: Stephen Greenlief; William Pile; John Smith; Robert Pike and Thomas Look. If so, then the following are *unmistakably* Nantucket clans, viz: 1, the Macys; 2, the Starbucks; 3, the Coffins; 4, the Swains; 5, the Barnards; 6, the Husseys; 7, the Colemans. But if we stop here, surely we have left out clans that must by no means be omitted from the list. No one I am sure would object if I elevate into the clan-list the following, viz: 8, the Folgers; 9, the Gardners; 10, the Worths. I think I can take it for granted, then, that the number of the Nantucket clans is at least ten. It is a very good number to stop at. Furthermore, would I be right in naming also the following as entitled to be numbered among the clans? viz: 11, the Cartwrights; 12, the Burnells; 13, the Bunkers. There are hundreds of descendants of old Edward Cartwright, and it seems to me he ought to be numbered among the clan-sires. A round baker's dozen is a good number also to settle upon. But no list ought to be closed till all who are entitled to the pre-eminent rank of clan-sire have been included. I give the above as a tentative effort to answer the question, what is the precise number and what are the names of the Nantucket clans? If no one puts in a further claim, may we regard the clan list as closed at the number thirteen? Now my suggestion is this: that a series of reunions take place on Nantucket of the several clans, beginning with the Coffins in the year 1881. For why should we stop at the Coffins? I do not know that there is any necessity of being precise about dates. Over two hundred years have elapsed since the settlement of the island; and now let us have a series of thirteen rousing Nantucket reunions. Let the sons of the island, let all who have Nantucket blood in them, gather from far and near. Permit me to suggest, then, that the trumpet sound for all the descendants of clan-sire Coffin in 1881; of clan-sire Macy in 1882; of clan-sire Starbuck in 1883; of clan-sire Swain in 1884; of clan-sire Barnard in 1885; of clan-sire Hussey in 1886; of clan-sire Coleman in 1887; of clan-sire Folger in 1888; of clan-sire Gardner in 1889; of clan-sire Worth in 1890; of clan-sire Cartwright in 1891; of clan-sire Burnell in 1892; of clan-sire Bunker in 1893. What if some of us belong mainly to two clans? Can such not come to Nantucket twice or even more times for the matter of that? If on the clan-day of reunion the clans-men and women want a badge, in the way of a ribbon in the button hole, one might suggest tha each clan be known hereafter by its color; and in the flags of the day and other decorations that color might predominate. Thus, for the Macys, violet; Starbucks, indigo; Coffins, blue; Swains, green; Barnards, yellow; Husseys, orange; Colemans, red; Folgers, white. Gardners, magenta; Worths, scarlet; Cartwrights, —— (?) Burnells,—— (?) Bunkers' —— (?)

Another thing. All must admit that the suggestion of erecting a monument to Sire Coffin is not only excellent but entirely practicable. But let a monumen also be erected by each clan to its Sire. They will be spots to visit ever afterwards, and will add to the uniqueness of dear old Nantucket, and illustrate the affection of her scattered sons not only for their venerable progenitors, but also for the island itself; and we shall hear no end of allusions to the "Monumental Island" afterwards (by the newspaper correspondents. But, if this suggestion be adopted, let us not cluster but scatter the monuments; and let each clan vie with the other in the beauty of its monument. Properly to scatter them as places to visit on the island, what better plan can be adopted than for the grand celebration of each clan (whatever it may be) with its monster tent (if there be one) to be at that spot on the island where the clan-sire erected his abode; and then let the monument be erected just there. Each Scottish clan had its location. There were the Campbells, of Argyll; the Macdonalds, of Glencove; etc. And, if need be, let the clans be known by this place of their meeting severally; thus, the Macys, of Maddequet, for Sire Thomas first lived there; the Coffins, of Coppamet; the Starbucks, of Waqutuquaib; the Colemans, of "the Plains;" the Gardners, of Wannacomet; the Folgers, of "Town Pasture;" the Cartwrights, of Pocomo; the Bunkers, of Squam.

I believe the gathering of these clans, one after the other, in the next ten years or so, at this early part of the third century after the clan-sires settled on the island, will not only be popular, but will also give Nantucket a fame such as she has never had before. We Nantucketers are scattered. Do we not need something of the kind in the next ten years to draw as nearly as possible *every* descendant of the island back to the loved home of our ancestors, and to revive affection for the old home in every breast? A gathering of clan after clan in succession as the next decade passes would accomplish this; and doubtless as any given clan-trumpet sounded, it would summon from afar to the mustering, many of the present generation who have Nantucket blood in them, but who have never yet seen the island. And, not only the island itself, but the very district of his clan, whether it be Maddequet, or Squam, or Pocomo, or Coppamet, will have an interest in his heart and the heart of his children which it never had before. Shall the trumpet sound year by year for the thirteen clans?

F. C. EWER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1879.

NOW READY,

TRUSTUM

And His Grandchildren.

EVERY MEMBER OF THE COFFIN FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A COPY.

260 pp., 8 vo., Bound in Cloth.

SENT POSTPAID FOR $1.25.

Mrs. George Worron,

NANTUCKET, MASS.

s10—2m*

Sept. 10, 1881

CLAN COFFIN.

Benefit of the Memorial Fund.

The Life of Tristram Coffyn--Photographs of ye ancient family of Portledge--Hector Coffin Coat of Arms.

Under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association, has been compiled a life of Tristram Coffyn, together with reminiscences and anecdotes of some of his numerous descendants, and some historical information concerning the ancient families named Coffyn. Price, $1.

Photographs of eight ancient oil portraits of different members of the Coffin family of Portledge, in North Devon, England, the originals of which were mostly executed in the sixteenth century, are also for sale. Price for the set, $1.50.

Also, the Coffin Coat of Arms, printed from the identical copper plate used by Captain Hector Coffin in his lifetime, which is a fine specimen of copper-plate engraving, and answers in general description to the Coat of Arms granted Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart, in 1804. Price, 15 cents.

The above can be obtained of Miss Amelia Coffin, who is a member of the Executive Committee, at her store on Lower Pearl street, and also at the office of the secretary. The proceeds to be devoted to the Tristram Coffin Memorial Fund.

ALLEN COFFIN,
Secretary T. C. R. A.

jy2

Aug. 6, 1881

To the Members of the CLAN COFFIN REUNION!

In addition to purchasing copies of the local papers with details of the memorable reunion, do not forget to buy a copy of

MIRIAM COFFIN,

and thus make your family record complete.

NEW EDITION, COMPLETE, One Volume, - **$2.00.**

For Sale by

M. F. COLEMAN, CENTRE STREET.

1881

Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.

HARTFORD, March 7th, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I read the article from your correspondent, Mr. John Coffin Jones Brown, in regard to Coffin Coat-of-Arms, with much interest; and after reading it over and eschewing the unhappy expressions in one or two instances, I was forcibly reminded of the little child who expressed a desire to have her small brother sent to a "politening school."

Mr. John Coffin Jones Brown states that your correspondent has "taken a short cut in procuring the arms by appealing to *a family* who live on the old Coffin manor at Portledge, and the *easy old gentleman*, with the politeness accompanying pomp and ease, also takes the shortest method of kindly suavity, and probably never having had so much interest in Coffin genealogy and its heraldry as to the descent of Tristram, sends her something, what, I don't know," &c.,—and it is very evident he does *not* know, as he adds, "this she has not taken from her correspondent" (Rev. J. T. P. Coffin of Portledge) "but from Prince's Worthies of Devon," &c.

I will here state that it is a little singular that the "easy old gentleman, with the pride of pomp and ease," should have sent the same precise statement in regard to the Coat-of-Arms to others in this country, being very explicit in regard to the matter, and expressing great interest in the American family of Coffin. It is Boston versus Portledge, or New England against Old England for interest in and knowledge of heraldry. Comment is unnecessary. You remember, Messrs. Editors, the pleasant letter of Mrs. Mary Coffin Johnson who visited the Rev. Mr. Coffin at Portledge. Her description of him was anything but a man of "pomp," &c.

Mr. John Coffin Jones Brown speaks as if this was the only means I had taken to find the Coffin Coat-of-Arms. This was a confirmation of what I had gathered in this country from valuable books under the charge of Trumbull, the historian, and from many sources. In the very outset I discovered the Coat-of-Arms in the Joshua Coffin mansion, as a grandson of that gentleman kindly sketched it for me. This is in Newburyport (formerly Newbury). It is a good-looking Coat-of-Arms, the arms with four bezants and from which the one on the circular was originally taken, and which Mr. John Coffin Jones Brown had had his mind upon for thirty years. If he could at the same time have employed some of those hours in searching out the missing link showing to what family we do belong, it would have been very gratifying. I further quote from our cousinly friend: "I honor her motives, but hope that whoever buys this arms with three bezants will remember it has nothing to do with Tristram Coffin, *so far as known.*" In reply to this I have only to caution Mr. John C. J. Brown against purchasing an arms with four bezants, as it has nothing whatever to do with Tristram Coffin, *so far as known.*

But your readers do not care to dwell upon this, for the substance is contained in a single point,—after the thirty years' explorations by Mr. J. C. J. Brown, he (I quote from his own words) has arrived at this conclusion: "It is *most likely* that Tristram belonged to a branch (referring to the family at Portledge) who had with propriety marked the change in its bearings by inserting the four bezants;" but no one can *know* that, and it does not appear in the family to which he is thought to have belonged.

After about a year's research, which I am quite sensible falls short of Mr. J. C. J. B.'s explorations just twenty-nine years, I, with the assistance of others, and having had it borne in upon me that we belong to the family of Coffin of Portledge, of which the Rev. J. T. Pine Coffin is the present representative, have adopted the arms which have been for a long time and are in present use in that same Portledge, with three bezants, &c. Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin was of the same opinion when he secured his arms in 1804, and took the same field, three bezants, adding his own especial emblems to them.

I will add that the subscription list has grown to that extent that this Coat-of-Arms will be represented in many households, and trust for the sake of the object,—to add to the Coffin Memorial Fund,—that many more names will be added, since it fairly represents the Portledge arms now in use, and that of itself is worth the amount paid; and as we have every reason to believe we belong to that family, I see no reason, if we use any Coat-of-Arms, why it should not be this one; and if it should prove in after years that we are entitled to one more bezant, we can comfortably bide our time.

This Coat-of-Arms can be seen and obtained after Monday next at the office of the Secretary of the T. C. R. A.

In conclusion I would say, if Mr. John Coffin Jones Brown should find to a certainty that the arms with four bezants was given to our ancestor Tristram Coffin, I will recall these of the present issue and present each subscriber with one of the four-bezanted arms.

As I am exceedingly averse to newspaper controversy, this will be my last in discussion on this subject.

Very truly,
E. V. HALLETT.

[From the New York Independent.]

Leaves from Old Journals.

THE GOVERNOR AT NANTUCKET.

BY THE HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.

If Governor Long, of Massachusetts, should visit Nantucket some Summer day (as he is very likely to do), the circumstance would create no special stir in a community where life is even now a little monotonous. He might leave Boston in the morning, pass a few hours on the island, and return to a late dinner. The inhabitants would pursue their usual vocations, totally unaware that anything remarkable had taken place. It was far otherwise in the Autumn of 1825, when Governor Lincoln made his memorable visit to their island. No governor of Massachusetts had ever trodden the shores of Nantucket, and the impression of the executive boot upon its sands excited that same sort of interest as the print of an unclad foot awakened in the breast of Dr. Foe's immortal islander.

Surely, it was time for a well-disposed governor to brave the fatigues and perils of the journey, in order to show himself in one of the most prosperous counties under his sway: for at that time the island contained eight thousand inhabitants and did a greater amount of business in respect to its population than any county in the state, with the single exception of Suffolk. And so Governor Lincoln resolved to break the spell which had held the long line of his predecessors from their thriving province; and, accordingly, his *aids de camp*, John Brazer Davis and myself were commanded to hold ourselves in readiness to accompany the expedition. We were ordered to appear without uniforms, an unheard of omission when in attendance upon the commander-in-chief; but Lincoln saw that any military reception or civil parade could not be expected in a community in which the Quakers or Friends were the predominating power, and that, with their well-known views respecting the legitimacy of war, an exhibition of the trappings even of holiday colonels would be out of taste. I feel sure that our good chief must have come to these conclusions with some reluctance. Personally he would have liked the entry upon horseback and in full uniform that was then customary for a governor. He rode well, and carried off the epaulets, gold lace and plume with easy dignity, as the decent proprieties of his position. And this excellent Democrat lived to see a successor from the opposing party who declined to honor public occasions with the modest decoration of a shirt-collar. The tendency to cut away all graceful fringes and ornaments from our rules is too strong to be resisted; but I doubt whether official position has gained in purity by discarding all its innocent symbolism.

On Tuesday, September 5th, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Governor entered the Plymouth stage, and, with Hezekiah Barnard, treasurer of the commonwealth, and Aaron Hill, postmaster of Boston, occupied the back seat, which, as the place of honor, had been preserved for these dignitaries. The middle and front seats were then filled by Miss Abby Hedge, three young ladies whose names I have not preserved, Colonel Davis and myself. A merry six-hours' ride we had of it—we young people, at least. My journal tells how bright and lively was Miss Hedge, who, when the fire of fun and repartee began to slacken, produced just the stimulant required in the form of a package of peppermints. The animated young lady afterward married a gentleman quite equal to herself in humor and good social qualities. The name of Charles H. Warren (better known as Judge Warren) could never be mentioned by his contemporaries without a smile of obligation. It has been my fortune to preside at several public dinners—indeed, I counted up some thirty of them the other day; and of all men, it becomes me to express a sense of the value of his contributions to the general mirth. "Is Judge Warren to be at your dinner?" was my first question to the committees who came to offer me the head of the table. "If he is to be there, and will consent to be called upon, why then I, or any other King Log, will do for a president." And quite as important was the presence of Mrs. Warren (that was to be) to the enjoyment of the bevy or careless travellers who sat face to face upon the front seats of that Plymouth coach. What cared we for the grave discussions of the Governor, treasurer, and postmaster, who were running the state just behind us? How soon would it be possible to complete a canal from Boston Harbor to the Connecticut River? Would or would not the commissioners report that the scheme was practicable? What, then, of the project of uniting Lakes Champlain and Memphremagog with our central stream, and so whitening Massachusetts Bay with the sails which this magnificent opening of the back country would necessitate? These and other questions quite as momentous were thoroughly discussed on the back seat, and the reader might have heard all about them if the future Mrs. Warren and her fair companions had only taken passage by some other coach. In that case it is pretty certain that one of the colonels would have pulled out his note-book and appropriated some of the wisdom which his superiors were dispensing with such liberality.

We had a public reception at Plymouth, for a governor was in those days an unusual guest, even in places within six hours' staging of the capital. The principal citizens assembled about our party, and performed the ceremony of hand-shaking in behalf of the less-honorable multitude who had not yet learned to demand their full rights in this particular. I have heard some of our more recent public men confess that submission to the tactual privileges of their equal democrats was the bitterest trial of official position, one of them informing me that he was accustomed to devote a day to groaning with poulticed hand and bandaged arm after receiving the honors of a reception. Fortunately, the mild flavor of aristocracy still surrounding a governor saved Lincoln from this infliction. Fortunately, I say, for His Excellency had no time for poulticing, but was compelled to rise at half-past three the morning after the limited handshaking of the reception, in order to undergo the more general shaking of the stage which bore our party to Sandwich. A noted resort for sportsmen was Sandwich, in those days, and a famous inn, whose cook knew how to dress the birds, which the guns of the guests never failed to furnish, added to the reputation of the town. And in this inn Daniel Webster was staying at the time of our visit, though we missed him, as he had gone off to shoot plover. The great man, however, was by no means unmindful of his duty to the head of the state, and had supplied a proxy, in the person of his friend, George Blake. "You must stay behind and see that the Governor gets the right sort of breakfast after his long ride," said Mr. Webster. And so Mr. Blake did stay, and was eminently successful in providing a meal which, garnished with his own charming manners, still lives in my memory as the ideal of all country breakfasts. After this liberal entertainment, we journeyed on to Falmouth, where we arrived somewhat before noon, and there, already to set sail, we found the Nantucket packet; and there also we found a head wind, which positively prohibited the Nantucket packet from doing anything of the sort. Oh! those head winds! What plagues they were to those who were in a hurry to leave our harbors, and how steam has lengthened the lives of travellers by sparing them those dreary waits! We had risen at a most uncomfortable hour, to post on to Falmouth; and here we might remain a week, unless the wind condescended to blow from some quarter that would allow our vessel to get out of the bay. We accepted this fact with such philosophy as was available, listening the while to the prognostications of the skippers, and frequently gazing at the heavens for such hopes or consolations as they might supply. But we were not, on this occasion, to be tried beyond our strength, for as the sun went down the wind hauled several points, and we were off. Concerning the passage, I will only observe that the Nantucket packet, although it carried the ruler of a sovereign state, could by no means transform itself into a royal yacht. We were stowed in narrow bunks, in an indiscriminate and vulgar manner, and took such repose as we might till two o'clock in the morning, when a sudden thud, followed by an unpleasant swashing sound about the sides of the vessel, brought us to our feet, to inquire what had happened. "All right!" said the skipper. "Just you lie still till morning. We're aground on Nantucket Bar. That's all." Thus adjured, we thought it best to remain below, till a faint suspicion of dawn struggled into the cabin and gave us an excuse for coming upon deck. Several whaling ships, anchored outside the harbor, loomed to gigantic proportions in the gray morning. "There is Yankee perseverance for you!" exclaimed the Governor. "Would they believe in Europe that a port which annually sends eighty of those whalers to the Pacific has a harbor which a sloop drawing eight feet of water cannot enter?"

Soon after sunrise the tide lighted us over the bar, and it was not long before two whaleboats were seen pulling sturdily for the packet. In the stern of one sat Mr. Barker Burnell, and in the other, Mr. Macy, both leading men, to whom the islanders had delegated the duties of reception. And full of modest cordiality was our greeting by the occupants of the boats and by the crowd of citizens who had assembled upon the shore to see the Governor land. There was no pushing or vulgar staring; indeed, there was a certain pervading air of diffidence by no means characteristic of street assemblies upon the Continent; but the heartiest good will beamed from sober faces when the long spell was broken and the executive fairly stood upon Nantucket sands.

As there was no house sufficiently capacious to accommodate our party, it was divided among the hospitable inhabitants, the Governor and Colonel Davis being entertained by Mr. Macy, Mr. Hill, by Treasurer Barnard, and the youngest *aid-de-camp* by Mr. Burnell. And then came visits to the whaleships and the spermaceti works, dinners, and evening receptions, the latter being graced by the presence of very pretty young women. Then on Saturday morning carriages were ordered to take us to Siasconset—that is, it will sound better to call them *carriages;* but they were, in fact, springless tip-carts, very like those used at the present day for the carting of gravel. The ancient Romans, when enjoying a triumph, appear to have ridden in two-wheeled vehicles, bearing considerable resemblance to that in which our Massachusetts chieftain passed through the admiring streets of Nantucket; but none of these old heroes balanced himself more deftly in his chariot, took his jolts with more equanimity, or bowed more gracefully to the populace than did good Governor Lincoln, when undergoing his transportation by tip-cart. There are some personalities which seem to supply their own pageantry. Mr. Pickwick is not extinguished even when trundled in a wheelbarrow. The escort, however (perhaps from having no adequate official dignity to bear them up), rather wilted before they reached Siasconset, and found the noble chowder there prepared for their commander-in-chief very acceptable.

The Governor's visit may be said to have reached its crisis in a solemn reception at the Insurance Office whither repaired all the leading citizens, to be presented to their guest. Many of them were old whalers, simple and intelligent, yet with that air of authority which the habit of command, exercised in difficult situations, is sure to give. Their ruddy health, strong nerves, and abundant energy made one suspect that there were some of the finest human qualities which are not to be tested by the examinations of Harvard College. I was introduced to several of these men who had never been on the Continent of North America, though they had visited South America and the Pacific Islands. I have noted also talking with a Quaker gentleman of sixty, who had seen no other horizon than that which bounds Nantucket. The Friends, being the oldest and most respectable body of Christians, gave their somber color to the town and their thrifty ways to those holding its purse-strings. For instance, when it was complained that Nantucket, the greatest depot of spermaceti and whale oil in the whole world, was likewise its darkest corner in the evening, it was replied that it would be culpably extravagant to consume at home in street-lanterns, oil that had been procured for exportation. Moreover, the reckless innovator was invited to impale himself upon one of the horns of this little dilemma: "Oil was either high or low. Now, if it was low, the citizens could not afford to pay the tax; but, if it was high, the town could not afford to purchase it." After the reception, we all went to the barber-shop, not to be shaved, but to inspect the collection of South Sea curiosities of which this functionary was the custodian. And here we lingered until it was time to prepare for the grand party in honor of the Governor, which would furnish a brilliant conclusion to his visit.

This party was given by Mr. Aaron Mitchell and was said to be the finest in all its appointments that the island had yet known. There was, of course, no dancing; but the number of beautiful and lively young women impressed me as exceeding anything that could be looked for in a similar gathering upon the main land and filled me with regrets that we were to sail at daybreak the next morning. My journal relates how I was expressing my feelings in this particular to a bright bevy of these girls, when Hezekiah Barnard suddenly joined our group and put in this remark: "Friend, if thou really wishest to tarry on our island, thou hast only to persuade one of these young women to put a black cat under a tub, and surely there will be a head wind to-morrow." This sailors' superstition, of which I had never heard, was the cause of much pleasantry. The ladies united in declaring that there was not a black cat in all Nantucket, they having been smothered under tubs, to retain husbands and brothers who were bound for the southern seas. At last, Miss Baxter ("the prettiest girl in the room," says my record) confessed to the possession of a black kitten. But, then, would this do? Surely, a very heavy and mature pussy, perhaps even two of them, would be required to keep a governor against his will. Yes; but then an aid-de-camp could certainly be kept by a kitten, even if it were not weaned, and Miss Baxter had only to dismiss the Governor from her thoughts and concentrate them upon his humble attendant, and the charm would work. I do not know whether young people talk in this way now, or whether they are as glad as Miss Baxter and I were to find some topic other than the weather to ring our simple changes on; but I should refrain from personal episodes in this historical epic, which deals with the august movements of the Governor. It is well for us chroniclers to remember that the *ego et rex meus* way of telling things once got poor Cardinal Wolsey into a good deal of Difficulty.

"Wind dead ahead!" were the words with which Mr. Burnell called me, the next morning. "The Governor must spend Sunday on the island, and we will show him a Quaker meeting and Micajah Coffin." An account of both these objects of interest finds its place in my journal. At the Friends' Society we sat for nearly an hour in absolute silence, and this seemed to me very favorable to reflection and devotional feeling. There was something in the absence of any human expression in the awful presence of the Maker which struck me as a more fitting homage than any words or ceremony could convey. It was only when two women felt themselves moved by the Spirit to address the assembly that my feelings underwent a quick revulsion, and I acknowledged that, for the majority of Christians, at least, a trained and learned clergy would long be indispensable. After meeting, the Governor and his staff paid a visit of ceremony to Micajah Coffin, the oldest and most respected citizen of island. At a time when the rulings of etiquette were far more stringent than at at present, it was doubted whether the representative of a sovereign state could properly call upon a private person who had not first waited upon him. Lincoln's decision that this case should be an exception to all general rules was no less creditable to the magistrate than gratifying to the islanders; for good Friend Coffin, then past ninety, was at times unable to command his memory, and his friends had not thought it right to subject him to the excitements of the reception at the Insurance Office. For twenty two years this venerable man had represented Nantucket in the Massachusetts General Court. In his youth he had worked at carpentering and gone whaling in a sloop, bringing home on one occasion two hundred barrels of sperm oil, which made his owner a rich man. These latter particulars I learn from Mr. William C. Folger, of Nantucket, who remembers Mr. Coffin as "a tall old gentleman, dressed in the style of a past age." And one thing more Mr. Folger mentions, of which the significance will presently ap-

pear. "Benjamin Coffin, the father of Micajah, was one of Nantucket's best schoolmasters for about half a century." I had been looking in vain through college catalogues to explain a singular circumstance which my journal relates; but the appearance of Benjamin Coffin the schoolmaster suggests the true solution of the difficulty. When this patriarch of Nantucket was presented to the Governor, it made so little impression upon him that he instantly forgot the presence of the chief magistrate; and yet a moment afterward he astonished us with one of those strange feats of memory which show with how tight a grip the mysterious nerve-centers of which we hear so much hold what has been committed to them. For having a dim consciousness that something out of the common was expected from him, the venerable man turned suddenly upon Postmaster Hill and proceeded to harangue that very modest gentleman in a set Latin speech. It was one of those occurrences which might appear either sad or droll to the bystanders, and I hope it does not reflect upon the good feelings of the party to mention that we found its comic aspect quite irresistible. There was poor Mr. Hill, overcome with mortification at being mistaken for the Governor and shrinking from fine Latin superlatives, which, under this erroneous impression, were discharged upon him. And when the postmaster, at the conclusion of the address, felt that he was bound in courtesy to make some response (which, of course, could not be in the vernacular), and could hit upon nothing better than "*Oui Monsieur, je vous remercie,*" the climax was reached, and even the Governor was forced to give audible expression to his sense of the ridiculous. And thus it was that testimony was given to the good instruction of Master Benjamin Coffin. The father had, undoubtedly, taught his son Latin as a spoken language, as the custom formerly was. The lessons were given in the first half of the eighteenth century, and here am I, in the concluding fifth of the nineteenth, able to testify to the thoroughness of the teaching.

Micajah Coffin lived for little more than a year after the visit of Lincoln. "In his old age," says Mr. Folger, "he took an interest in visiting the sick and aiding them in procuring native plants suited to cure or, at least, to relieve their various maladies." I learn, also, that in his rambles about Nantucket, when he met a face that was unknown to him, he was accustomed to stop and give this challenge: "Friend, my name is Micajah Coffin. What is thine?" It was the robust assertion of a personality of which there was no reason to be ashamed, and testifies to the reasonableness of the high esteem in which his character and services were held among his fellow islanders.

Early Monday morning we left Nantucket with a breeze which carried us to New Bedford in six hours. The Governor's reception in that town, the courtesy of the selectmen, the magnificent hospitalities of the Rotches and Rodmans my space compels me to omit. One word, however, of the picture presented by the venerable William Rotch, ninety-three years of age, standing between his son and his grandson, the elder gentlemen being in their Quaker dresses and the youngest in the fashionable costume of the day. "You will never see a more ideal representation of extreme age, middle life, and vigorous maturity than is given by these three handsome and intelligent men," said Governor Lincoln to me, as we left the house. Up to this date, at least, his prediction has been verified.

JULY 23, 1881.

Tristram and Dionis.

TWO BRONZE STATUES.

The Fifth Commandment Obeyed.

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE COFFIN REUNION TO BE

August 16, 17 and 18, 1881.

According to the summons, the Executive Committee of the Coffin Reunion Association met with others, descendants of the earliest known Coffin in America, in Wendell's Hall, on the afternoon of Monday last, and, after pleasant greetings and enthusiastic speeches, adjourned at five o'clock to meet next morning, in the same place at ten o'clock, which was done, and the session finally adjourned at noon on Tuesday, having had a very satisfactory meeting, and accomplished their work with great unanimity, though opinions were freely expressed and did not always agree.

Among those present were Charles G. Coffiin, the President of the Association, Capt. Oliver C. Coffin, Miss Amelia M. Coffin, Samuel F. Coffin, James B. Coffin, John A. Coffin, Allen Coffin, Esq., William C. Folger, Miss Anna Gardner, Mrs. Elizabeth G. M. Barney, Mrs. Anne Mitchell Macy, Rev. Howard A. Hanaford, Miss Stella L. Chase, Arthur H. Gardner, and others of Nantucket. Among those from abroad were William Henry Coffin, Sr., and William Henry Coffin, Jr., from New York City, Judge Owen Tristram Coffin, of Peekskill, New York, Miss Anna L. Coffin, of Newburyport, Mass., Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, Jersey City, N. J., Hezekiah Rogers Coffin, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Rev. Herbert W. Coffin, of Plymouth, Mass., Mrs. Maria L. Owen, Springfield, Mass., Miss Mary F. Swain, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Capt. David Thain, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Elizabeth R. Coffin and Miss Charlotte E. Coffin, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Secretary, Allen Coffin, Esq., called the assembly to order, and Judge Coffin, of Peekskill, was invited to preside. The object of the meeting was then stated in an inspiring manner by the chairman, and a motion was presented, fixing the time for holding the Reunion on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, August 16, 17 and 18, 1881; the place, of course, to be at Nantucket. This motion was discussed freely, and it was carried unanimously, the chief argument being that as August is vacation month, more of the Coffin descendants could be on the island than if the Reunion were postponed to October, the month in which, on the second day, two hundred years ago, Tristram Coffin departed this life.

During the session letters were mentioned or read from Alexander Starbuck, of Waltham, Mass., George Howland Folger, of Cambridge, Mass., William E. Coffin, of Richmond, Ind., William E. Coffin, of Boston, Hector Coffin, of Knoxville, Tenn., and others, which letters contained words of sympathy and valuable suggestions.

The consideration of a motion to perpetuate the memory of Tristram Coffin by a bronze statue, on a granite or marble pedestal, was next in order, after the settlement of the time to meet and celebrate.

Allen Coffin spoke eloquently in favor of the motion. William Henry Coffin, of New York, favored the idea of a monument, as it would then be of national rather than local value. He thought Tristram Coffin's descendants abroad should not be expected to do that which would merely benefit the island of Nantucket, though it was the residence and the mausoleum of their ancestor. A school or a benevolent institution did not suffice to make the memorial wholly a national, and not a local one. He was not in favor of any property in the hands of trustees, who might or might not be trustworthy.

Rev. Herbert W. Coffin, of Plymouth, was not in favor of monuments. His heart never thrilled at the sight of marble. He suggested the establishment of a Home in which the aged mothers of the island might pass their last days in comfort and peace.

Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, of Jersey City, favored a monument, though she had formerly agreed with Allen Coffin's expressed thought, that an educational institution of a higher grade than the Coffin School would be a good memorial; but she felt it a duty to suggest that the Coffin descendants owe as much honor to the wife of Tristram as to the worthy patriarch himself. Why should not Dionis Coffin be held in honorable memory as well as her companion? Franklin owed far more to his mother than his father, and who knows but that the Coffin traits of energy and integrity came from Dionis rather than Tristram! At any rate, we know that together they founded the Coffin line in America. Therefore, believing that we should honor our foremothers as well as our forefathers, she moved an amendment to the motion, so as to secure a bronze statue for husband and wife, upon one pedestal, side by side.

The applause which followed these remarks showed that the right chord had been struck, and every speech thereafter was in favor of the motion, as amended, which passed without a dissenting vote.

Among those who spoke enthusiastically in favor of this motion were William Henry Coffin, of New York, Miss Anna Gardner, William C. Folger and Allen Coffin, of this place. The latter gentleman relinquished his preference for an educational institution, and favored the motion for statues to our common ancestor and ancestress. (We learn that this gentleman has since named his infant daughter Dionis.) He felt that the amendment put a new phase on the monumental idea, and regarded it as an event which would mark a new era in the history of monumental contributions to the education of the world. The idea was in a line with the advanced thought of the present age.

Miss Gardner thought that the erection of these two statues would be highly educational, and declared herself converted to the idea of a monument, if it should commemorate the wife as well as the husband, the mother as well as the father.

Mr. Folger confirmed the statement that Benjamin Franklin was indebted to his mother for his noblest traits, and favored the statue idea for both Tristram and Dionis.

Remarks were then made in reference to the manner of celebrating at the Coffin reunion next year. It was suggested that the first day be marked by a clam-bake; the second with literary exercises, and laying of the corner-stone of the monument; the third day be spent as each pleases, closing with a reception in the evening, devoted to conversation, dancing, etc. All these ideas met with favor, and the resident members of the executive committee, with Allen Coffin as chairman, were elected as a committee to whom details were referred.

Much discussion was had in reference to the place where the monumental statues should stand. Allen Coffin favored a place in the town, where all could behold it, where it might be often seen by the children in their impressible years, as well as by strangers who should hunt for the curiosities of the island. Charles G. Coffin suggested that a place near the Atheneum or the Coffin School might be appropriate. Mrs. Anne Mitchell Macy and Judge Coffin favored the old ancient burial place as the proper location, as then it might be seen far out at sea, a conspicuous object on the horizon. Allen Coffin thought it would be exposed to the vandalism which breaks in pieces the lone grave stone of John Gardner. Mrs. Macy cited the Old Mill as an example of the fact that structures may be far from town and yet safe from injury. Arthur Gardner stated that the old mill was cut and marked as far up as hands could reach. After a somewhat general discussion, the chairman was empowered to appoint a committee, and he magnanimously appointed the resident members of the Executive Committee.

The pleasing announcement was made that Allen Coffin, Esq., at the urgent request of many of the descendants, would undertake to prepare a Memoir of Tristram Coffin, and give a sketch of contemporaneous history, and of the special events of his time in which he bore a conspicuous part. The book would also contain sketches of distinguished members of the Coffin family.

Several persons were added to the executive committee, among them Mrs. Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, Prof. Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, Mrs. Maria L. Owen, of Springfield, Tristram Coffin, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, Rev. Tristram Coffin, of Halifax, N. S., and Chief Justice Charles J. Folger. The report of the action of the committee in reference to the time of holding the reunion, and in regard to the memorial statues, flew rapidly through the town and met with great favor. The islanders have reason to expect a great gathering of the Coffin clan next summer, and coming generations will applaud the wisdom that placed before all ages a memorial, which, in its two statues of the husband and wife—Tristram and Dionis Coffin—our honored forefather and foremother, will continually remind not only of their virtues but of the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." While the Coffin clan endures, Nantucket will not lose her high place in history, nor their ancestors a due measure of respect.

Aug. 21, 1880

GATHERING OF THE CLAN.—Tristram Coffin died in Nantucket two hundred years ago the 3d of October next, at the age of 76 years. There is no tradition that the ocean rose about the island to a higher level than had ever before been known, when his spirit took its flight, as is related of the island of St Helena, when Napoleon died. Nor were there any phenomena attending his departure. He was mortal, and died like other mortals, as we believe, in the peace of mind which attends the passage of all good men from the scenes of earth to the World beyond. Two centuries have wrought many and mighty changes in Nantucket, and the world at large has witnessed the downfall of empires and the blotting out of nations. Amid the transformations which have attended the march of centuries, progress is everywhere apparent, and Nantucket has enjoyed its share. We incline to the belief that the descendants of Tristram Coffin are more numerous in America than any other family since the landing of the Mayflower. A goodly family indeed. And they are coming from all parts of the country, and even from beyond the borders of our national domain, to do honor to his name. It is meet and proper that the ceremonies should be held at Nantucket. His ashes repose [illegible] as also those of his wife, who survived him a short time. There will be a festive time—a happy meeting of old friends long separated by mountain and wave; there will be meetings for the first time of those who claim a common ancestor, who rejoice in the same familiar family names, and whose countenances, even, bear striking resemblances to nearer kindred; and all this will be very pleasant, very enjoyable, very exalted. But there is a solemn aspect to the whole affair that calls for serious contemplation. To many, this island which enwraps the forms of numerous ancestors is a sacred precinct. The old homestead sites, the locality of Northam and Capaumet Harbor, the ancient cemeteries are hallowed spots. When these shall have been visited, and calm reflections possess the minds of the descendants of Tristram and Dionis, it will be fitting time to consider whether these ancestors are worthy of further commemoration in artistic designs that shall serve to indicate the filial reverence of circumspect descendants for the memory of illustrious ancestors who consecrated themselves to the great principles of the social and governmental reforms of their day and generation, and contributed largely to the possibilities which have developed the freest nation and best cultured people on the earth.

The exercises as thus far arranged, which may be subject to some changes in the order of programme, will be—

First day, Aug. 16.—Clambake at Surf-side, at noon. Address of welcome by Allen Coffin, Esq., of Nantucket. Oration by Tristram Coffin, Esq., of Poughkeepsie. An Acrostic by Mrs. Mary F. Allen, of West Roxbury, read by Miss Folger; A paper on the ancient Coffin Manor, at Portledge, England, by Mrs. Mary Coffin Johnson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and other miscellaneous speeches and papers will be introduced as time will admit. Promenade Concert in the evening at Atheneum Hall.

Second day, Aug. 17.—Memorial exercises at the Methodist Church, Centre street. The oration will be by Charles Carleton Coffin, of Boston; Poem by Robert B. Coffin (Barry Gray) of New York, read by Judge Owen Tristram Coffin, of Peekskill, N. Y.; Address by Charles Fisher Coffin, of Richmond, Ind., on the relation of the Society of Friends with the Coffin Family; Poem by Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, of Jersey City, N. J.; Paper by Miss Anna Gardner, of Nantucket, and other exercises to fill up the reasonable length of time. These exercises will commence at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. In the afternoon a pilgrimage will be made to the old homestead site of Tristram Coffin, where appropriate exercises will be held, commencing with the song of Home, Sweet Home, accompanied by the Brass Band. Other localities of interest will be visited.

Third day, Aug. 18.—Breakfast at Surf-side. Oration by Prof. Selden J. Coffin, of Lafayette College, of Easton, Pa.; Poem by Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks, of Nantucket; Addresses by Surrogate Owen Tristram Coffin, of Peekskill, N. Y., Hon. Thomas Coffin Amory, and John Coffin Jones Brown, Esq., of Boston, and others. An original anthem written for the occasion will be sung by the entire audience accompanied by the Brass Band, to conclude the exercises.

In the evening the Grand Ball will be given at Surf-side, an efficient committee of gentlemen by the name of Coffin having the matter in charge.

The tickets for all exercises except the grand ball have been fixed at $3.50. For the ball $2.

The oldest lady of Nantucket, who is a descendant of Tristram and Dionis, and was born a Coffin, has been invited to attend the exercises by the Executive Committee, and we understand that she will be in attendance.

Aug. 13, 1881

[Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.]

For the Coffin Memorial.

HARTFORD, Nov. 20th, 1880.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Inasmuch as I am receiving letters from various parts of the country in regard to the Coffin Coat-of-Arms, as to when they will be ready for distribution, I take this means of notifying those interested in securing the Arms of the Coffin family that for some time past I have been engaged in collecting what information there was to be had on the subject from various works on heraldry, with the valuable assistance of the historian, Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, and information gained from a correspondence with the Rev. John Thomas Pine Coffin, of Portledge, Devonshire, England. I am prepared to state that though I have in my possession several differing Arms of Coffin, with seeming good authority for each, yet there is no essential difference. The number and arrangement of Bezants and cross crosslets varying slightly.

When we reflect that our fathers came out from the mother country to free themselves from that tyranny which may be fairly represented by an Arms, it may ill become us as American citizens to place too much stress on this subject. At the same time if there is an Arms which rightfully belongs to the Coffin family, they are entitled to it. Without doubt all the Coffins of America descended from Tristram, and he undoubtedly came from the very ancient family of Coffin, of the west of England, they dating back to Sir Richard of Normandy. Still, we cannot prove this direct descent, and must be content to use the words of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, when in the year 1804 he procured his Arms, of which the following is an exact copy:

"Whereas, Isaac Coffin of the Magdelaine Island in the Gulph of St. Lawrence in British North America, Esquire, Rear Admiral of the White Squadron of His Majesty's Fleet, hath represented unto the Most Noble Charles Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal and hereditary Marshal of England, that his family long settled in New England, *is by tradition* descended from the Family of Coffin of the West of England, but that being now unable to ascertain his descent, He requests the favor of His Grace's Warrant for Our granting, confirming and exemplifying the Arms of Coffin with such distinctions as the Laws of Arms may require, to be borne by him and his Descendants, and by those of his late father, Nathaniel Coffin Esq. deceased, with their due and proper differences. And forasmuch as the said Earl Marshal did by warrant under his Hand and Seal, bearing date the 15th day of May, Instant authorize and require Us to grant, confirm and exemplify such Armorial Ensigns. Accordingly know ye therefore that We the said Garter and Clarenceux in pursuance of his Grace's Warrant and by virtue of the Letters Patent of Our several Offices to each of Us respectively granted have devised and do by these Presents grant confirm and exemplify to the said Isaac Coffin the Arms following—that is to say—azure semee of Cross Crosslets (Or), in the center two Batons in Saltire entwined by a Wreath of Laurel of the second between three Plates, two and one; and for the Crest, on a Wreath of the Colors the Stern of a Man of War. (Or) Thereon a hooded Dove, wings elevated, and in the bill a Branch of Olive, proper (a mullet for difference) as the same are in the margin hereof more plainly depicted to be borne and used forever after by him the said Isaac Coffin and his Descendants, and by those of his said late Father Nathaniel Coffin deceased with their due and proper differences, according to the Laws of Arms. In Witness whereof We the said Garter and Clarenceux Kings of Arms have to these Presents subscribed Our names and affixed the Seals of Our several Offices this 16th day of May in the 44th year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord George the Third by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland King Defender of the Faith, &c. and in the year of Our Lord One thousand eight hundred and four."

We observe that Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin obtained his Arms in the reign of George the Third. Rev. John T. P. Coffin, of Portledge, sends me the Arms now in use (the Coffin quartering) at Portledge, and which was in use in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The foundation of these two Arms are the same, but the Admiral has added the Esquire's helmet, the man-of-war and the batons, which belonged exclusively to him; and as he died childless no one now bearing the name of Coffin is entitled to them; but inasmuch as Sir Isaac Coffin was descended from Tristram Coffin, and Tristram Coffin was our common ancestor, the Arms, or portion of Arms given him (Sir Isaac Coffin) as being "by tradition descended from the ancient family of Coffin, of the West of England," we are likewise entitled to. As the Rev. J. T. Pine Coffin states, the simpler or plainer the coat, the more ancient it is considered.

I will here add that I have received facsimiles of an Arms of Coffin from Miss Anna E. Coffin of Newburyport, from Dr. Josiah Hale of Boston, from William E. Coffin, Esq., of Richmond, Ind., from Miss Amelia Coffin and Allen Coffin, Esq., of Nantucket, including the copies upon the island, and I would take this means of thanking them for their kindness. These arms differ slightly one from the other, and essentially in the number of Bezants from the ancient Portledge Arms, with which the Admiral's agrees.

After much careful study, and with the co-operation and advice from abroad, and from parties interested in this country, I am prepared to say that subscriptions to the Coffin Coat-of-Arms can now be made by addressing Miss E. V. Hallett, Park Central Hotel, Hartford, Conn. The Arms will be handsomely lithographed in the correct colors (of a size suitable for framing), and the price per copy will be only one dollar. The amount realized above the cost of lithographing will be donated to the Coffin Memorial Fund. Full descriptions will accompany each copy.

For further particulars address as above.

E. V. H.

Approved by the Sec. of the T. C. R. A.

NOTE.—I should here qualify my statement, that "inasmuch as Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin died childless, no one by the name of Coffin is now entitled to bear his arms." The descendants of Nathaniel Coffin, Esq., the father of Sir Isaac, are still living in the Magdelaine Island and in Europe. Just what their Coat-of-Arms is I do not know, but the document given by Charles, Duke of Norfolk, to Sir Isaac, states that "the Arms may also be used by the descendants of the late Nathaniel Coffin, Esq., with their *due and proper* differences;" which difference may have been the addition of a mullet or a martlet.

Nov. 27, 1880

[Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.]

The Bronze Statues.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I had hoped that at the recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Coffin Association some action would be taken looking to a reconsideration of the vote whereby it was decided to erect two bronze statues, &c. I am positive that this subject has not received a tithe of the consideration that its importance merits. It was decided upon the spur of the moment, in a burst of enthusiasm, without a thought of what was involved by the vote, and up to the present time, so far as I am aware, not the least action has been taken looking to some plan for raising the money, ascertaining the cost, or any of the essential points which the vote necessitates. It is the easiest thing in the world to vote away money, but when the collateral is to be raised "then comes the tug of war." I find by letters which I receive from, and by conversation I have had with members of the Executive Committee, that this movement is far from being so unanimous as was at first indicated. I find that some of the business men, men who know what such a vote carries with it, and know what raising the amount of money necessary to carry out the plan involves, are decidedly opposed to it. And now, what is involved? First in order, to erect a statue that shall be at all creditable to the investors, it is necessary that the design should come from an artist. In the case of the monument of "The Minute Man" at Concord, this was done at an expense of $1000, but mark you, the artist was a native of Concord, and the work was done at a price far below the fair compensation for such labor. Then comes the expense of the metal and casting, the expense of working the pedestal, the expense of transportation and putting up. The soldiers' monument at Chelsea, which is a granite base surmounted, I think, by the figure of a soldier, cost about $10,000, and I am informed that the statues recently erected in Dock and Scollay Squares, in Boston, cost the city all finished about $25,000 each. These are single figures. Now when you double the number of figures you don't necessarily double the expense, but all will admit that you make a very material addition, and when one estimates $10,000 as the lowest probable limit at which anything which can merit the name of artistic can be placed, it does not seem to be treating those who favor the project unfairly. Indeed, my personal opinion is that the work cannot be creditably done a cent short of $15,000. What does the raising of $10,000 involve? I don't know how many have signified an intention of joining the association, but we will say there are two thousand members. This, you say, makes five dollars apiece. Very true, providing all pay; but is it not safe to say that one-quarter of this number will not feel able to put out that or perhaps any sum? The argument is plain. Providing the remaining fifteen hundred are so disposed, they must pay seven dollars and a-half each. But if all don't? Here, now, is another phase of the subject. Here is a man who lives in the vicinity of Boston, who thinks of attending the celebration with his family. The actual cost to him, aside from the expense of the exercises, will be about seventy-five dollars, allowing no preliminary or outside expense. This is not an hypothetical case; it is a positive fact. Now I contend that it is a little rough on that man to ask him to put in ten dollars more in support of a project to which he may feel strongly opposed. But there is another point. This project is in the favor of Clan Coffin. How about the others? There are the Macys, the Folgers, the Starbucks, the Gardners, the Husseys and the Swains at any rate. They will all want monuments, and, in order not to be surpassed by Clan Coffin, they must have twin statues, too. Now the ten thousand dollars has increased to seventy thousand, and the chief part of this amount must come from native Nantucketers. I presume this is becoming tedious, but, notwithstanding the gentle reproof from "E. V. H," I think it is a serious affair. We are now within eight months of the time when the reunion is to occur. Speaking candidly, it seems to me as though there was no adequate conception of the amount of work to be done. Is any plan formed, if so, what is it? I do not think my friends either in Nantucket or in this vicinity, can charge me with luke-warmness or with shirking any duty or responsibility which may devolve upon me, but I confess I want to see at least one chance in a hundred for success when I am, by presumption one of the storming party.

NANTUCKET, JR.

WALTHAM, Dec. 13th.

CENTENNIAL

1695. 1795. 1895.

JULY 13, 1895.

See also Journal entire

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

A Call.

BY MATTHEW BARNEY.

Ho, children of Scrap Island, hear:
'Tis time to have reunion!
Come, gather at the old Hub, dear—
Let's have a grand communion!

Two hundred years have pas ed away
Since landed the pair of Macys;
Now that stock can show today
A troop of smiling faces.

Old Tristram Coffin's name, we find,
A regiment could furnish;
And Mary Starbuck's strength of mind
Lives, other minds to burnish.

Come, Rays and Russells, leave your trade,
There's fun for coopers brewing,
Nantucket sons and daughters staid
Old friendships are renewing!

Come, knowing Folgers, you can bring
Some ideas of your own,
And you will see it's just the thing
To have those ideas shown.

Come, Colemans, for the name recalls
Thoughts of the good old preacher;
Tho' seldom found in college halls.
Yet truth is your sterling feature.

Come, Coffins, noisy, fractious, loud,
We can excuse your manner;
Of all the names that hither crowd
You will truly take the banner.

Come, silent Gardners, slow and sure,
Leave business for a season;
You can a day's outing well endure,
And for it have a reason.

Come, dreamy quiet Hussey, too—
From Christopher descended—
We may not get a speech from you;
Least said is soonest mended.

Come, Mitchells(good the old rhymes say—
Perhaps it means at writing),
Let's have a poem for the day,
Bright, cheery and delighting.

Come, Barkers, you are rated proud—
We know you it's not mere rumor—
With thought and speech you are endowed
To rouse the best of humor.

Come, Macys, of the old-time stock
That first trod Nantucket shores,
From that good pair has sprung a flock
That's counted now by scores.

Don't fail to come, we do insist;
This call is not a fable;
We put you down upon the list
At the pudding place at table.

Come, Starbucks of Edward's line—
Nathaniel and his Mary—
Wide scattered 'mong Carolinas pine,
And o'er the western prairie;

'Tis said you are cold and rather rough;
(Our welcome will be warm enough)
Still to keep up friendship's score,
Meet with you island friends once more.

Come, Barnards, quiet in your mien,
In general, civil in your way,
You shall be heard as well as seen,
And will enjoy the day.

Come, Swains, you are called a grouty set—
Perhaps there is some reason—
You argue, if a chance you get,
Both in and out of season.

Come, Paddacks, of Ichabod's bold race
Who taught our grandsires whaling,
Come, let a smile light every face,
For soberness' your failing.

Come, honest Chases, rather bluff,
And sometimes given to frettin',
A whale is sure to cry enough
If once you get a setting.

Come, Worths, with notions quaint and rare—
Most taught in Whaleman's College,
Where they are best that do and dare—
Tho' lacking in book knowledge.

Come, Smiths (perchance from Capt. John,
Saved by that Indian lassie),
The name hath oft true honor won,
Tho' some are blunt and saucy.

Come, Bunkers, of old William stock,
And his good wife, Joanna;
When roused, you are stubborn as a rock,
But kind your natural manner.

Come, Browns, you have mechanic skill,—
With kindliness are fraught,—
Then let your heart and hand and will
Be to this good gathering brought.

Come, Allens, you can trace your name
To dear old Scotia's shore;
Come out your shell, don't be so tame,
And wake to life once more.

Come, Joys, 'tis said that you can brag
(And some we know were able);
We trust to you that talk shan't flag,
For that's good sauce at table.

Come, Jenkins, cold and slow of speech,
Mind of mechanic turn,
This will to you some a lesson teach—
You are not too wise to learn.

Come, Cartwrights, square in thought and act,
More sober-hued than gay,
This gathering's sure to be a fact,—
There are times to work and play.

Come, Brooks and Brock, a sturdy race—
Old Puritanic stock—
These names hath oft held honor'd place
In hall and battle shock.

Come, Barneys, you of Jacob's line—
The good old Baptist preacher—
Though of a cast of mind to shine,
It has pugnacious feature.

Come, Bakers, slow in speech and act,
You seek by light reason
To rule 'twixt fancy and the fact,
Tho' it be out of season.

Come, old-time Morris, quaint of ways,
We'll give you all a greeting;
Your genial way and words of praise
Will help to spice the meeting.

Come, Myricks, of the old-time stock,
Cool, square and sharp in trade,
Your thought can pierce through wood or rock
To work out plans you've made.

Come, Jones and Gerald, and Jenks, too,
We need you in our array;
We speeches need, and songs from you,
Or bright poem for the day.

Come, Pinkhams, often sharp of speech,
Yet proud and gallant bearing,
This gathering will some lesson teach,
In which you should be sharing.

Come, Mooers, of Capt. William's clan,
Who first at mast-head wore
Our stars and stripes, and the first man
To float them at England's shore.

Come, Coon and Cash and Grant have claim,
In true valor's light to stand,
Leviathan, the sea's great game,
Oft yieldeth to your hand.

Come, Dunhams, slow in thought and fact,
And not often swift in motion,
None braver when it need the act
To save from wrecks on ocean.

Come, Austins, you're from Rhoda's isle
And have opinions of your own,
So positive you raise a smile,
E'en when better ways are shown.

Come, Eastons, you of Rhoda's land,
And trace to old continental stock,
Like the old Governor once in command,
If mind made up, you are firm as rock,

Unmoved by either blame or praise,
You love the old-time thoughts and ways.
Come, Clarks, of old explorer race,
You will find with us you have a place.

Come, Carys, quiet in way and thought,
Seldom your best are showing,
But surely, they've a tartar caught
That think you lack in knowing.

Come, Murpheys, here's a place for you
To give some music, rich and true;
Come, Meaders all, we need your aid;
Perhaps you'll have a chance to trade.

Come, Crosbys, of old Bay State clan,
You act to none as minion;
Slow to accept another plan,
You have your own opinion.

Come, Morcys, to the manor born,
Your quaint ways your own,
As whalemen, you don't yield the corn,
As our whaling days have shown.

Come, Burnells, of the old-time folks,
We give you all a greeting
Your dry speeches and your jokes
Will be spice to such a meeting.

Come, Harris, here's a chance to listen, quiet,
You will enjoy it if you try it.

Come, Pitmans, famed on 'Sconset bank,
In taking cod you have high rank;
Come, McCleaves, tho' of quiet mien,
You will enjoy what may be seen.

Come, Whippeys, of old miller days,
With saving ways and notion,
Unheeding either blame or praise,
Content your quiet portion.

Come, Fitchs, true in thought and act,
None will withhold your praise,
In duty's line you never lacked
In the old time whaling days.

Come, Baxters, (perhaps of Richard's line,
Of the old Covenanter times)
To your own opinions you incline,
You're like the old time father Grimes.

Call Continued.

BY MATTHEW BARNEY

Come, Briggs, who bright fancy's pen
Can sketch the keen incisive line,
Amuse the thought of fellow men
By courting of the muses nine.

Come, Rawsons,—perhaps you claim
Descent from an old English lord,
You heed not either praise or blame,
But keep your quiet way and word.

Come, Maxcys, descendants of Isaiah
The good old Deacon of North Church
When parson Gurney lacked the fire,
And teacher Balch he used the birch.

Come, Lawrence, of Capt. James's clan
And from old Sheriff Jeremiah;
Come, Riddell, the courteous gentleman,
You had the true politeness' fire.

Come, Barretts, offspring of old deacons.—
Nathaniel, and old Samuel, too,
In two churches you were as beacons,
And as Tithingmen, did duty do.

Come, Ramsdells, of the old time gone,—
The name as whalemen had some pride;
One lover staid round Cape Horn,
And left behind a would be bride.

Come, Ewers, of the old palmy days,
If any now this call can heed.
Come, Wyers, so quiet in your ways,
Yet active in the hour of need.

Come, Braytons, of the years ago,
Of old friends Robert and Israel too;
Come, Watsons, that we used to know,—
We'll gladly welcome all of you.

Come, Uphams, of the Newtown breed,
Of good Jonathan of my boyhood's time;
You had the gift in time of need,
To act the officer, or sailor prime.

Come, Haydens, of old packet ship;
Tho' few descendants still remain,
The Experiment went her winter trip,
And ne'er was seen by man again.

Come, Calders, of the old-time sires,
(Real chips of the old block,)
Who in Valley Forge saw tented fires,
And stood in war's rude battle shock.

Come, Cobbs, from the old Bay state sire,
The old Deacon of my boyhood time,
In the North Church they led the choir
And sweetly sang to bass viol chime.

Come, Luce and Perkins, Manters, too,
You once were whaling men;
Edwards and Randalls, old times renew,
Defriez and Colburn of now and then.

Come, of Chadwicks, Cottles, Cannons, too,
Of Eldredges, Sprague, Winslows —whaling men;
With Longs, Baileys, Sayers, all good and true,
Alleys, Pease, Raymond, Ellis, that once have been.

Come, Plasketts, quick of thought and act
(True gallants in your duty's line),
This call means come, to be a fact,
To act your part please to incline.

Come, Clapps, of the old stationer sire,
And of brother T, of the old-time shears;
A kindly way seems your desire,
And pleasant word for listening ears.

Come, Robinson and Robbins, once of our sod
Come, Backus and Lovell and Parkers all,
With Adams and Nickerson, of Cape Cod,
Crockers, Kings and Lowells, heed the call,

Come, Fish and Fishers and Fisher men,
Waitt, Beard and Bartlett of long ago;
And Pollards, one Captain of Essex then,—
The old ship's fate you all may know.

Come, Fields, of the old foundry days,
And Thompsons, of the brickyard times,
Marshalls, Shermans, Spencer now in other ways;
Hillers, Cathcarts, Giffords, of old packet lines.

Come, Hamblins and Whitneys, Boston Coaster Capt'ns
(Hamblin and Pease, of Falmouth line)
And Phinneys of steamer (two as happens),
We invite you all with us to join.

Come, Hallets, from the land of "*Coofs*,"
Farmers some, others of axe and mallet,
The whalemen's cry, when trying out,
Often was, "Stir up old Hallett."

Come, scions of our colored friends,
That once had homes upon "the hill,"
Memory its power but feebly lends
To recall every name at will.

Perhaps those that lived in busy days
Have left behind some offspring shoots;
Tho' in other homes and other ways
Still love the island of their roots.

Of Capt. Boston and his brothers,
Perhaps some scion the call will heed;
Uncle Sam Harris may have left others
To use his fiddle, if there is need.

Come, of good Charles Godfrey, and kindly wife,
Who were upright and true in daily life;
Uncle Michael De Luce, the christian brother,
Left no issue to beget another.

Come, of that bright woman, Christina Porte,
Some may be left to hold the fort;
And of Charles Williams, his neighbor Reed,
And of preacher Crawford this call may heed.

—

One hundred years have passed away,
Since our town was called Nantucket,
That name we celebrate to-day,
Since Sherburne "kicked the bucket."

The old fathers were strong-minded men,
The mothers sterling traits of spirit,
Tho' few were from the upper ten,
Our warmest love they truly merit.

How weird to muse on life's past scenes,
That often rise before mind's view,
They seem almost like sleeping dreams,
More as mere fancy, and not real true.

June 29, 1895

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Friend Barney:

I accept thy invitation,
For it does beat all creation
How that Quaker coat doth fit
Every target of thy wit.
From "New Towner" to the "Chookies,"
Speeding the ancestral ball,
Bursting all its sides with laughter,
Not a "coof" among them all.

Kindly too, with thought to blend
(Just like a Nantucket Friend)
Charity, thou choice rare bit,
Making happier the hit
When our breezy island beckons
All her children, kith and kin,
Each by name, hast not forgotten
One by name of Newbegin?

Sailed there not a Ramsdell lover,
O'er the seas, a gallant rover?
When the pirate bade surrender
Stood he not our flag's defender?
History hath on her pages
Written here deathless fame;
While "the girl I left behind me"
Too, immortalized the name.

Near a swampy moor-land lot,
Lived a man, by surname Trot.
After generations grew,
Every one with eyes of blue.
'Till the tale became a fable,
And the owl-eyes of Trot swamp
Passed adown the line of Starbucks
Like the glow-worm with its lamp.

Waft ye wings of love, the story
Of our island's deeds of glory!
Ne'er forget the Quaker maid—
One of that *spy-glass brigade*—
On "the walk" at cool of even,
Watching, waiting, (who shall blame?)
For the ship beyond the offing—
Phantom ship that never came.

AN OLD NANTUCKET GIRL.

June 8, 1895

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

To Friend Barney:

Bard of Sherburne (now Nantucket)
Songs of melody art thine,—
Melody that tells a story
Savoring of ye olden time.

In the sweet old Quaker language
We have known for many a year;
As "thee knows," and not, "thou knowest"
(Ne'er a school-marm do we fear.)

We much love to read thy verses,
Marvelous are the names thee knows:
Coffins, Folgers, Macys, Gardners,
They'll all come in their best clothes

To the gathering of the natives
Of this Island of the Sea,
To commemorate the customs
And manners, as they used to be.

Good old days were those, friend Barney,
O that I'd been born before—
When all my ancestors were Quakers,
And latch-strings hung from every door.

When cousin Debbie used to spin,
And uncle Peleg went to sea,
And grandma's grandma wove the stuffs
That grandma handed down to me.

O, happy days, when time was young!
O, halcyon days that come no more!
Those sweet, and single-minded folk
Have passed on to that other shore.

* * * * * *

Now listen what I have to tell,
And hearken how it came about,—
My grandmamma (that was to be)
From Quaker meeting was "read out!"

It proved a matter of the heart;
But, "love will go where it is sent;"
The Elder who presided, read,
"We give thee three weeks to repent."

But my prospective grandma went,
And stayed not on the order much;
Thus marrying without the pale
Of Quaker meeting and all such.

And that is why I am today
A full-fledged, no-account *"Coof," thee sees;
I was not to the manor born
I must mind my Q's and P's.

That "Old Nantucket Girl" has writ—
Or intimated in some way—
All "Coofs" not wanted; turn them out,
And let them come some other day.

And yet I'm stocked with Coffin blood;
It makes me "noisy, fractious, loud;"
Which "silent Gardner" counteracts,
And lets me pass in any crowd.

Then I've one part of Myrick stock,
Which makes me "sharp and cool and square;"
The Bartlett strain is over all,
And cautions me, Take care! Beware!

So, good friend Barney, can't I come?
Though I'm not to the manor born,
I'll keep the Coffin well in hand,
And bid the "fractious, loud," begone.

Say yes, friend Barney, I can come;
Though I be but a colored sheep;
No flock, thee knows, however watched,
Without one such is e'er complete.

A HARTFORD" COOF."

*All persons not born on Nantucket were termed "Coofs."

June 15, 1895

A Pile Left Off.

[Lines sent to a Nantucket representative.]

My dear Miss Worth, a client thinks
(My promised fee's a ducat)
That I should let you know the links
That bind her to Nantucket.

When Mr. Matthew Barney's verse
Is sent as invitation
To all whose names he could rehearse
To join your celebration,

Telling what they're like, and what they've done,
Though distant many a mile
In all the lands beneath the sun,
No mention's made of Pile

When all are named, alive and dead,
The farmer, sailor, soldier,
Is nothing of him to be said
Because he sold to Folger?

He paid his share—be sure of that—
Of the thirty pounds agreed for,
And *pile* was part of the old hat
That Mayhew made his deed for.

So if in time, her love grown dim
For Coffin, Macy, Worth,
Or if perchance they tired of him
And gave him a wide berth,

Compelling him at last, to find
'Neath the sun's more genial smiles,
A home well fitted to his mind
Where he lived and died as Piles,

Still, when you come to celebrate,
Mid all the noise and bustle,
Include, I beg, his great-great-great-
Great-great-grand-daughter, Russell.

June 8, 1895

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Nantucket Centennial Celebration.

1795—— 1895.

In the mellow haze of the rising sun,
All the boats in the bay repose;
From a voyage fleet and a distant shore
They may pause in their restless cruise.

The pennants and flags, with their stars and stripes,
From each prow and each stern they glance;
The banners that wave from the house-top walks
Signal back in their airy dance.

The Portuguese bell, in the old South tower,
Melodious greets the morn;
And the notes of the ancient North tower bell
On the summer breeze are borne.

'Mid echoes from Shimmo and dim Coatue,
Roar of cannon proclaims the day;
Peal on peal, mounting up to the arch of heaven,
That smiles with beneficient ray.

Here the stalwart sons and the daughters fair,
Forgather from many a clime;
They brighten the bond of a kinship near,
Grown rusty with absence and time.

For yet in Nantucket, old Sherburne still lives;
Her voice chiming yet, through the years,
Recounts a past century's triumphs and toils,
Its pleasures, its sorrows and tears.

Descendants of Tristram, in gay cavalcade,
One hundred years hence, if they thrive,
A squantum may hold, in remembrance of this,
In the year of nineteen ninety-five!

CAROLINE PARKER HILLS.

Written for the Centennial Gathering at Nantucket, July, 1895.

Sonnet.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Town of my birth! how shall I speak thy praise?
How mention best my thoughts at thy dear name?
As well expect of Science words to emblaze
The cause and beauty of the boreal flame.
In all my childhood's memories thou'rt entwined;
Tendrils of strength which absence cannot break.
With childhood's loves and girlhood's hopes enshrined,
My heart forgets not thy dear name to speak.
Thy sons and daughters both have won renown
O town and island of historic fame!
May other centuries still thy children crown.
And weave new laurels for thine honored name!
Nantucket! in the Truth which guides and cheers,
I bid thee "God speed" for a thousand years.

NORTH TONAWANDA, Niagara Co., N. Y.

The Centennial.

The arrangements for the centennial celebration are going forward with vigor, and we are enabled today to present the programme as at present contemplated for July 9, 10 and 11, which is subject to addition or modification, as the case may be. We also present for general information a list of sub committees chosen to look after the details.

PROGRAMME.

July 9th.

7 to 8 a m.—Ringing of Bells and firing of Cannon.
8 to 9 a. m.—Band Concert.
9-30 a. m.—Boat races.
1 p. m.—Literary and Historical exercises in Methodist Church.
3-30 p. m.—Races and Games.
7-30 p. m.—Banquet

July 10th.

7 to 8 a. m.—Ringing of Bells and firing of Cannon.
8 to 9 a. m.—Band Concert.
9-30 a. m.—Squantum, and pilgrimages to Indian wigwams.
7-30 to 9 p. m.—Reception.
9 p. m.—Band Concert and grand Fireworks.

July 11th.

7 to 8 a. m.—Ringing of Bells and firing of Cannon.
8 to 9 a. m.—Band Concert.
1 p. m.—Grand Procession and Review.
Evening—Grand Illumination.
9 p. m —Grand Ball.

At convenient times, pilgrimages can be made to points of interest, among which are Maria Mitchell's birth-place, Lucretia Mott's early home, Old Mill, Historical Rooms, Atheneum, Old North Vestry, etc.

COMMITTEES.

Circulars.—Wendell Macy, Mrs. Phebe A. Gardner, Allen Coffin.

Finance.—Allen Coffin, Albert G. Brock, C. W. Austin, Mrs. Benjamin Cartwright, Roland B. Hussey.

Literary and Historical.—Henry S. Wyer, Arthur H. Gardner, Mrs. Stanley E. Johnson, Miss Marianna Hussey, Allen Coffin.

Reception.—Albert G. Brock, Thomas W. King, John C. Ring, Rev. Myron S. Dudley.

Banquet.—Mrs. Phebe A. Gardner, Mrs. Stanley E. Johnson, Henry S. Wyer, Mrs. Benjamin Cartwright, Rev. Myron S. Dudley, Mrs. Harrison Gardner, Mrs. Mary W. Valentine.

Procession, Decorations and Illuminations.—Alexander H. Seaverns, Roland B. Hussey, Henry S. Wyer, Miss Mary Foster Coffin, Miss Marianna Hussey, William B. Stevens.

Squantum.—Mrs. Phebe A. Gardner, Mrs. Harrison Gardner, Mrs. Benjamin Cartwright, Arthur H. Gardner, William H. H. Smith, Charles G. Coffin 3d, Mrs. Mary W. Valentine.

Music, Races, Games, Bells, Guns, Ball and Fireworks.—John C. Ring, C. W. Austin, Max Wagner, Charles G. Coffin 3d, Henry P. Brown.

The general committee are now turning attention to the financial side, and request us to state for the benefit of non-residents that subscriptions will be welcomed, and may be sent directly to the treasurer, Mr. Stanley E. Johnson, Nantucket, Mass., who is authorized by the general committee to receive and receipt for same. Several letters from non-residents have been received asking if contributions would be solicited, and the finance committee have issued their appeal, which may be found in another column.

MAY 18, 1895.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1860.

The Centennial Celebration.

It affords us much pleasure to announce to our readers the growing interest manifested in the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Nantucket. It is, we are encouraged to believe, a fixed fact that this will take place on or about the fifteenth day of August next. The work is daily receiving aid from our most influential citizens, and from abroad we are cheered by the approving smiles and pecuniary assistance of long absent sons, occupying influential positions in our largest cities. Now then, the ball begins to roll, and fellow citizens, each one of you is expected to help keep it in motion. Young and old, rich and poor, all can, and doubtless will enter with alacrity and zeal in the work. Many who at first deemed the thing impracticable, now put forth their whole exertions for its success. During the present week it is probable that committees will be formed and organized to make the preliminary arrangements. In fact, the thing has gone so far now, so much has been said and so much encouragement offered, it has got to come off, and, now then, let us do it in good style. It will be as good a thing as we ever did, and will repay us four fold. Newport, with a comparatively small investment, received an addition to her finances of $81,000. Nantucket will not, of course, go into this thing on so extensive a scale, but will be the recipient of a handsome sum.

Let us then make an appropriation, sufficient to conduct such an occasion in good style. Let us each and every one, raise our hand and heart in its favor. Few dissenting voices are now heard, and we almost know that the thing can be unanimously and harmoniously done. Let all be ready when the bell rings to summon you to the town hall to go and lend your aid. We have every means here to insure a good time to all who may visit us, and they will be fully developed and enjoyed. It does us good to see the interest that is daily awakening in the very quarter from whence it is desired, and with such individuals' aid as have come forward in the cause, success is sure. Prepare, then, every one, to receive and entertain old friends on that occasion. Prepare to entertain the strangers that visit us. Look forward to the centennial as a bright spot in our island's history, a season of life and animation! and let it be such a jubilee as will make old Nantucket's name resound our country o'er.—"We can do it, and we are going to do it." So say those who have given the matter serious consideration, and so we shall soon hear all say.

Let it be borne in mind that a small amount of money, judiciously expended will suffice. What is most requisite, is active exertion on the part of our people in its behalf. To the ladies, who are ever ready to embark in similar undertakings, we would say that they can lend noble service to the cause, and we would call upon them to form an association and take such measures as they deem necessary, and our word for it, whatever they do, will *tell* well on the occasion. Now that it is about fixed that we are to have this celebration, let it be one of which we shall not be ashamed, one that will do us honor; and our exertions will be well rewarded, not only pecuniarily, but by a sense of having added a fresh laurel to the pride and glory of our island home.

The Centennial.

About one hundred citizens responded to the call for a meeting at Athenæum Hall, Monday evening, to consider the feasibility of carrying out a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the change of name of the town from Sherburne to Nantucket.

The meeting was called to order by Rev. M. S. Dudley, vice-president of the Historical Association, and organized by the choice of Arthur H. Gardner, Esq., chairman, and Miss Mary E. Starbuck, secretary.

The object of the call was briefly stated, and the matter was discussed at some length, various plans being offered for arranging the preliminaries. It was finally voted that a general committee of fifteen ladies and gentlemen be appointed by the chair (the chairman to be a member ex-officio), to consider the subject, suggest such committees as appeared necessary for such an occasion as was contemplated, and also look into the financial prospects, and report upon these at an adjournment of the meeting to be held at the same hour and place on Monday evening, April 8. The chairman announced that he would report the names of the committee through the local press, and submits the following list: Roland B. Hussey, Charles C. Crosby, Ernest H. Jernegan, Charles H. Mowry, Henry P. Brown, Robert B. Coffin, Wendell Macy, Mrs. Walter H. Burgess, Mrs. Sarah W. Kelley, Mrs. George G. Fish, Mrs. Phebe A. Gardner, Miss Emma Cook, Miss Ellen Cox, Miss Gertrude M. King, Miss Mary E. Starbuck.

There were but few who took active part in the discussion during the meeting, but it appeared that the sympathy of all present was with the movement—and as near as we can learn, there is a quiet public interest in its success. But this interest must materialize into strong enthusiasm if we would have a celebration—a big, successful one—and it is therefore hoped that the attendance at the meeting of April 8th will be large. The committee will then report, and from that report it may be possible to arrange for definite action.

It may be stated here that none need absent themselves from the next gathering for fear the hat will be passed. It will not be; and the promoters of the movement trust the citizens will be present in large force and join in the conduct of the meeting. The people are the ones to decide whether or not they will celebrate.

March 30, 1895

Nantucket's Celebration.

The outlook for the centennial grows brighter every day since the committee has met and organized for work, and the various sub-committees have settled down to business. Gradually the plans are emerging from a state of chaos into something definite, and at each meeting of the committee something is accomplished. This committee now stands as follows: Wendell Macy, chairman; Allen Coffin, secretary; Stanley E. Johnson, treasurer; Henry S. Wyer, Roland B. Hussey, Arthur H. Gardner, Albert G. Brock, Mrs. Phebe A. Gardner, Mrs. Benjamin Cartwright, Mrs. Harrison Gardner, Mrs. Stanley E. Johnson, Miss Mary F. Coffin, John C. Ring, Charles G. Coffin, 3d, Thomas W. King, C. Warren Austin, William H. H. Smith, Myron S. Dudley, Alex. H. Seaverns, Henry P. Brown, Miss Marianna Hussey.

From the foregoing, sub-committees have been appointed as follows:

Circulars—Wendell Macy, Phebe A. Gardner, Allen Coffin.

Finance—Albert G. Brock, Allen Coffin, C. W. Austin, Mrs. Benjamin Cartwright, Miss Mary F. Coffin.

Literary and Historical—Allen Coffin, Henry S. Wyer, Arthur H. Gardner, Mrs. S. E. Johnson, Miss Marianna Hussey.

Procession—Alex. H. Seaverns.

Races—C. W. Austin, Charles G. Coffin, 3d.

Music—John C. Ring, C. W. Austin.

Squantum—Phebe A. Gardner, Alex. H. Seaverns, Mrs. Harrison Gardner, Arthur H. Gardner, Mrs. Benjamin Cartwright.

Reception—Albert G. Brock, T. W. King, John C. Ring, M. S. Dudley.

Banquet—M. S. Dudley, Allen Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley E. Johnson.

July 9, 10 and 11 are the dates decided on for the celebration.

The very important work of arranging for the procession, in the hands of Mr. Seaverns, is sure to be done with artistic effect and good taste. The chairman of this committee has been given power to invite whosoever he wishes to assist him. It must be evident to all that the earnest co operation of all business men, fire companies and all local organizations should be freely given. Many of the features have been arranged of such a nature that the very youngest and the very oldest, the native and the alien, cannot fail to be entertained.

Circulars of invitation to be sent broadcast throughout the country, to the number of one thousand, are to be printed at once. It is desired that persons knowing of Nantucketers abroad will secure copies of these to send to them. Arrangements for securing funds have been made with which all will soon be made acquainted. And now let everybody put aside all blue feelings of hard times and give generously. It will all come back in the end.

May 4, 1895

NANTUCKET'S Bi-Centennial

The Festivities in Detail.

The measure of pure patriotism in every community is to be found in the pride and energy displayed in the celebration of notable anniversaries; and if such occasions are allowed to pass by unnoticed, it may be taken as a distressing indication that this noble sentiment is lacking in the citizens

How thoroughly rejoiced we must all be at the end of this eventful week, to feel that the old Nantucket boys and girls have returned to us, to find us still living in pride for our ancestry and for our unique and most worthy history.

The centennial executive committee began their enormous task with a fund of enthusiasm somewhat small, but the infant grew more lusty and vigorous day by day, until it has carried all before it, and the individual who is "down on the centennial" has either been converted, or fled in dismay. Hundreds of old Nantucketers came home, while others came to see how the quaint old island would celebrate its birthday, and with all there is, can be and is but one verdict—*Success*!

With most favored skies, a serene sea, and a gay attire, old Nantucket raised her joyous tones at 7 o'clock, Tuesday morning, all the bells and all the whistles joining in chorus to the booming salute of cannon. Houses were closed; the people thronged the streets, and a more enlivened scene has never been seen. Main street was one dazzling gleam of red, white and blue, and all the merchants and business men, with scarcely an exception, decorated their places of business, private residences displayed quantities of bunting, and it was a very "happy thought" on the part of some of our citizens to display portraits of their ancestors, in front of their homes.

The excellent work of the decorating committee was especially creditable and surprising to all. How pleasing must have been the sensation to those returning to their "island home" to read the mottoes "Welcome Home," and "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot!" "Eternal Honor to our Ancestors" was an equally happy thought, and we should understand in "All's Fish That comes to our Net," means that Nantucketers make the best of their opportunities.

Col. Beal, of Boston, the decorator, has both experience and excellent taste, and it would be hard to imagine such a transformation as was the rink under his hands. The Springfield House and the Sea Cliff Inn, in holiday trim, will not soon be forgotten.

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Martland's band gave both citizens and visitors a rare treat, and this excellent organization is especially to be commended for its willingness to respond to the frequent encores accorded to it. They were indeed one of the greatest attractions of the many during the Centennial. The home band should also be credited with having put forth its best efforts, and has seldom appeared to better advantage. The concerts on the Square, were a constant delight, and the crowds that thronged that wide thoroughfare showed the appreciation of the people.

The "big four" of the Centennial were the literary exercises at the church, the banquet, the procession and the ball. To which shall the palm be awarded? That would be a dangerous question to discuss. Each appealed to various tastes in all, and there was a uniform excellence in all. In all appeared the careful and laborious efforts of the committees in charge, and the success of each is unquestioned.

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Perhaps no feature of the celebration has called forth more painstaking and trying labor than the banquet Tuesday evening, and it was a triumph for Nantucket housekeepers, proving in this, as always, that they can "rise to the occasion."

The rink with its bright hangings and myriad tables, sweet, fresh and fragrant with flowers, was truly a "dream of loveliness," and won expressions of admiration from every guest. There was a wealth of priceless antiques in china and silver, too. and it must have been a severe tax on the the generosity of the ladies to have allowed these precious pieces to go on such a perilous and uncertain journey. The success of such an enormous occasion is mainly due to the most careful attention to detail, that each thing and each person should have a place and be there at the right time. A frequent visitor to the island, with wide experience in these matters, bears witness that he has never seen so many people served so quickly and so quietly.

It is the after-dinner speech that really tests the success of the public banquet, and the toast master, Mr. Henry S. Wyer, had a bountiful menu to offer. What a pity some chemist of letters cannot put into chrystaline form those bright and potent speeches in all their color and brilliancy, the witty mannerism of expression and flash of applause! Col. Thomas gave us the governor's greeting, and it could not have been more satisfactory had it come from the lips of the governor himself. Congressman Morse renewed again most pleasantly his protestations of affection for the island of Nantucket. Mr. McElroy in response to "Our Guests," roused the listeners into a perfect frolic of fun. If Mr. McElroy has heard a man meets himself in his meanderings through the streets of Nantucket, he would be likely to collide with himself in the lanes of Nantucket. Hon. W. W. Crapo, an unexpected visitor, was cordially welcomed, and Mr. Wendell Macy, as president of the committee, responded briefly, but appropriately. Unfortunately the diners thought the feast was over ere it was, and much of the excellent remarks of Allen Coffin, Esq., and Rev. Mr. Dudley were lost.

The banquet at the Rink in the evening attracted a throng of about 1000 people, who were met with a spectacle of rare beauty. The hall was finely decorated in gay colors. Entrance was through a spacious doorway on the south side of the building cut for the purpose, with coat rooms on either side. Long tables were set lengthwise of the hall, and two ladies presided at each section of about twenty-five seats. The tables were spread by each hostess after her own taste, and fine china, flowers, and other articles of beauty were apparent on every side. Over the band stand at the west end of the hall, with a background of bunting, was a tablet bearing the names of the ten original purchasers of the island, viz: Tristram Coffin, Richard Swain, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, William Pile, Thomas Macy, Thomas Barnard, Christopher Hussey, John Swain, Thomas Mayhew. In the centre of the hall, on the north side, was the inscription "Nantucket's Greeting to All—1695—1795—1895." Across the gallery front, surrounded by bunting, was a large eagle and pendant from its beak was the motto: "Let the Eagle Scream."

Surely the largest company ever gathered at a collation in Nantucket gave their attention to the good things set before them, and were served delightfully by a company of handsome young ladies from our midst.

1695. Bi-Centennial. 1895.

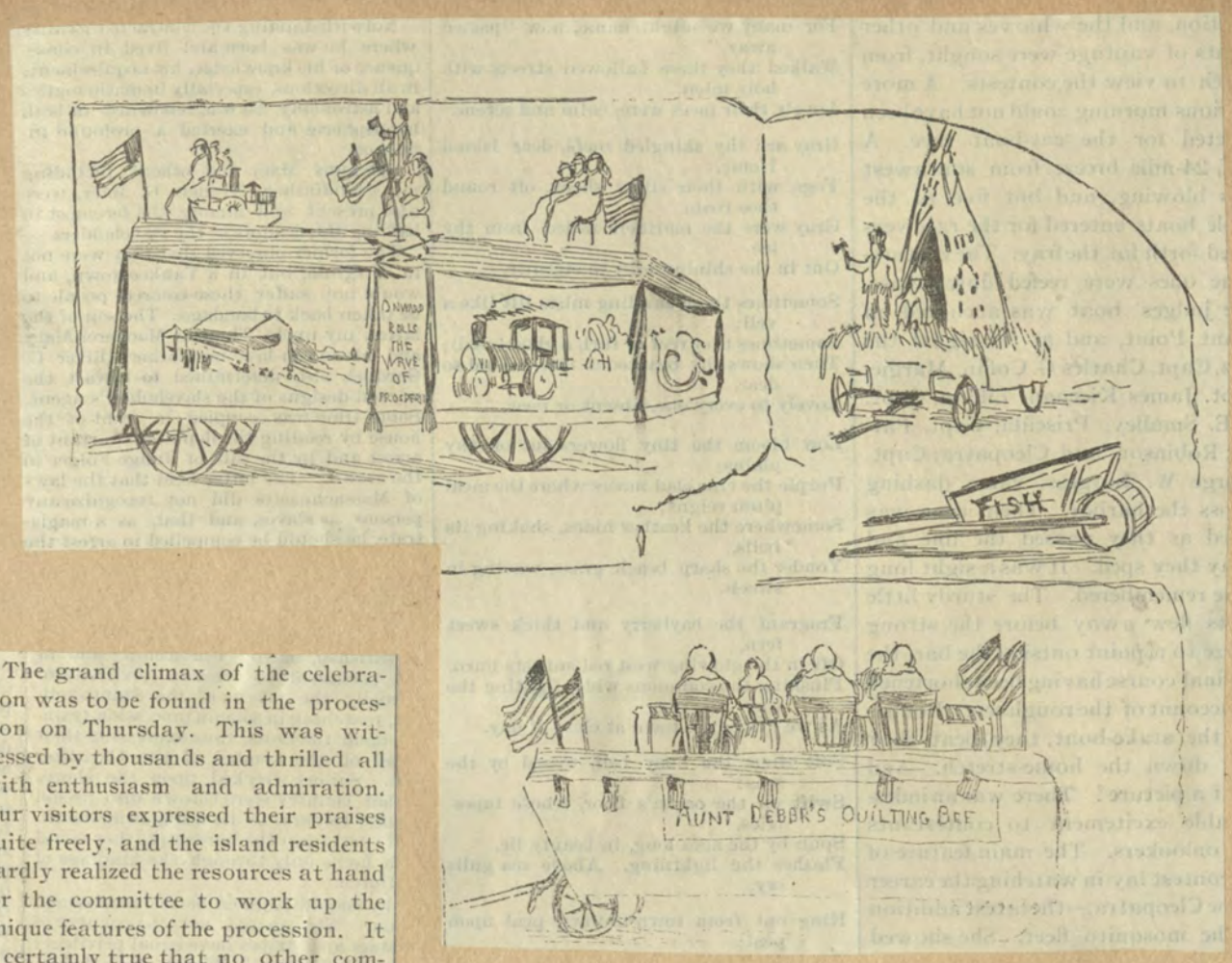
The centennial week, anticipated for so long a time, with its fertile suggestions and comprehensive plans, has, like the two preceding centuries, become incorporated with the past. It has had its labors stupendous, its enjoyments sublime, and its disappointments few. It would have been unreasonable to suppose that so great an undertaking could have been brought to a conclusion without some mistakes, some omissions—the doing of things that might have been better left undone, and the leaving undone of many things that could well have been done—but, nevertheless, taking the celebration as a whole, it was a grand, a glorious success.

There were many pleasing features interwoven with the numerous exercises. And beside the public demonstrations which were most happily conceived and thoughtfully executed, was the gratification of old Nantucketers meeting upon their native soil, who had not met for years. Aged people who had not met since childhood's sportive days, were welcomed to the shrine of their nativity. Middle-aged ones who had long been separated by land and sea, were again made to feel the throbs of early associations rare. Kindred and loved ones, long sundered by mountain and wave, were reunited along the lines of the old homestead life, while the more youthful of life's young dream were rejoicing in the dear old isle of the sea, in its present holiday attire, fragrant with the memories of two centuries stretching back through the aisles of time.

It was a universal week of rejoicing, festivity, love and good will to all mankind, which ought to make every Nantucketer, whether still an island citizen or a self-appointed exile, sound the gladsome peans of Nantucket forever.



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The grand climax of the celebration was to be found in the procession on Thursday. This was witnessed by thousands and thrilled all with enthusiasm and admiration. Our visitors expressed their praises quite freely, and the island residents hardly realized the resources at hand for the committee to work up the unique features of the procession. It is certainly true that no other community furnishes the same opportunities for a parade. It was distinctively "Nantucket," and full of poetic suggestions. Many of the scenes were most exquisite in the design and symbolic meaning. "Homeward Bound" was a rare touch, but there were many others which showed the committee on procession had given their task most thoughtful consideration.

Mr. Herbert G. Worth was chief marshall of the procession, and had for his mounted aids Mr. Herbert A. Tobey and Mr. L. J. Ceely, and also several young cyclists, who did grand work along the line on the route. The procession was formed at the head of Main street, and was made up as follows:

Platoon of police under Chief Norcross.

Chief Marshall and aids.

Martland's Band of 26 pieces.

Canton Nantucket.

Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Wanackmamack Encampment, I. O. O. F.

Tableau vivant—Aborigineces. (shown in cut on first page.)

A handsome float, representing "Progress" followed, drawn by four horses, covered with white blankets. The float was decorated in red, white and blue, and on each side of the drop were two sketches, on one side being steamboat and railroad train, and on the other, steam road roller and bicycle track, with "Onward rolls the wave of Progress" and "Our motto: Progress" inscribed on either side. Six charming young ladies, Misses Marie Killen, Flossie Warren, Lydia and Rhoda Freeborn, Blanche Brayton and Alice Thomas occupied this float. In the centre stood an Indian warrior. At each corner of the float was an article symbolic—steamboat, locomotive, electric light and telephone.

Town Crier Hull, with bell, and bearing a huge key, inscribed "Ye Freedom of ye Town."

Nantucket Band, W. A. Smith, leader.

Thomas M. Gardner Post, No. 207, G. A. R., J. F. Murphey, commander, escorting a huge float bearing fourteen young ladies, Miss Anna Folger representing the Goddess of Liberty. The others, representing the original states, were Misses Lottie Wyer, Ethel Coffin, Phebe H. Coffin, Lizzie Riddell, Annie Pitman, Mary Tracy, Mary Defriez, Lillian Worth, Lutie Coffin, Lillian Snow, Lizzie Fitzgerald, Annie Bennett and Sarah Miller. Four members of the G. A. R. post marched beside this float—two on each side—and following was a caisson and field piece, drawn by a pair of handsome horses, and manned by veteran artillery-men.

Float—"Aunt Debby's Quilting Bee." Five young ladies appeared in this tableau (which is shown in the cut), the Misses Brayton, Elsie Jarnegan, Abbie Congdon, and Elsie Robinson.

Float bearing a fine representation of a whale.

Whaleboat.

Oil truck, carrying cask and gurry tub.

Underwriters' boat, with crew that saved the Norwegian bark Mentor (derelict).

"Homeward Bound—Full Ship" was a touching tableau. A large dory, in the stern of which rode our venerable citizen, Capt. William Baxter, with helm in hand, and an army of charming children in his charge, called for an ovation from the people along the entire route.

Then followed a collection of the ancient vehicles know to Nantucket, the tip-cart, bearing the inscription "All the way to Shearing;" the spring-cart, the end-spring box-wagon, labelled "Going Abroad;" a hack full of children, inscribed "Here's the hack! Who's come?" "Ye Safety Shay;" "Ye One Horse Shay;" "Ye Roller Sleigh for Summer use" (a sleigh mounted on small rollers—created much merriment); "Ye Straw ride;" fish "drays;" "Madaket, Eel P'int, and Long Shore;' modern box wagon, with load of children, inscribed "Fresh from the Smiths."

Mr. George W. Hooper and Mr. C. A. Kenney each had a handsome wagon at the foot of the procession advertising their business.

A clearer idea of the features of the procession will be given in our illustrated edition next week, it being impossible for us to secure the photos we desired to reproduce for this number.

The festivities ended in fireworks and a ball, both in keeping with the excellence of the other features. There were probably more than 600 present at the latter, enough to make a brilliant scene, and not too many to make dancing inconvenient. The most striking fact in connection with this event was the harmony with which all sects and conditions of men mingled in a common pleasure.

over

It is seldom that a ball calls forth such a gathering. It is a gratifying feature that such a complete blending is even possible, and the regret is that it cannot take place oftener. There have been but few accidents or acts of violence to mar the peace of the celebration, and earth and sky seem to have both done their best to make it successful.

The fireworks were shown from Brant Point, and hundreds of people thronged Steamboat wharf, which was the best spot from which to view the brilliant spectacle. The display included rockets, bombs, flower-pots, serpents, and other features, closing with a beautiful set piece representing the town seal, which was warmly applauded.

The promenade concert and ball at the Rink was, as we have before stated, of high character. The management was perfect, the music of the finest and the attendance included the best people among our own citizens and summer guests. The grand march at 10 o'clock was led by Col. H. A. Thomas (the Governor's representative) and Miss Clara Allen, and the scene as viewed from the gallery, as the company moved in perfect time, was entrancing. The delicate souvenir programmes issued to those in attendance were designed by Mr. A. H. Seaverns, of this town, and will be prized by all who attended the grand centennial ball.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

During the procession Thursday, an incident occurred which was trifling in itself, but it showed a kind and thoughtful heart. On the march through North Water Street, as the Odd Fellows were opposite the house of Capt. Obed Joy, a young member of the order, seeing his venerable brother sitting in the doorway, said, "Hats off, boys, there's 'Uncle Obed.'" Each brother promptly responded and reverently saluted his aged friend. Capt. Joy is nearly ninety-three. He joined the Order of Odd Fellows in 1840, has been a member ever since, and has taken every degree. His memory of the past is remarkably bright and clear, and he often amuses himself by repeating the charges.

Through some oversight the name of Mr. Millard F. Freeborn was omitted from the souvenir ball programme as a member of the executive committee and the special committees in charge of the banquet, procession, decorations, etc. It was to his untiring efforts and executive ability that the procession owed its great success, and the main arch at Federal street its beauty.

1895

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

Well, the Centennial has come and gone, and it was a glorious success, wasn't it? Never mind about the little Wauwinet incident—it is not worth while to fret about it. I think I have a right to say that because I was one of those who went up, and who fasted from breakfast to supper time. I have no fault to find with anyone; it was one of those occasions where the best laid plans miscarry, and the only way to do is to look on them philosophically. I enjoyed the sail up and back very much. I suppose the story of the man's finely matched pair of horses (one willing to do all the work and the other willing he should) is a chestnut, so to speak, with you, but how admirably it expresses the average condition of humanity. The Centennial committee was willing to do all the work, and there was no lack of those who were perfectly willing they should. And the work was creditably, yes, admirably, done. The wonder is that everything moved along so smoothly. If anyone imagines he or she could have done better, secure the individual's name and when another such committee is organized put that person in a conspicuous place. There is nothing like actual experience to disconcert conceit.

I enjoyed the literary portion of the exercises very much, especially that contributed by those "native * * and to the manner born." The banquet in the evening was admirable, excellently prepared, finely served, a credit to the ladies of Nantucket. And why shouldn't it have been all that could be desired, if they had charge of it? The procession! ah, that was unique, and sadly suggestive! It carried me back, back to the days of the shearings, with the tents, the edibles and drinkables, the dancing, the washing, the lines of spring carts and box wagons—I can just vaguely recall them, and the subsequent exportation of the sheep. It carried me back to the time when Nantucket's whaleships ploughed every sea and carried the American flag into every civilized port; back to the days when scores of long-bodied trucks carried huge casks of oil from place to place in the town; when infitting and outfitting crews thronged the stores and there was no chance for grass to grow in the streets. The procession was a living panorama of the island's history. And there was one feature which I believe cannot be duplicated in the United States—the antiquities displayed at the houses along the route, the portraits in the Macy family, the portraits, the bridal dress, the copy of the Dongon patent, etc. at Mr. Coffin's, and other reminders of the past two centuries displayed by others.

And the ball! Yes, I was there. But I am a back number in terpsichorean festivities, and I felt so as I saw the children of my former schoolmates, men and women grown, paying their devotions at the shrine of the goddess of poetical motion. And I know they all enjoyed it and I enjoyed seeing them.

There is a suggestion which the Centennial has brought to me which I believe it might be wise to adopt for use at all large gatherings of Nantucketers—that is for the descendants bearing the names of the original settlers, the Coffins, Macys, Husseys, Swains, Barnards, Starbucks, Colemans, Smiths, Gardners, Worths and Folgers each to have a clan color, so that when we meet, a little bit of colored ribbon will tell the family name of the wearer. I have an idea that since the Starbucks were the first to become Friends their clan color might appropriately be drab. But I believe the suggestion is well worth considering.

I walked around a great deal in the few days I was on the island. How different some things looked! Walks that in my boyhood seemed almost interminable had shrunk to a mere matter of an hour. Streets that once seemed wide and roomy seemed so narrow that one could almost touch houses on either side. Hills that in my boyhood seemed almost rivals for the mountains I read about now, appeared so dwarfed that I involuntarily laughed when I thought how they once looked. There was a sort of melancholy pleasure in those rambles. Many an old landmark has been destroyed. Perhaps it was an improvement, but it makes us middle-aged fellows feel sad to miss old friends even if their successors are more up to date. As a whole one must admit the town looks thriftier than it did two decades ago. The streets are much improved, less sand, and a more substantial road bed. But, as you cherish the past, don't let the "coofs" try to obliterate the names of the streets and lanes and alleys and spots familiar to us. The Mill hills must still be the Mill hills. Step lane will always be Step lane. Stone alley is sacred as Stone alley. The march of improvement does not always improve.

By the way, did you know that word "coof" occurs in Burns' poems? I came across it not long ago in the "Epitaph on Holy Willie." As Burns uses it, it means a shiftless, worthless kind of a fellow.

While I was at the old home, many inquired about the Association of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket. It is in excellent shape, and we will all meet again in November. Let those who see this announcement tell their friends, and let us see every good Nantucketer there who can get there. Miss Alice Bunker, whose address is at the State House, Boston, has copies of the constitution which will be forwarded on application, or I will answer all such requests addressed to me.

Now let me say a good word for Mowry and The Springfield. I have been a guest at many first-class hotels in all parts of the country, and for cuisine service and home comforts The Springfield holds its own with the best. A satisfied stomach and a contented mind unite in praise for Mowry.

NANTUCKET, JR.

July 27, 1895

NANTUCKET'S
BIG CELEBRATION.

Centennial and Bi-Centennial.

During the last year of Queen Elizabeth's reign Bartholomew Gosnold, an intrepid English voyager, who was identified with Sir Walter Raleigh's Virginia enterprises, was commissioned by the Earl of Southampton to found a colony in New England and with the concurrence of Raleigh, set sail from England with 20 colonists in a small bark named the Concord on the 26th of March, 1602. Steering directly across the Atlantic in 7 weeks he reached Cape Elizabeth on the coast of Maine. Thence skirting down the coast on May 15th he discovered and landed on Cape Cod, to which he gave its name. This was the first spot in New England ever trod by Englishmen. Continuing his voyage southward on the 24th of May he discovered the island of Nantucket and passing outside and around it, shaped his course to the westward, eventually landing on Cuttyhunk, where he planted his colony. This is the first authentic account we have of the discovery of Nantucket, though tradition says that portions of Southeastern Massachusetts, including the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, were discovered and visited by the Norseman not far from the year 1000 A. D.

From the time of its discovery by Gosnold in 1602 little or no mention is made of Nantucket until 1641, when the island was purchased by Thomas Mayhew of Watertown and his son Thomas for £40 from James Forret, agent of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Sterling. The title to the island also being claimed by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, lord proprietary of the Province of Maine, the elder Mayhew obtained from his agent, Richard Vines, another conveyance of Nantucket with adjacent islands. The grantors predicated their title to Nantucket upon royal patents, the English claiming jurisdiction of the country through the discoveries of John and Sebastian Cabot.

In 1659 Thomas Mayhew sold the island of Nantucket to nine associates, viz.:—Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Christopher Hussey, Richard Swain, Thomas Barnard, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, John Swain and William Pile, reserving to himself a one-tenth share. The consideration named in the deed being "ye Sume of Thirty Pounds of Current Pay and two Beaver Hatts, one for myselfe and one for my wife." The following year the ten purchasers further fortified their title by the purchase of a large part of the Indian rights from the two head sachems, Wanackmamack and Nickanoose.

In 1664 a charter was granted by Charles II., to his brother, the duke of York, "afterwards James II.," which covered all the lands lying between the Hudson and Delaware, and included New Hampshire, Massachusetts, "and also those several islands called Martha's Vineyard and Nantukes otherwise Nantucket." From then until after the accession of William and Mary to the throne of England Nantucket remained under the jurisdiction of New York. By the royal charter of 1691 which arrived in 1692, consolidating the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies into one province Nantucket is expressly declared a part of Massachusetts, and on the 31st of May, 1693, the colonial legislature confirmed the change.

The first steps towards the settlement of the island were initiated in the fall of 1659 by Thomas Macy of Salisbury, who with his wife and children and accompanied by Isaac Coleman, Edward Starbuck and James Coffin, (son of Tristram) embarked in an open boat and set sail for Nantucket. While religious intolerance may have been a factor in determining him to seek a new home in this remote and comparatively unknown region, the theory that he fled from persecution has long since been exploded. On his arrival he found the island inhabited by about 1500 Indians who received the new-comers kindly and rendered them much assistance, supplying them with fish and game. The following year some eight or ten families came from Salisbury, and from that time the number of civilized inhabitants continued to increase.

The chief subsistance of the early settlers lay in farming and fishing and the island being held in common, each chose the location which seemed best suited to his purpose. Thos. Macy built his house on the north side of the island near the Reed pond and Edward Starbuck on what is now known as the Cornish farm. It has been claimed that Maddaket was originally chosen as the site of the town, but the preponderance of evidence is that the houses were few and widely scattered and the larger portion situated within the radius of a mile or two of Capaum pond, then a harbor open to the sea. In 1672 the town was removed to Wesco, its present site, and the following year (222 years ago) by written direction of Gov. Lovelace of New York, dated April 18th, was called Sherburne, by which name it continued to be known for 122 years. On the 20th of June, 1695, two years after their annexation to Massachusetts, Nantucket and Tuckernuck (which had hitherto, with Martha's Vineyard, constituted Dukes county) were set apart and incorporated as Nantucket county. 100 years later, June 8, 1795, the name of the town was changed to that of the island and county, the only reason for the change, so far as we can learn, being that the year following its designation as Sherburne by the New York governor, the same name was applied to the present town of Sherburne in Middlesex county, Mass., and the confusion arising from two towns in the state bearing the same name eventually prompted the change.

Fraught with interest is the history of Nantucket since Thomas Macy and his little band of pioneers set foot upon its shores, but we must leave it for the historian to recount in detail

> "How others gathered round them
> And how their fishing sped
> Until to every wind of Heaven
> Nantucket's sails were spread."

The limits of this article preclude other than a casual and desultory allusion to some of the more conspicious fragments of our island's history, which in the sequence of events have contributed in their measure of good or ill to shape its varied destiny for the past two hundred years. Like many an individual Nantucket has experienced a checkered career. She has risen from obscurity to prominence and basked in the sunshine of prosperity. She has encountered the chilling winds of adversity and passed through the slough of despond. Old things have passed away and given place to new and the Nantucket of today in its business pursuits is totally unlike the Nantucket of our forefathers of which only the traditions remain.

When the anglo-Saxon gained a foothold on Nantucket the doom of the red man was sealed. Not that he was unjustly crowded or out succumbed to the oppresion which so often characterized the dealings of the whites towards the aboriginees on the main. On the contrary his temporal and spiritual welware were looked after. He was taught the arts of civilization, educated, and Christianized, and dwelt in amity with his pale-face neighbors. But the germ of extinction was in the air. Year by year his numbers steadily diminished, until in 1763 but 358 remained. But the finger of doom pointed at a still more speedy extinction. That year pestilence invaded their ranks and swept of 222 in six months, but left the whites unscathed. One by one the remainder disappeared until in 1822 the last Nantucket Indian wrapped his blanket around him and joined his kindred in the happy hunting grounds. In 1852 Abraham Quary, a half breed, in whose veins ran the last drop of Indian blood, died at the age of 82. Thus vanished the race which once dominated this Island, but their memory lives in history and tradition and will ever be perpetuated by their Indian names which designate every section of Nantucket.

When first visited by the whites a considerable portion of the island was covered a heavy growth of oak timbers which had doubtless been centuries maturing. The demand for building material and fuel, and possibly forest fires in time utterly annihilated all vestige thereof save the extensive patches of scrub oaks which still exist. Many buildings are yet standing however, the frames of which are known to have been hewn from native timber.

Agriculture was from necessity the principal occupation of the early settlers and has continued a leading industry of the island to the present day. It was not upon the harvest of the soil alone however, that our forefathers were content to depend. Fishing furnished a no small part of their subsistance and like farming has survived the mutations of time as a means of livelihood. But larger and other fish than those which found their way to the table were destined to command the attention of the islanders.

Some time prior to 1672 a scragg whale came into the harbor and remained three days. It excited great curiosity, and it was determined to capture or kill him if possible. A rude harpoon was forged with which the monster was attacked and killed. Their success suggested engaging in whaling as a business as whales were frequently seen in the vicinity of the island. Whaling

stations were established on the shore, "look outs" built and try works set up on the beach, and for several years whaling was pursued from the shore with fair success. Gradually their operations were enlarged. Small vessels were fitted out and provisioned for short cruises, then larger vessels were employed and the voyages lengthened, until whaling became the principal business of the island carrying in its train a host of industries incident to the bui ding and fitting out of ships, refining of oil, manufacture of candles, etc., and wining for Nantucket pre-eminence in the maritime world. For two hundred years the business was prosecuted with varying success. Half a century ago it reached high water mark. With eighty-five or ninety whaleships belonging to Nantucket, and numerous ropewalks, sail lofts, coopers' and blacksmiths' shops, candleworks, tanneries, brass foundries, boat builders' and box makers' establishments and half a dozen grist mills in full operation the town resounded with the hum of activity. Our now deserted streets and decaying wharves teemed with life, and were at times almost impassable to pedestrians from teams and drays by which they were thronged. The census taker counted nearly 10,000 inhabitants. Mercantile establishments of every description flourished and all classes of mechanics found ready employment. But Nantucket had reached the zenith of her prosperity. In 1846 a most disastorus conflagration, still referred to as the "Great Fire," swep through the town, wiping out its entire business section, a blow to the place from which it never recovered. Following this the California "gold fever" broke out and nearly a thousand Nantucket men joined the stampede to the Pacific slope. Meantime the discovery of petroleum lessened the demand for whale oil, the price of which declined while the cost of fitting out ships materially increased. Whales grew scarce and voyages unremunerative. One by one the ships were sold or broken up and in 1869 the last Nantucket whaler sailed away and never came back, being sold on the voyage.

The prosperity of the place being so closely allied with whaling, declined with the latter. Of late years however, Nantucket has become noted as a summer resort and is steadily growing in favor and popularity. This furnishes employment to many during the summer months and indirectly to a considerable number the remainder of the year.

The sons and daughters of Nantucket are scattered all over the civilized world. The decline of business impelled the larger portion of the inhabitants to seek employment abroad and found new homes in other sections of the country. From 1845 to 1875 the population diminished from 10,000 to less than a third that number, while through all the years many have sought out broader fields and larger opportunities of development. Not a few have achieved such honorable distinction in the domain of science, literature or art as to shed lustre on their island home. But the heart of the true Nantucketer retains an abiding affection for the home of his childhood, and whether found in city, town or hamlet of our own country or in distant foreign climes, his thoughts will ever tenderly revert to the sea-girt isle.

The present year being a double centenary—the 200th anniversary of the incorporation of the county and the 100th anniversary of the change of name of the town from Sherburne to its present title—it was suggested several months ago that the events be commemorated by a celebration which should bring together in one grand re-union as many as possible of the absent sons and daughters of Nantucket. On the 25th of March preliminary steps were taken by calling a citizens' meeting in the Atheneum to consider the feasibility of the undertaking. The proposition was received with favor though hardly enthusiasm at the outset. Organization was effected and interest developed daily. Many at first lukewarm, became eventually zealous and effective workers and the result speaks for itself. Its accomplishment, however, has been an herculean test and no small expense. But many hands have divided the work and the financial contributions have been numerous and generous.

July 11, 1895
Nantucket Journal

1695. Bi-Centennial. 1895.

The centennial week, anticipated for so long a time, with its fertile suggestions and comprehensive plans, has, like the two preceding centuries, become incorporated with the past. It has had its labors stupendous, its enjoyments sublime, and its disappointments few. It would have been unreasonable to suppose that so great an undertaking could have been brought to a conclusion without some mistakes, some omissions—the doing of things that might have been better left undone, and the leaving undone of many things that could well have been done—but, nevertheless, taking the celebration as a whole, it was a grand, a glorious success.

There were many pleasing features interwoven with the numerous exercises. And beside the public demonstrations which were most happily conceived and thoughtfully executed, was the gratification of old Nantucketers meeting upon their native soil, who had not met for years. Aged people who had not met since childhood's sportive days, were welcomed to the shrine of their nativity. Middle-aged ones who had long been separated by land and sea, were again made to feel the throbs of early associations rare. Kindred and loved ones, long sundered by mountain and wave, were reunited along the lines of the old homestead life, while the more youthful of life's young dream were rejoicing in the dear old isle of the sea, in its present holiday attire, fragrant with the memories of two centuries stretching back through the aisles of time.

It was a universal week of rejoicing, festivity, love and good will to all mankind, which ought to make every Nantucketer, whether still an island citizen or a self-appointed exile, sound the gladsome peans of Nantucket forever.

July 13, 1895

The Centennial Celebration.

LAST DAY.

Our report of the great celebration last week concluded with the exercises of Wednesday.

Thursday, like the two preceding days was ushered in with ringing of bells and booming of cannon from 7 to 8 A. M,

The special attraction the remainder of the forenoon was the bicycle races at Centennial park, which were witnessed by a goodly number of spectators.

The grand climax of the celebration was the parade in the afternoon which formed at the head of Main Street and passed through the principal streets of the town. It was viewed by thousands of spectators and unquestionably exceeded the most sanguine anticipations. It was an affair to be proud of and abounded in unique features distinctively Nantucket.

Mr. Herbert G. Worth was chief marshall of the procession, and had for mounted aids Mr. Herbert A. Tobey and Mr. L. J. Ceely, and also several young cyclists, who did grand work along the line on the route. The procession was made up as follows:

Platoon of Police under Chief Norcross.

Chief Marshall and aids.

Martland's band of 26 pieces.

Canton Nantucket.

Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Wauackmamack Encampment, I. O. O. F.

Tableau vivant, representing the wigwam of the aborginees and several Indian warriors in menacing attitude with uplifted tomahawks.

A float, representing "Progress" followed, drawn by four horses covered with white blankets. The float was decorated in red, white and blue, and on each side of the drop were two sketches, on one side being steamboat and railroad train, and on the other steam road roller and bicycle track, with "Onward rolls the wave of Progress" and "Our motto: Progress" inscribed on either side. Six young ladies occupied this float. In the centre stood an Indian Warrior. At each corner of the float was an article symbolic respectively of steamboat, locomotive, electric light and telephone.

Town Crier Hull, with bell, and bearing a huge key, inscribed "Ye Freedom of ye Town."

Nantucket band, W. A. Smith, leader.

Thomas M. Gardner Post, No. 207, G. A. R., J. E. Murphey, commander; escorting a huge float bearing fourteen young ladies, representing the Goddess of Liberty and the thirteen original states. Four members of the G. A. R. marched beside this float—two on each side—and following was a caisson and field piece, drawn by a pair of handsome horses, and manned by veteran artillerymen.

Float—"Aunt Debby's Quilting Bee." Five young ladies appeared in this tableau busily engaged in the old time occupation of quilting.

Float bearing a fine representation of a whale.

Whaleboat.

Oil truck, carrying cask and gurry tub.

Underwriters' boat, with crew that saved the Norweigian bark Mentor (derelict).

"Homeward Bound—Full Ship" was a touching and suggestive tableau, A large dory, in the stern of which rode the venerable Capt. William Baxter, with helm in hand, and an army of charming children in his charge, elicted an ovation along the entire route,

Then followed a collection of the ancient vehicles know to Nantucket, the tip-cart, bearing the inscription "All the way to Shearing;" the spring-cart, the end-spring box-wagon, labelled "Going Abroad;" a hack full of children inscribed "Here's the hack! Who's come?" "Ye Safty Shay;" "Ye One Horse Shay;" "Ye Roller Sleigh for Summer use" (a sleigh mounted on small rollers—created much merriment); "Ye Straw ride;" fish "drays;" "Madaket, Eel P'int, and Long Shore;" modern box wagon, with load of children, inscribed "Fresh from the Smiths." "Ye Lone Fisherman was artistically personated by Mr. Elisha P. Gardner and conspicuous in the procession was a load of seaweed driven by Mr. Eugene Collins.

Mr. George W. Hooper and Mr. C. A. Kenney each had a handsome wagon at the rear of the procession advertising their business.

During the evening was the grand exhibition of fire works, undoubtedly the finest pyrotechnic display ever witnessed here. Thousands of people thronged the Steamboat wharf, which was the best spot from which to view the brilliant spectacle. The display included rockets, bombs, flower pots, serpents, and other features, closing with a set piece representing the town seal.

The three days' celebration closed with a grand promenade concert and ball at the Rink commencing at 10 P. M. and continuing well into the early hours of the following morning. The grand march was led by Col. H. A. Thomas (the Governor's representative) and Miss Clara Allen, and the scene as viewed from the gallery, as the company moved in perfect time, was one of rare beauty. Delicate souvenir programmes were issued to those in attendance. They were designed by Mr. A. H. Seaverns, of this town, and will be prized by all who received them.

July 18, 1895

Nantucket Historical Association.

A pleasant and fitting prelude to the centennial was the informal meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association, held in the Atheneum Hall on the afternoon of July 8th. The president, Dr. Mitchell, first addressed the meeting,—and by the way, won't some ingenious Nantucketer supply the want expressed by Dr. Mitchell for a gavel made of native scrub oak?

Dr. Mitchell's remarks were characteristically delightful, and at the close, he presented to the society a fine portrait of his cousin, Rev. Arthur Mitchell, a son of Nantucket, whose early death she deplores, but whose life she remembers with honor and affection.

Rev. M. S. Dudley then divulged to those present the secret—or part of it—the knowledge of whose existence has kept some of us lately in a quiver of expectation. Some generous person, whose name is not to be known, has assumed all the legal obligations of the Historical Society, and has also wisely provided against our sinking into a morass of Neatific satisfaction by attaching as a condition to this liberal gift, the moral obligation of raising a like sum for a fund, to be applied at the proper time to the acquisition of a certain property which is most desirable for the society to hold, but which at present is not obtainable.

Rev. Walter R. Gardner then put as a motion the following resolution, drawn up by Mr. W. H. McElroy, which, it is needless to say, was unanimously adopted:

The members of the Nantucket Historical Associaton desire to place on record their very grateful appreciation of the generosity of an unknown friend of their organization—a friend indeed. By his timely and liberal gift, he has relieved the society from debt, and since "Out of debt is out of danger," he has done much to ensure its permanent prosperity. We earnestly assure him that it shall be our aim to express our thanks for his benefaction in the best practical way—by rendering to the society whose interests he has so substantially advanced, good and faithful service. The Nantucket Historical Society, by linking the past of our historic island to its present and its future, by preserving and cherishing the things which keep vivid the memory of our ancestors, commends itself to the sympathetic support of all Nantucketers of genuine home feeling and public spirit. This consideration attests the value of the present, which we acknowledge with so much pride and pleasure.

Tendering our unknown benefactors renewed assurances of our gratitude, we direct that this minute be spread upon the records of our society, and that a copy thereof, attested by the President and Secretary, shall be transmitted to him as soon as he chooses to reveal himself.

After this came a well-arranged and most interesting sketch, written and read by Miss Helen B. W. Worth, of the life and labors of Timothy White, the first pastor of the North Congregational Church, some of whose records and correspondence have just come into the hands of the Nantucket Historical Association through the efforts of Mr. Dudley.

Dr. Mitchell then called upon Dr. West, of Dorchester, formerly of Nantucket, who responded with a stirring tribute to the men and women of old Nantucket, calling them a race of heroes, as indeed they were, and assuring his hearers that their valor still exists in their children when the emergency demands it.

Rev. Walter R. Gardner, of Nashota, Wis., followed Dr. West with a charmingly reminiscent talk, which he begun by saying that as he looked about he felt a bit timid lest from some one of his old teachers present he should hear the discouraging "Wrong!—next—!" "Why, Walter!" was whispered affectionately and deprecatingly, as if *she* had never used that appalling phrase. Dr. Gardner described graphically and touchingly the scenes of his boyhood, the home-coming and the outgoing of the ships, with all the attendant incidents so dear now to the memories of the Nantucketers, until all the air was redolent of tarred ropes and lacquered work and pickled limes, and the eyes and ears were busy with sights and sounds not on the official centennial programme.

Some silver spoons marked "R. G. & C. G." were shown by Mr. Dudley, which had been dug up on land belonging to Eben W. Francis, and were supposed to have belonged to Richard Gardner's family.

Mr. Henry B. Worth, of New Bedford, with a ready familiarity with the subject, rapidly outlined the history of the Gardner family, naming the habitation of the elders of each generation, and from the locality and the circumstances attending the finding of these spoons, pronounced them to have been undoubtedly the property of Richard Gardner.

Mr. Moses Joy described a spoon found at Great Point, an apparent duplicate of which he saw and bought in the Norwegian department of the Paris Exposition. It seemed plausible to some imaginations that this Great Point spoon might once have reflected the light of the midnight sun, and might even have touched the lips of Leif Ericsson himself. Who knows? And who knows that it did not?

After the meeting had adjourned, many took the opportunity to greet friends of long ago. One gentleman spoke of seeing a school-mate for the first time for thirty years, and of his pleasure in talking with him once more. So the paths diverge and meet again, and what is true waits for that meeting.

The Centennial is over, and as we gather up the fragments which shall not be lost, let us speak of the suggestion made by Mr. McElroy in his most enjoyable speech at the centennial supper, that all this concentration of reminiscence, of pride, of tenderness and good will ought to bear fruit, "concrete fruit of lasting qualities" as he happily put it. There have been several suggestions as to the proper variety of this fruit. We want one that shall be sound and of good flavor at the tri-centenary in 1959, 64 years hence, when the deft and graceful maidens who ministered to our wants at the tea-party last Tuesday shall sit in our places at the banquet, in the vigorous (Nantucket) prime of life, and shall speak of us with that appreciation which shall be our due. Now what shall be done, friends, relatives and other guests? Think it over and tell us the results of your cogitations. Shall it be an observatory, first, to perpetuate the memory of Maria Mitchell, and secondly to aid and inspire those who choose to follow her pursuits; this observatory to include also an efficient means of protection for the town against fire. Shall we have a public library, or a town hall with a floor that echoes rather than quivers to her tread, and a stairway where two voters of different opinions may securely walk abreast? Or shall these two latter be combined under one imposing plan? Or will someone, knowing the needs and ambitions of the town, suggest something else which shall appeal to the taste and sympathy of everybody. Let us have all possible ideas.

It may be well to state that already a fund is started for a public library, so that those who want to mark this centennial year by a gift to this town, and who have no special interest in any existing organization, might do well to increase this fund for a library. As to the Historical Society, it is to be always with us, and we believe it is one of the merits of a historical society to be continually in need. May there be ever "those who love us."

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Nantucket Centennial Celebration.

1795—— 1895.

In the mellow haze of the rising sun,
All the boats in the bay repose;
From a voyage fleet and a distant shore
They may pause in their restless cruise.

The pennants and flags, with their stars and stripes,
From each prow and each stern they glance;
The banners that wave from the house-top walks
Signal back in their airy dance.

The Portuguese bell, in the old South tower,
Melodious greets the morn;
And the notes of the ancient North tower bell
On the summer breeze are borne.

'Mid echoes from Shimmo and dim Coatue,
Roar of cannon proclaims the day;
Peal on peal, mounting up to the arch of heaven,
That smiles with beneficient ray.

Here the stalwart sons and the daughters fair,
Forgather from many a clime;
They brighten the bond of a kinship near,
Grown rusty with absence and time.

For yet in Nantucket, old Shebburne still lives;
Her voice chiming yet, through the years,
Recounts a past century's triumphs and toils,
Its pleasures, its sorrows and tears.

Descendants of Tristram, in gay cavalcade,
One hundred years hence, if they thrive,
A squantum may hold, in remembrance of this,
In the year of nineteen ninety-five!

CAROLINE PARKER HILLS.

Written for the Centennial Gathering at Nantucket, July, 1895.

Sonnet.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Town of my birth! how shall I speak thy praise?
How mention best my thoughts at thy dear name?
As well expect of Science words to emblaze
The cause and beauty of the boreal flame.
In all my childhood's memories thou'rt entwined;
Tendrils of strength which absence cannot break.
With childhood's loves and girlhood's hopes enshrined,
My heart forgets not thy dear name to speak.
Thy sons and daughters both have won renown
O town and island of historic fame!
May other centuries still thy children crown.
And weave new laurels for thine honored name!
Nantucket! in the Truth which guides and cheers,
I bid thee "God speed" for a thousand years.

NORTH TONAWANDA, Niagara Co., N. Y.

1695. Bi-Centennial. 1895.

The centennial week, anticipated for so long a time, with its fertile suggestions and comprehensive plans, has, like the two preceding centuries, become incorporated with the past. It has had its labors stupendous, its enjoyments sublime, and its disappointments few. It would have been unreasonable to suppose that so great an undertaking could have been brought to a conclusion without some mistakes, some omissions—the doing of things that might have been better left undone, and the leaving undone of many things that could well have been done—but, nevertheless, taking the celebration as a whole, it was a grand, a glorious success.

There were many pleasing features interwoven with the numerous exercises. And beside the public demonstrations which were most happily conceived and thoughtfully executed, was the gratification of old Nantucketers meeting upon their native soil, who had not met for years. Aged people who had not met since childhood's sportive days, were welcomed to the shrine of their nativity. Middle-aged ones who had long been separated by land and sea, were again made to feel the throbs of early associations rare. Kindred and loved ones, long sundered by mountain and wave, were reunited along the lines of the old homestead life, while the more youthful of life's young dream were rejoicing in the dear old isle of the sea, in its present holiday attire, fragrant with the memories of two centuries stretching back through the aisles of time.

It was a universal week of rejoicing, festivity, love and good will to all mankind, which ought to make every Nantucketer, whether still an island citizen or a self-appointed exile, sound the gladsome peans of Nantucket forever.

July 13, 1895

July 13, 1895

Notes of the Reunion.

Mr. Editor:

In my account of the Reunion in your last issue I omitted to mention the name of Mr. Charles A. Sawyer, whose tenor solo, "My Dearest Heart" (Sir Arthur Sullivan), although the final number on the programme, was one of the most pleasing features of the entertainment. In the press of other matters during the closing minutes of the evening, I failed to get complete notes of all the proceedings, and my apologies are due Mr. Sawyer for the unintentional neglect.

Following is a copy of the letter, accompanying President Upham's gift of the gavel, which is self-explanatory:

BOSTON, Nov. 17, 1898.

To the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket, Greeting:

I beg to present to this association a gavel for the use of the President and his successors in office.

The head is made, in the form of a cask, from the tooth of a sperm whale, captured in 1866, off the coast of Patagonia, by the bark Sunbeam, of New Bedford, Capt. Daniel W Gifford, master. The handle, of live oak, is made from a piece of timber, taken from the bark Rousseau, of New Bedford, built in 1801.

Trusting this souvenir will be acceptable, I am

Faithfully yours,
HENRY MACY UPHAM.

I hope to be able to send the gavel to Nantucket at an early date to be exhibited for a brief period in some public place, believing that many Nantucketers would be interested to see it.

The name of Miss Louise Holley, in the list of those present, should have read Miss Carrie Louise Holley.

The wish having been expressed by many that Mrs. Lovering's paper on "Nantucket Memories," might be printed in THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, I have prevailed upon her to permit me to send it to you for publication. Owing to the length of the programme, Mrs. Lovering thought best to abridge the paper somewhat in the reading, but it is given in its entirety below.

YORICK.

BOSTON, Nov. 22. 1898.

When one arrives at the sere and yellow leaf period, reminiscence plays a greater part in life than anticipation or realization. It is impossible for one to have more than rounded a half century, to have known the work as well as the play of life, the eager buoyancy and expectance of youth and the more sober experiences of advancing years, and finally, the sunset rather than the sunrise view, without having a wide range of memory.

It is then that the thoughts dwell on the early past, perhaps because the divine freshness of life furnishes a more impressible surface, which retains early impressions almost indelibly, unlike our later memories, which often resemble buried cities, whose belongings must be excavated to be fully discovered. And therefore, what more fitting in this joyous company of clansmen and kinsfolk, than to recall something of the past Nantucket life, so dear to all of *us* who behold the retreating mile-stones which mark our long and sometimes tortuous way.

The old, simple life of forty or fifty years ago in our island homes, is indeed only a memory, the simple pleasures as well. Some of us can recall the "cent-school," a combination of the most elementary teaching and the modern day-nursery, of which it was the remote predecessor, for were not cribs or sleeping places provided for the almost infants who were sent there daily, to relieve the mother, overburdened with a large family, or the parent who desired more restful leisure? With the "cent" closely clasped in the hand of the elder brother or sister, who conveyed or escorted the small charge, often accompanied by the needed pillow and lacteal refreshment, the day was auspiciously entered upon, and when a proper lunch was provided, some did not return till the waning afternoon. As likely as not, the thrifty head of the cent-school, further eked out a slender income by selling "emptins" (yeast-cakes in those days being an unknown quantity).

Then there were the daily sessions of the older schools, with their free half-days on Wednesday and Saturday; one extra afternoon in each term being voted for by all the scholars, which holiday the writer frequently spent with a merry group of girls, visiting the Newbegin sisters, invariably rolling down several of the hills on the way, from top to bottom, with cheerful indifference as to consequences to the wardrobe thereby, or the long-suffering mother at the other end of the town. A visit to the rope-walk near the road,

"In that building long and low,
With its windows all arow,
Like the port holes of a hulk;"

was rarely omitted, with a flying race through its favoring length.

Can we not see the approach to the Newbegin homestead, the old, weather-beaten, unpainted house on the knoll, with its strange interior inhabited by the three queer sisters; the coarse half-masculine attire of one; the somewhat timid, somewhat weak appearance of another; the short, stout figure of "Phebe," in the low chair under the end window, and her trembling, half-palsied head and quavering voice which invited us, when seats were short, to "take a cheer on the baid?" Then there were the very much-at-home hens, each with its own name, and their vigorous announcement from the open bureau drawer of a newly-laid egg; the primitive surroundings of the poorly, barely furnished room; the rough, open fire place, often full of ashes; the low doorstep; the sombre grays and greens of the neighboring landscape, and also, I am sorry to say, the somewhat thoughtless young girls within, who saw nothing but amusement in all this; whose careless, inexperienced youth did not penetrate the pathos, the poverty, the hopeless vacancy of such lives. Phebe's parting words were always the same: "Come agin, all on yer."

How much pleasure we all had through the genial days of spring and summer, from the first successful hunt after the early flowers, those shy violets and hepaticas and housatonias, and especially the modest, fragrant arbutus, which in those days knew no other name than "Mayflowers;" and again, the young aromatic leaves of the boxberry, with their later coral fruit so pleasant to the taste.

And then too, the long enjoyable days on the free unfenced commons ("moors" is an imported word) after juicy wild berries and rosy beach plums, and the spoils of swamp and pond and shore; the delightful, old-fashioned "squantum"—parties looked forward to with inexpressibly joyous desire by us younger ones, for we *were* once young, *very* young—and its convivial company, whose cheery, bright, even witty talk appealed to to every elastic, buoyant element in our natures, and gave almost as much pleasure as the savory clam-bake, so admirably prepared by the skilled sons of Neptune. Always the fragrant bayberry or sweet fern beneath the wheels on our homeward return; always the distant rythm of the sea; the flush of the beautiful western sky, as fair as any about Italian shores. How healthily tired we all were; how good was the early bed after it all, and the renewed springs of life for succeeding days!

And oh, the glamour and poetry of those moonlit nights, and the drives to the South Shore ("Surfside" is also a modern term), especially when old enough to have the young men as cavaliers, and each carriage had only two occupants! The long stretch of silvery beach, the broken masses of clouds, lit up by the softly-sailing moon, which shed its beauty o'er sea and shore; the incoming waves with crests of snow above the green, translucent arch of the curving billows; the onward rush of some more aggressive surge whose wet contact we barely escaped; the subdued feeling which all this grandeur of Nature created; and sometimes enthusiastic expressions of admiration from the more imaginative, poetically-inclined beholders!

I remember one occasion when our somewhat tensely-strung feelings were relieved by a hearty laugh at the expense of one of our companions. In our party was a prosaic maiden, young, fair, and quick of repartee, but absolutely without a vestige of imagination. It was an unusually beautiful night, and every now and then some more than ordinary appeal to our highest selves by all this beauty called forth some appreciative remark, or in one instance, several poetical quotations from one of the youths, already earning his living in a large city and only home for his short, summer vacation. Only Miss Prose had not said anything, simply because she was not remarkably impressed. She felt that she ought to follow the others, but she mustn't repeat some one's else rhapsody.

"Don't you think it's splendid, Susan?" finally asked one of the girls who stood near her.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, fervently, as a curving foam crest broke almost at her feet, "it's just like—just like—rolling dough!"

The 'Sconset parties, the picnics at private shanties on various parts of the coast, the winter candy-frolics and chowder-parties, the mild dissipations of the young people (called "balls,") which the older ones often shared, and the music limited in quantity and quality, though not lacking in spirit, especially when led by the immortal Handy's fiddle, only equalled by his quaint calling out of the various movements of the dance, are never-to-be forgotten memories. Dress and hours were strangely and widely different from modern festivities bearing the same name.

"We girls" always took "our work" when going out to tea, which was served soon after five, and we heeded the warning of the "nine o'clock bell," as directed before leaving home. Nantucket crullers or "wonders", corn and berry puddings and pound cake deserved their reputation and were surely never fashioned so appetizingly and successfully anywhere else. All properly-constituted Nantucket palates will sustain the writer's opinion. The reading parties, the Shakspeare and Browning clubs, the French class (all regarded with great respect by outsiders) had most appreciative participants, and our lecturers from away included the most honored names in literature and science, whose presence, even today, would confer distinction upon any audience.

Much of all this has passed away; some of these things are only traditions, while what is imitated by the young people of today is but an imitation; the flavor of the past, its simple, natural, unaffected atmosphere they can never have nor know, as we and our elders can testify. It was not necessary then to kill time through the long, sweet summer afternoons with incessant card-playing: and the modern furbelows and frills and elaborate and wonderful dresses were unknown. We were close to Nature's heart and responsive to her call, and we knew her voice and followed over sea-swept shore and fragrant commons, and by tangled swamp-land and reed-edged ponds of heavenly blue.

And those of us who can remember, like the writer, the prosperous days of our beloved island, albeit it was then in its early wane, can recall the unceasing sound of the cooper's hammer, the industry of boat-builders, rope-walks, candle-houses and oil refineries, the busy rush of the makers of pilot-bread or ship-biscuit, and the watching for the incoming whalers, the struggle to be first to announce the good news to the captain's wife and receive the never-failing dollar. We recall the dull, jolting reverberations of the loaded trucks, the stolen rides on their swaying ends when empty, the smell of oakum and tar on the wharves, the ships waiting to have the accumulations of long voyages scraped off and new copper sheating applied, the fresh paint and rigging,—can we older ones not see and smell it all, like some phantom odor of a long-ago past?

The writer, in whose family considerable shipping was owned, always plead to accompany the owner on his first visit to the lately arrived whaler. The imagination of the child was silently stirred—for she never spoke of it—by the thought of the strange seas and lands and people which the ship had visited; its conflicts with the leviathan of the deep; the peculiar life of its crew; its eloquent silence for lack of the power of speech; and sometimes, the strange unfamiliar shells or curios brought home by some sailor or officer, which still further kindled the child's imagination. The grimy and weather-beaten look of everything but added to the fascination of it all, and the little girl lay awake many an hour conjuring up pictures suggested by all these things

The Quaker atmosphere of that time leavened the whole loaf. First Day and Fifth Day beheld the sober garb of the Friends, peculiar to both sexes, very much in evidence, and a goodly congregation assembled in their plain spacious meeting-house on Fair street, now gone and only a memory. Quarterly meetings were great occasions, and some of the most noted Friends on both sides of the Atlantic enjoyed the liberal hospitality of the Nantucket brethren.

The friendly "thee" and "thou" were common among many of the children, who were taught to respect their Quaker kin, and to use the plain language in their presence. The writer, although of and surrounded by "the world's people," seldom forgot to address the Quaker elders who were her grandparents in their proper speech, and to this day cannot see a Quaker bonnet or anything pertaining to the Friends' dress, especially in Philadelphia, without the old familiar "thee" and "thou" rising to her lips, and, if occasion calls, she drops into the old expressions as readily as the immortal Silas Wegg dropped into poetry. Who that has ever known them can forget those quiet, peaceful homes where simplicity and a high level prevailed? The plain surroundings, the neatly-appointed table, the silent grace, the subdued intercourse, the hushed feeling that companioned us homeward; how familiar to many of us!

And so we might go on indefinitely and speak of much else that must necessarily be omitted from the natural limit of such a paper. We can only enumerate the old shearing time—such a joyous occasion—which alone would require a separate article; the picturesque figure of Abram Quady in his lonely cabin by the harbor shore, the last connecting link of the Nantucket Indians; the queer two-wheeled spring carts, whose bounding, rattling motion required human spines almost as elastic as the familiar whalebone, yet boys and girls filled them to repletion, standing up, as did their elders, holding on to the side-ropes, to each other, or to any available part of the vehicle itself, and enjoying beyond expression a "cruise" therein with some supposedly-safe family horse, which was not always as safe as his appearance would indicate. Later, the more comfortable box-wagon superseded the gymnastic requirements of carts, springless or otherwise, and it is still a favorite with the native Nantucketer. We are inclined, too, to think that many a specimen of the old-fashioned chaise, such as Holmes immortalized, could have been found long after it disappeared from prominent off-island centres. The same might be said of the use of open fire-places for cooking, and the prevalence of tinder-boxes with their flint and steel and brimstone—dipped matches of home manufacture. The old "tin kitchen" with its savory roast on the spit, the baking kettle suspended by pot-hooks, with the hot ashes or coals on top to brown the cakes of bread within; the skillet; the three-legged iron pots; the useful warming pan for the cold beds; and the big brick oven; as well as those queer pounding barrels, are within the memory of some of us who had conservative ancestors to whom, for example, the innovation of cooking stoves was as formidable as the sewing machines later, which were going to spoil the beautiful hand sewing which our feminine kin did so perfectly, even artistically. A few of the old calashes (that strangely-fashioned and voluminous silk head gear) were still used occasionally by some of the older women, and the modern rubber overshoe had strange predecessors which had to be warmed to make them pliable.

We can only mention as later, but still youthful memories, John Bodle's famous Quaker school, (John and his assistant being the chief Quaker element in it) now the Historical Society building, and the old Coffin and High school days also, with the never-to-be-forgotten principal of the latter, Augustus Morse, that able, conscientious, but somewhat eccentric instructor. The academy too, of briefer reign, had its noted and faithful teachers, all of which the writer attended with a comparatively short experience in the public schools so called to distinguish them from the two prominent private centres of learning.

A more complete account of these lightly-touched upon memories and the strange individualities, the peculiar idiosyncracies and characteristics of certain Nantucketers, and their unique and often so singularly appropriate nicknames must be left to other chroniclers. The past is past, the memory of it alone remains. Have we not in our later years, like Charles Lamb:

"Ghost-like paced around the haunts
of childhood,
Seeking the old familiar faces,
The old familiar places."

It is on such occasions as this, that memory asserts itself, and we are grateful that the old feeling of clan and kin is renewed. In the genial greeting, the warm hand-clasp, the familiar appellation of other days, we indeed renew our youth, we live in the past tempered by the atmosphere of to-day. Past and present,—companions of our lives!

"Thus the seer, with vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear
In the perpetual round of strange mysterious
change;
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime,
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The universe as an immeasurable wheel,
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time."

ELIZABETH C. LOVERING.

1930

The Program For Nantucket's Tercentenary Celebration.

The local committee on the observance of the Massachusetts Tercentenary announce the following tentative program of events, so far as arrangements have been completed. As far as possible, it is planned to have our own people the principal participants in the events as an offering to the entertainment of our visitors and guests, though the co-operation of "off-islanders" in any way will be most welcome and will be gratefully appreciated.

The committee realizes that most Nantucketers are too busy at this season to give much of their time to the preparation of special features, but they believe it will be "good business" for us all to do what we can to make the celebration worthy of the island's best traditions, and they urge the merchants and business people to back up the committee in its efforts, and all join in to put the affair over the top. There never can be another Tercentenary and once in three hundred years we can afford to make some sacrifice for the common cause and the reputation of our community.

The week from July 19th to July 26th will be Nantucket's "Old Home Week" and islanders and descendants of islanders, wherever they may be, are urgently invited to come back to the old home town and help us celelbrate. The festivities will start with a reunion of the "Sons and Daughters of Nantucket" on Saturday, July 19th. A clambake will be served at mid-day at Weweeder Inn, Surfside, to be followed in the afternoon by a program of speech-making and social cheer.

This will be in charge of a special committee of resident members of the organization, with the officers on hand from Boston to conduct the meeting. Everyone is invited, and those who do not want the clambake may bring a picnic lunch if they wish or come out after lunch for the exercises in the afternoon. All who want tickets for the bake are asked to notify Miss Alice M. Bunker, 24 Hussey street, by Thursday, the 17th.

The American Legion Post Band, of New Bedford, comprising about 25 pieces, has been engaged for the week.

Edgar F. Wyer will act as Town Crier, and will start "crying" on Monday next. He will make announcements for the committee, and local merchants or others desiring his services as crier can engage him.

On Sunday evening, the 20th, there will be a patriotic mass meeting at the North Church at 8.00 o'clock. Choir singing of some of the old Puritan hymns and singing of patriotic songs by the congregation. Hon. Breckinridge Long will deliver an address.

On Monday evening, the 21st, the great historic motion picture film "Three Centuries of Massachusetts", will be given at the Unitarian Church, with a small admission charge to cover expenses. This film consists of eight reels, and is sponsored by the University Film Foundation, of Cambridge, a non-profit educational institution operated in connection with Harvard University.

Tuesday, the 22d, is the day of the "Big Parade". Most of the local organizations have agreed to participate, and others not already booked are urged to "get in line". The selectmen have voted to ask the store-keepers to close up for the afternoon and make it a general half-holiday.

The old-time sheep-shearing festival was planned for either Wednesday, the 23d, or Friday, the 25th, but it is impossible as yet to announce definitely whether this can be arranged, though the committee is still working on it.

On Wednesday evening a whaling lecture by Chester Scott Howland, of New Bedford, for the benefit of the whaling museum fund, will be held at the Unitarian Church, and on Thursday afternoon, at 2.30, the annual meeting of the Historical Association will be held at the Whaling Museum, with special dedication ceremonies following.

The Historical Association hopes to have the necessary repairs to the Old Mill completed in time to have it running when conditions are favorable during the week.

Whaleboat races will be held if arrangements can be made for the use of the Massachusetts Humane Society's boats, for which negotiations are now in progress.

The new signs, giving the old names of some of the streets, to be placed under the present street name signs, will be put up as soon as they can be painted.

Other announcements will be made by the town crier as fast as plans are matured, and a small folder giving the schedule of events will be issued by the committee as early as possible.

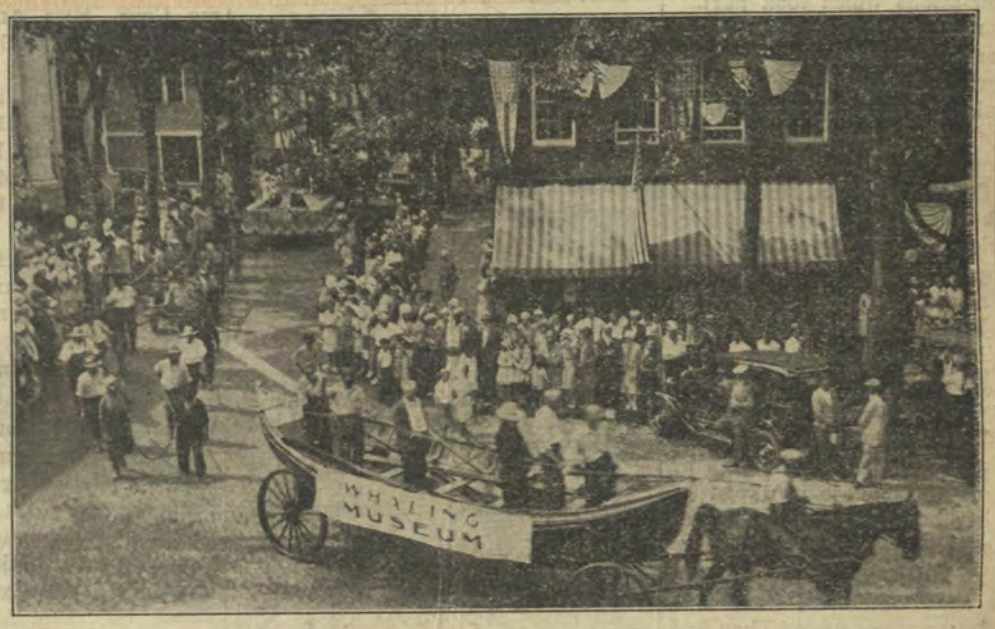
All up for a big celebration of an epoch-making anniversary! If each one will just do his or her bit, it is bound to be a great success.

Nantucket Tercentenary Committee.

July 24, 1930



Wauwinet Tribe of Red Men made a big showing in the parade. This snap-shot caught the braves just as they were turning from Centre street into Main with the Pocahontas float following the Red Men.



Corner of Main and Centre streets was lined with an interested audience for over three hours. The whale-boat in the foreground was entered in the race the next afternoon. Standing in the bow is George Grant, custodian of the new Whaling Museum.



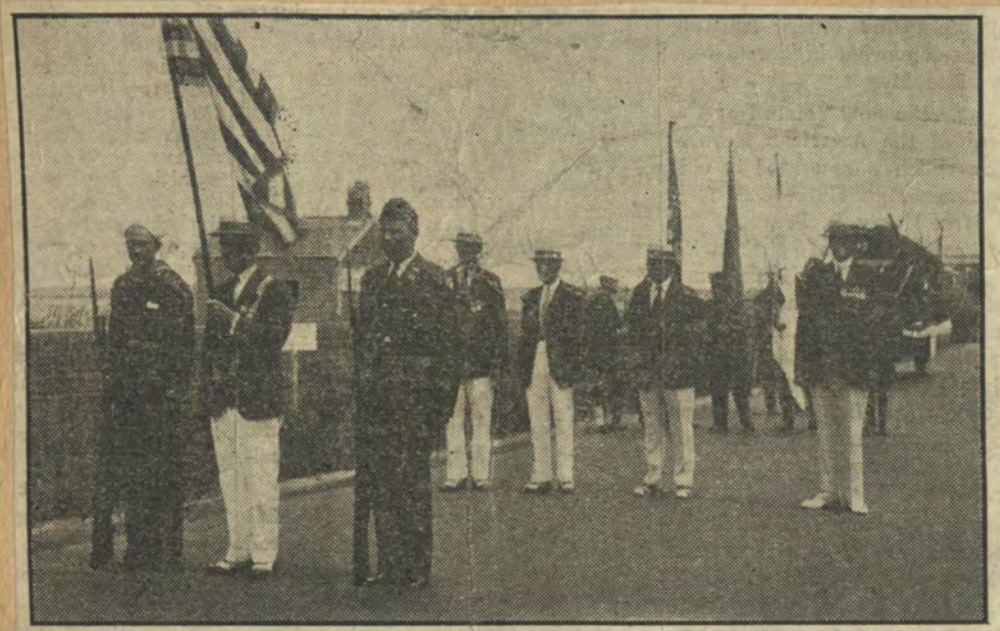
Some real live mosquitoes appeared in the parade, wearing costumes of green, with brown wings.



The Old-time Orchestra made quite a hit. Seated at the organ was Merlin Crocker. Next, Herbert Brownell. Standing—William H. Barrett and Frank Thurston.



The Nantucket Yacht Club tender had the club flag flying at the bow and Old Glory at the stern.



The Spanish War Veterans made a fine showing. Bearing the flag is Joseph M. Grouard. Standing in the rear are (from left to right)—Herbert P. Smith, Lester M. Folger, Dr. Charles E. Congdon and Lieut. Harry R. Brayton. The color guards were Orin Allen and John C. Ring.



Some of the firemen got into a lively "fight" just before the parade started over an argument as to who would be "chief"—William King or Archibald Cartwright. Things looked bad for a while but no blows were struck. Tony Miller (looking the part of Rip Van Winkle) wanted to be referee and Tom McGrath wanted to be time-keeper. Others in the picture are Allen Norcross, Edward Lewis, Maurice Norcross, Randolph Swain, Harry Studley, Manuel Perry, Joseph Larkin, Frank Miller and LeBaron Ray.

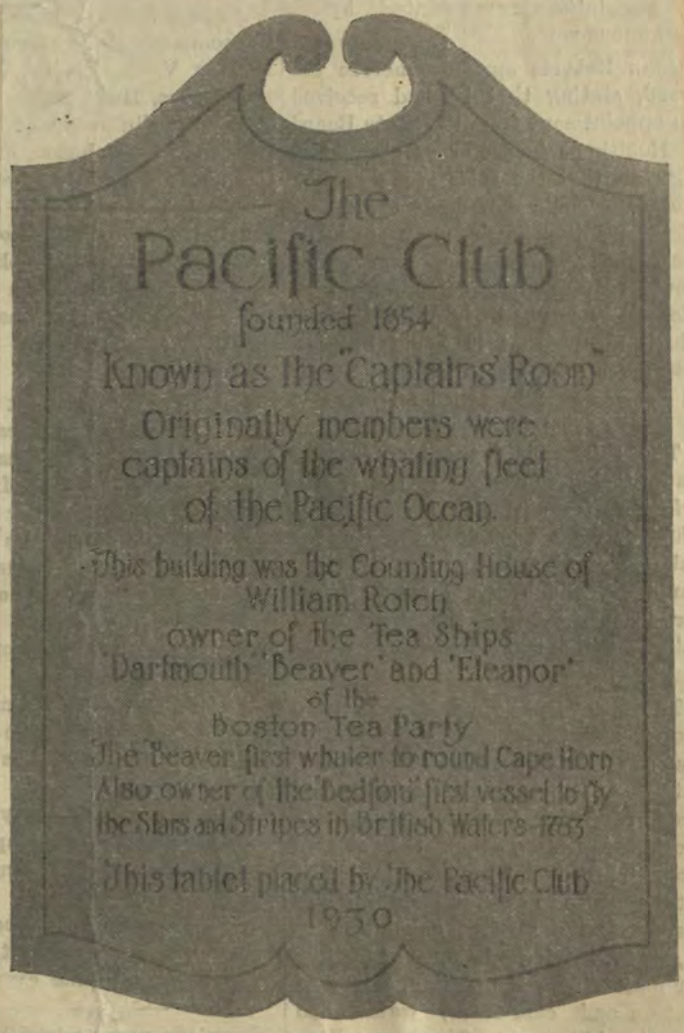


The Legion Bugle and Drum Corps made a snappy appearance with their blue uniforms and polished helmets. Those who so generously contributed to the fund were pleased to see such a fine corps as Nantucket has developed.

PACIFIC CLUB BUILDING AND ITS TABLET



The Pacific Club is the first of the historic places on Nantucket to be marked in anticipation of the Tercentenary. The town passed a vote, with an appropriation, to have the historic places marked, but the Pacific Club has taken a step ahead and had a tablet made to be placed on the front of its building facing the lower square. A reproduction of the tablet appears below.



Nantucket Presented Historic Parade of Great Interest.

Everybody admits that the parade which Nantucket staged Tuesday afternoon as a part of the Tercentenary celebration far surpassed all anticipations. Interest was keener than was expected and there was a more general community interest than anyone had dared hope for. In short, the parade which Nantucket presented was such a credit to everything and everybody concerned that it will remain the principal subject of conversation for weeks to come.

Cloudy skies and threatening showers did not lessen the enthusiasm Tuesday afternoon and the whole town joined in the jollification with the right kind of spirit. The parade formed on Washington street along by the south beach and went over the following streets, between sidewalks lined with people who were not only appreciative of the many features, but decidedly demonstrative:

Washington, South Water, North Water, Chester, West Chester, North Liberty, Pearl, Centre, Main, Union, York Pleasant, Main, Gardner, Liberty, Main, Orange, Consue, Francis, Washington.

The "floats" which were entered were all intended to represent some part of Nantucket history—from the time of the Indians to the departure of the mosquitoes—and it was interesting to note the number of different organizations which took part.

The parade started promptly at 2:30 o'clock, when the signal gun was fired from the south beach, which was the signal agreed upon and found necessary owing to the length of the procession.

Police Officers Callwitz, Mooney and Chadwick led, followed by the American Legion Band of New Bedford—a fine organization.

The largest representation was by the Red Men, the members of Wauwinet Tribe turning out strong, wearing Indian costumes and war-paint, with plenty of war-whoops, and presenting a float depicting the transfer of Nantucket to the white men by the Sachem Nickanoose in 1664.

Following behind the tribe of Red Men came the Degree of Pocahontas, a large number of women marching over the four miles, garbed in paint and squaw costumes. They had a float which bore a placard "Indian Customs", upon which were a bunch of squaws in full regalia, some smoking (?) pipes and others emitting war-whoops somewhat higher in tone than the Red Men.

Next came the float entered by the Daughters of the American Revolution, upon which were seated in old-time costumes Mrs. Herbert S. Kellog and Mrs. Harry R. Brayton, apparently having a social chat with "Abiah Folger Franklin", impersonated by Mrs. Anna Clark, and her little son "Benjamin Franklin", impersonated by Miss Frances Lewis. The young lady wore a costume similar to the one which Benjamin is supposed to have worn and carried a kite to make the impersonation a bit more realistic.

Arthur A. Norcross presented a very interesting feature, with a float upon which were a gang of woodworkers, all busily at work, from cooper to wood chopper, with the exception of the fellow who was in the stocks. There was a carpenter's work-bench on the float and some excellent examples of workmanship. Those on the Norcross truck were Roger Allen, Kenneth Van Fleet, James Norcross, William Russell, Charles Grant, Walter Sanderson, Paul Frye and Manuel Sylvia.

Next came a float entered by Camp David Gray, representing Liddy Worth's "cent school" of by-gone days. Mrs. Marion Sevrens was seated as "Liddy" with her pupils gathered about her making an interesting group, and with teacher and little ones all wearing the costumes of the Friends long ago. The children were Kenneth Legg, Billy Gibbs, George Colby, Gerta Dunham, Mildred Colby, Evelyn Gomes, Anna Lewis, Virginia Esau and Alice Nickerson.

Following the "school" came a whale-boat bearing the words "Whaling Museum", with George Grant, the veteran whale-man, standing in the bow with harpoon in his hand. With him were five other men who had been on whaling voyages, namely; Obed Morris, Jason Mendance, John Barnard, Nelson Ewer and John Cross.

The Firemen's Association made a very interesting appearance with a group of its members in costume and representing the old-time firemen in a variety of characters. Beards, side-whiskers, moustaches made some unusual transformations and the men enacted their parts well. They drew the old hand-tub "Cataract" behind them—a sample of the fire apparatus of 1831 which is among the cherished possessions of the Historical Association.

The Citizens' Gas, Electric & Power Company entered a float representing the installation of gas in the town in 1854, with one of the old iron lamp-posts standing in the centre of a heap of cobble-stones, with a genuine old gas-lamp mounted on top and the "lamp-lighter" standing below with his outfit. Sam Kelley took the character of the lamp-lighter, but few people knew that it was Sam. The float was a clever conception and depicted the methods of street lighting adopted in Nantucket in 1854 when gas replaced oil for the first time.

Next came a couple of floats entered by the Telephone Company, the first representing the telephone service here forty years ago, with some of the old equipment, and the second being the present up-to-date telephone truck with its modern installation equipment.

The "Boys of 1867" followed and what an ovation they received! There are only three of them left and they were seated in a surrey drawn by a horse, the carriage being placarded and calling attention to the fact that Comrades Josiah F. Murphey, James H. Barrett and James H. Wood, Sr., were all that Nantucket now has of its Grand Army Post—the last three survivors of the Civil War.

The next section was devoted to the veterans of the Spanish War—only five in number, but they made a fine appearance wearing straw hats, dark jackets and light trousers. Joseph M. Grouard carried the colors, and behind were the four other Spanish War veterans—Lieut. Harry R. Brayton, Dr. Charles E. Congdon, Herbert P. Smith and Lester M. Folger. Accompanying the group of Spanish War veterans were two veterans of the World War as "color guards"—John C. Ring and Orin Allen. Although small in number, the Spanish War vets. made a fine, snappy appearance, and merited the applause which they received along the route.

The members of Byron L. Sylvaro Post, American Legion, made a fine showing. Several of the members characterized "rookies" who were just starting for service and wore their home clothes. Commander Fordyce and Chaplain Sculley followed and behind them came the Legion's float, which was rigged up as a scene at the front in France—barbed wire and all. A group of the "Boys in Khaki" was behind the wire, with a couple of machine guns in the centre, making a realistic picture. Those on the truck included Gilbert Manter, William Winslow, Edward Folger, Earl Mayo and William Cosmos.

Behind the float came the ambulance, driven by William Donnell, with an attractive nurse on the seat beside him and several other nurses at the rear of the vehicle.

Following the ambulance came the Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, with Charlie Thurber as drum major, and the corps made a handsome effect, with the new brass bugles, attractive uniforms and bright shining helmets. They played at frequent intervals along the route and the parade was of such length that neither the band nor the corps could tell whether the other body was playing. That the Legion Corps was well received was evident from the applause which greeted them along the line of march.

The Nantucket Yacht Club had a float, with one of the club's small tenders mounted on a truck and in it were a group of young people who were beaming with smiles and good humor. They included Louise Fargo, John Hindley, Philip Connell, Hugh Dunn, DeWitt Smith, Helen Stevens, Caroline Stewart, Francis Wilson, Norris Bokum, Virginia Ball, Helen Wilson, Jeanette Smith.

The Boy Scouts were, as usual, conspicuous in the parade and proved of great assistance in requesting owners of cars to move them long before the procession appeared, in order to leave room for the floats to pass. And the Scoutis had a float of their own in the parade, too, which followed along closely behind the Legion corps. The float pictured a Boy Scout camp and was well arranged.

Next came the "mosquitoes"—a float prepared through the town's mosquito control committee and bearing a placard urging everybody to help in the good work. Five young girls represented mosquitoes, wearing attractive costumes, with wings and "stingers". They made a very interesting picture and brought forth much favorable comment. The girls were Elizabeth Brock, Nancy Gardner, Barbara Andrews, Mary Sevrens and Margaret Snow.

The Monnohanit Club had an attractive float with five young ladies on it, with spy-glasses and field glasses, carrying out the scheme to perfection. They were Misses Grace Holden, Clara Larabee Reed, Nancy Jones, Evelyn Gardner and Eleanor Melendy.

The last float, which furnished some genuine amusement, represented the old-time Nantucket orchestra. Merlin Crocker was seated at the organ, and Frank Thurston and William H. Barrett were "fiddling", while Herbert Brownell was there as the leader. All wore unique costumes and false whiskers, and they created a laugh every foot of the way.

Besides the above, a long string of automobiles joined in the procession,



Edgar F. Wyer filled the role of Town Crier and did it well. With bell and megaphone he has trudged about the streets of the town daily, announcing events on the schedule.

the Nantucket Public Market having its delivery there gayly decorated for the event, and a large number of private cars falling in line.

There was more activity about town than Nantucket has seen for many a day, and it seems to be the consensus of opinion that the parade was larger and more interesting than the centennial parade held in 1895. Certain it was that there was much more to work with now than was available then, for that was before the Wauwinet Trbie landed, before the Spanish War, before the World War, before the Boy Scouts and the Monnohanit Club were even thought of.

Echoes From The Parade.

The Pocahontas tribe had so much red paint on that, after the parade was over, one of the young squaws had to have a facial, shampoo, and wave to remove all evidences of her temporary color.

"Friend Liddy Worth's Cent School" children all looked properly subdued and chastened. Could that have been the effect of paying a cent a day for education?

Going up West Chester street and down North Liberty to Gardner, the first part of the parade was out of sight at the corner of Lily street and North Liberty before the end of it appeared around the bend of the road by the Hospital. Can anyone remember a longer procession on a fete day in Nantucket?

Some one remarked that the American Legion float portraying a scene behind the trenches was so realistic that the men looked as uncomfortable as they possibly could.

Bill Donnell was envied by every young man in town Tuesday afternoon. He had a soft job, driving the ambulance with a bevy of nice-look-

OVER

ing nurses clustered about him. But, then, Bill "had a bum knee" and could not march with the Legion boys, so he needed no urging to take up the job as chauffeur for the nurses.

Members of the Board of Selectmen and other town dignitaries took vantage places on the band stand and watched the parade as it passed by. It may have been more comfortable, but we'll wager it did not furnish half the view that the fellow obtained who climbed on top of the Roberts House piazza and saw the parade the whole length of Pearl street.

Archibald Cartwright, who is first assistant chief of the fire department, was in charge of the old-time engine company in the parade. He wore a helmet that has been one of the relics in the Historical Rooms these many years—a queer shaped structure. On the front it bears neither the word "Chief" nor "Fireward", but "Director".

There were many blistered feet after the parade was over. Even the band fellows admitted they were feeling "all in", but they were nothing compared to one of the buxom Red Men, who was actually dragging dead-water when he trudged over the final lap on Washington street. Stepping off to band music with a couple of hundred pounds of avoirdupois to lug around must be quite a task.

Sergeant Fratus and Officer Brear of the State Constabulary, did excellent work in handling traffic and clearing the way for the parade. Both officers were close to their jobs and their motorcycles skimmed through the streets far in advance of the procession.

The float entered by the Gas & Electric Company met with an early mishap—that is, a low hanging wire caught the top of the lantern on top of the lamp-post and gave it a bad twist.

The Legion bugle and drum corps claims to be the only organization of its kind which can play three tunes at once. Coming around from Orange to Union streets it played "You're in the Army Now", "Marching Through Georgia" and "Little Drops of Water" so well that people on the street thought it was part of the program and applaulded heartily. Signals got crossed—that was all!

The Pocahontas girls who had high heels on their shoes found it wabbly walking over the cobbles.

Among the comments as the parade passed by was this, about the mosquito float: "Just let the Colonel see that float and he'll exterminate all the human mosquitoes in sight". The Colonel is the Civic League's "live wire" as well as its president.

July 26, 1930

Nantucket Is Going to Tell Its Story in Six Episodes Play

By EARL BANNER

NANTUCKET—There's a lot more to this fabled island's past than a dead whaling industry, and more to its present than Summertime controversies over halters and bicycles.

The present crop of islanders —both natives and "off-islanders"—want to get this message across to the United States (although there are some here who contend that to say "the rest of the United States" would not be quite proper).

And they are going about it in a most pleasant fashion with presentation of "Island Epic," a play in six episodes and interludes that had its premier performance in the famous Straight Wharf Theatre here a short while ago.

The play was written by an adopted islander, Margaret Georgia Fawcett, sponsored by the Nantucket Historical Association, and produced by the combined efforts of both kinds of islanders working together in complete harmony and dedication to purpose.

The cast of 50 represents as complete a cross section of the island community as it would be possible to get with flyers, meatcutters, bookkeepers, clerks, engineers, merchants, doctors, lawyers, fishermen, and housewives recreating their very real or merely adopted ancestors.

★ ★ ★

These first performances, while complete sellouts, were very much in the nature of "tryouts." The present intention is that the show will be presented several times during the Summer season and become eventually an annual community project like "The Common Glory" and "The Lost Colony" staged each Summer at Williamsburg, Va., and Manteo, N. C. (The latter, written by Pulitzer prize-winning playwright Paul Green has been playing five nights a week through the months of July and August ever since 1937.)

Unlike many another historical pageant, sombre and dealing largely in generalities, this production is liberally spiced with humor, suspense—and not a trace of pathos. It is good fun from start to finish, and, when the final curtain comes down, the viewer has a pretty fair idea of some of the events that made Nantucket what it is today.

It starts out, naturally, with the little company of English settlers who came to the north shore of the island in 1659 (and even then with complaining wives). Episode II, "Nantucket Insurrection," concerns the fight for justice between the original proprietors and the so-called "half share" men who followed them here.

The third episode concerns Kesiah Coffin, a woman of great daring, business acumen, and one of the most controversial figures in the island's past. She was a Tory and cornered the local market on foodstuffs and other supplies during the Revolution; wound up owning a major share of the island's desirable property.

"China Trade," the next episode, is the only one of all six episodes focussed on the golden whaling era. It is a plea for world tolerance and concerns the efforts of a Nantucket whaling captain to induce his Quaker wife to permit their daughter to marry the son of a Chinese Mandarin.

★ ★ ★

The fifth episode concerns Nantucket's most famous woman, pioneer astronomer Maria Mitchell. The final curtain rings down on an avowed piece of fluff, "'Sconset Heyday," which records some of the events in that memorable 1905 day when the incomparable Lillian Russell came to Siasconset.

★ ★ ★

The six episodes are linked by the off-stage voice of a narrator and a town crier who carries the original horn used by Billy Clark, Nantucket's last town crier. Herbie Brownell, blind accordionist beloved by Summer visitors for his accompaniment to the Main-st. "sings," provides most of the unrecorded musical background from start to finish.



THE GREAT LILLIAN RUSSELL as she appeared during her brief but still remembered visit to the island in 1905.

The only professional actress in the cast was Mrs. David Parmelee, who once played opposite Burgess Meredith in "Candida"—she was then known as Mary Lawrence. Still a member of the New York Actors' Guild, Mrs. Parmelee left the professional stage some six years ago when she and her husband came here to live.

Mrs. Parmelee was "doing the costumes" for the amateur cast when, five days before the opening date, the woman cast as Patience Burnell in "The China Trade" episode was taken ill. On this short notice, Mrs. Parmelee took over the role—a long, tough part—and performed so convincingly that now she is the latest of the island heroines.

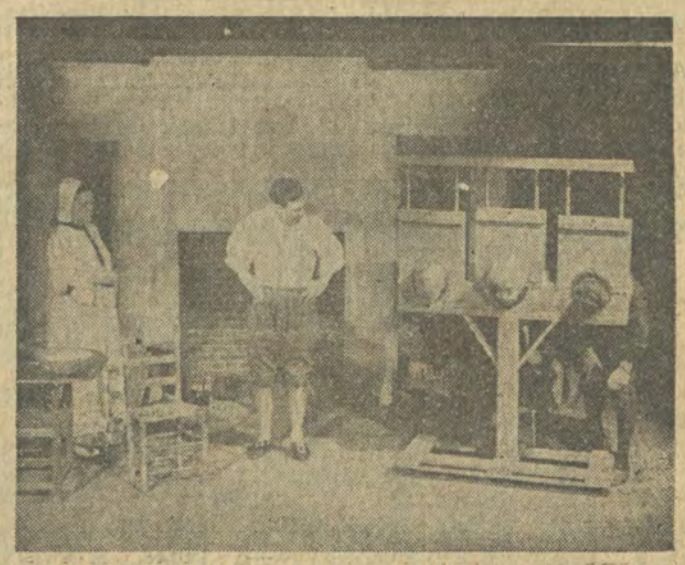
While there were no "stars" in the show and most of the players were amateurs, the success of "Island Epic" in its first performances was not surprising. It had its full measure of professional direction n the persons of Margaret Georgia Fawcett and Joseph M. Dixon.

Miss Fawcett, daughter of the late George Fawcett and Percy Haswell appeared with her famous mother and Helen Hayes during her professional career. Her parents were both well known on the New York stage and in motion pictures between 1895 and 1925. Miss Fawcett is best known to the islanders and their Summer guests through her long association with the Straight Wharf Theatre where she has produced and directed Summer theatre productions throughout the past decade.

Dixon also come from a theatrical family and made his stage debut at the age of 4. He has a long background of Broadway and road show hits behind him and held a teaching position at Bennington College where he directed many college theatre productions before he came here as a year 'rounder.



MARIA MITCHELL, pioneer female astronomer, probably brought more lasting fame to Nantucket than did any of her contemporaries.



HUMOR, DRAMA, and historical facts get pretty well mixed up in this particular scene from "Island Epic." Left to right: Gwen Gaillard as Priscilla Gardner, John Morgan as John Gardner, Robert Clark as First Townsman, Victor Brown as Tristram Coffin, and Ronnie Morris as Second Townsman.



THE CAST OF "ISLAND EPIC" relaxes with a "collation" and "sing" in Straight Wharf Theatre after the first "tryout" performances. The man with accordion is Herb Brownell; lady with head-dress is Margaret Georgia Fawcett, who wrote and codirected the show.

Boston Sunday Globe
May 12, 1956



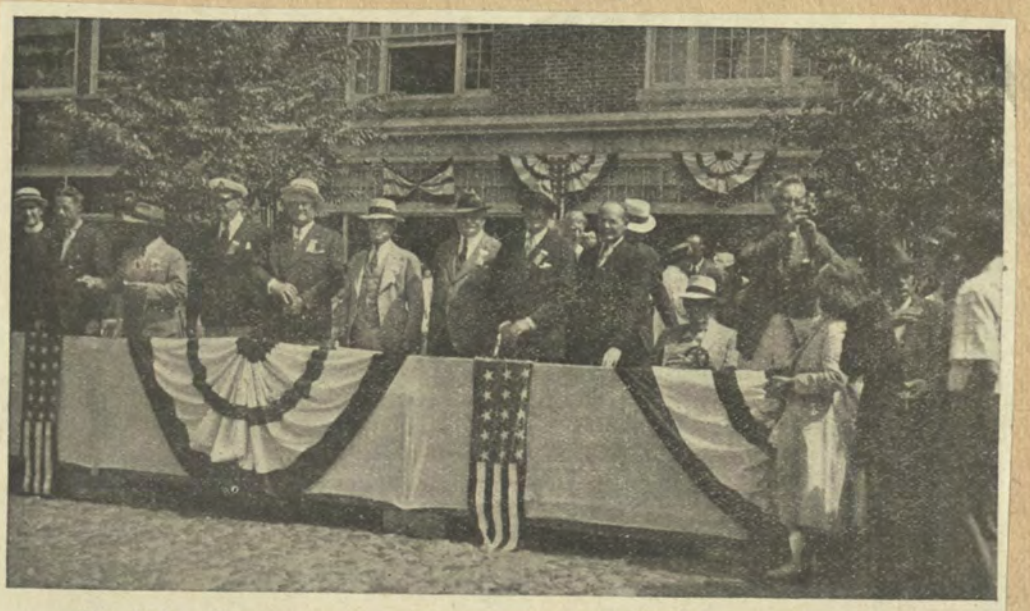
LILLIAN RUSSELL, who visited Nantucket in 1905, is portrayed by Genevieve Hall, retired newspaperwoman.

NANTUCKET'S FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION 1938

The "Grand and Glorious Fourth" came into its own on Nantucket this week. The entire community joined with the organizations sponsoring the celebration and the enjoyment thereof was very naturally reflected in the "good time that was had by all."

Perhaps no other place in New England presents a more difficult place to conduct a community affair than does Nantucket. Here, when the day is ideal for out-of-doors enjoyment, the number of interests which beckon on every hand is so varied that one is hard put to choose his pleasure.

In this respect, on the Fourth, with the weather man presenting one of his good days, the appeal of the beach, the sailboat, the golf courses, and so on, vied with the athletic sports on Federal Street in the morning and the big parade through the town in the afternoon.



The Judges lined up to view the parade. They included Rev. Fr. Daley, Rev. Raymond E. Spears, William Wallace, Robert W. Stark, Robert W. Stewart, Gen. Malvern-Hill Barnum, Col. Louis J. Praeger, Col. Benjamin H. Ticknor, Selectman Henry B. Coleman, George Fawcett.



The American Legion float trailed along in the wake of the Drum and Bugle Corps, a very prominent part of the parade.



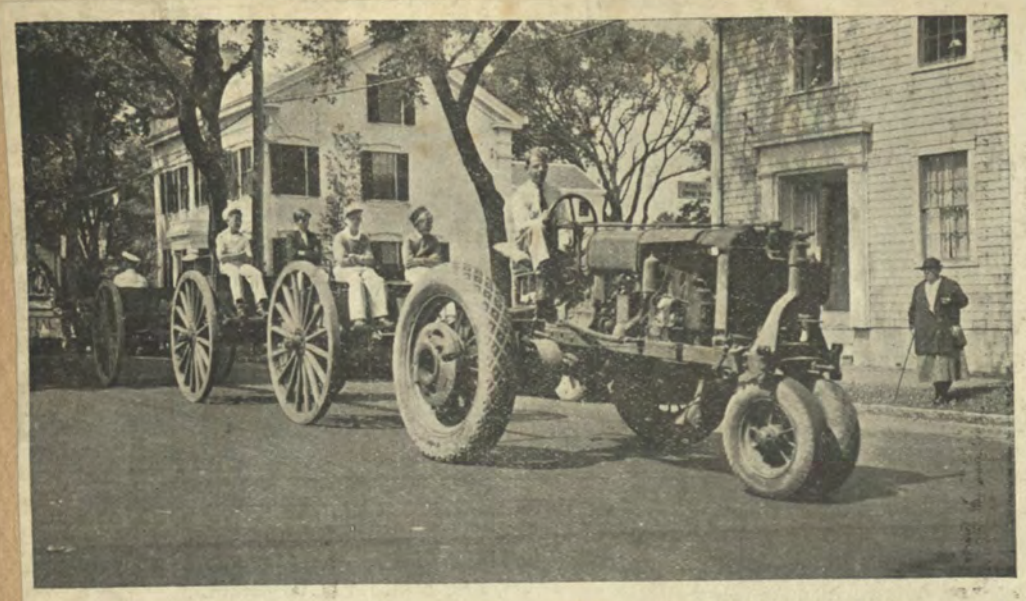
The crowd gathered on Federal street to witness sporting events in the morning. When this "snap" was taken several of the little girls who entered the doll carriage parade were headed homeward.



"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" were accorded first prize. The float was presented by the Stevens' Sporting Goods Store. Miss Thalia Proctor made a charming picture along with the queer-looking but very realistic dwarfs.



The doll carriage parade was one of the delightful features of the morning. Some of the little folks had very attractive arrangements and received a lot of applause.



Bartlett's tractor, driven by Clyde Cartwright, pulled the Admiralty's cannon and gun carriage over the route—not exactly as a "float," but to add the military touch to the Fourth of July's largest turnout on Nantucket.



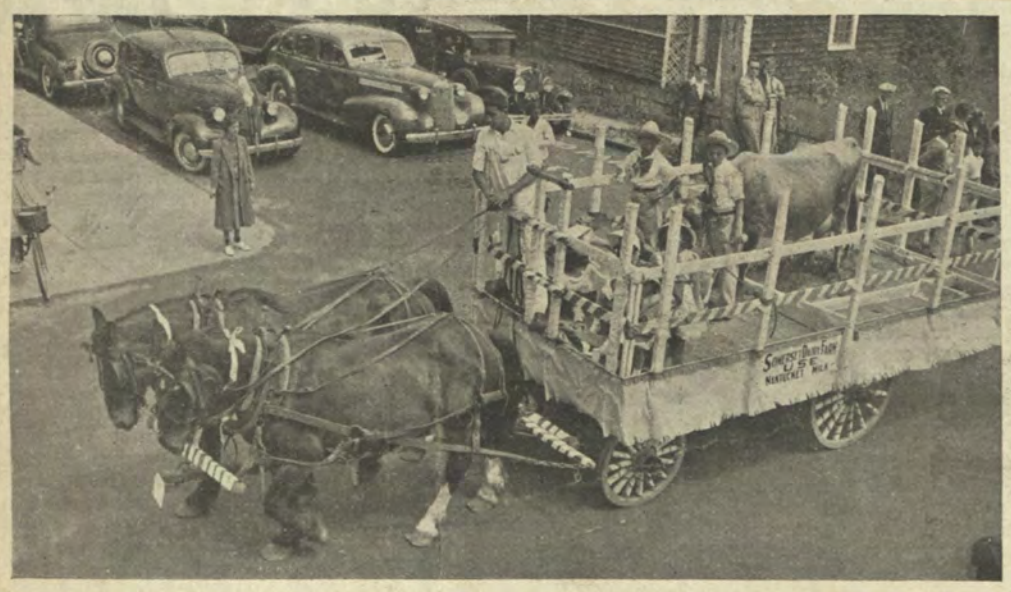
John C. Ring's crew from the "tar pit" made quite a hit. The "band" discoursed peppy music en route, and had many an onlooker tapping his foot.



The "Srail Club" came over from 'Sconset in a perfectly sea-worthy condition. Their float received the plaudits of the crowd.



Decked in pure white, the Island Service Company's truck featured the "Coolerator."



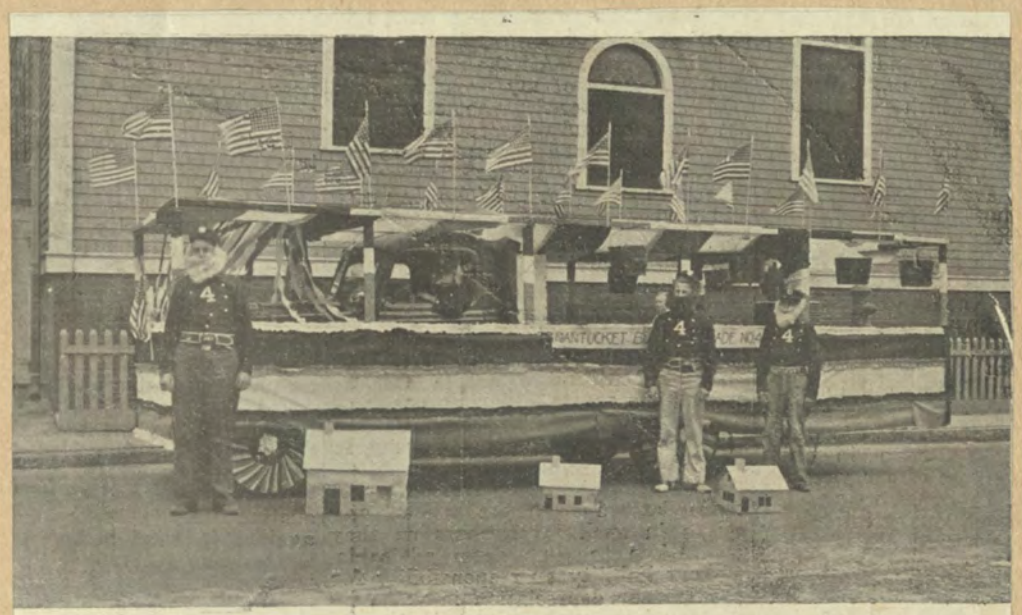
The Somerset Farm had a very effective float, as will be seen from this picture. It brought down a pair of farm-horses and a cow to add novelty to the scene.



Killen Bros., Inc., had a truck which was very effective, depicting Betsy Ross sewing on the Stars and Stripes, and another young lady turning the spinning wheel.



The "circus," which followed in the wake of the Hustlers Harmonious Band, had a number of strange creatures jammed together on the float. The giraffe unfortunately broke its neck when a branch got in the way.



The Wannacomet Water Company's float was an original idea. The bewhiskered men are Edgar Orpin, Richard Cummings (driver), Alfred Watts and Orin Coffin.



The float presented by the Misses Manter was a very beautiful thing in its two tones of blue, with "Peace and Liberty" in gold letters on the front. Miss Dorothy Manter stood as the Goddess of Liberty throughout the entire route.



The Commercial Club prepared the float upon which rode the "Queen"—Miss Patricia Peterson—who won that honor through her energy in selling the largest number of tags.



THE BIG PILE READY FOR THE TORCH ON JULY FOURTH

JULY 9, 1927

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

February 22, 1832—1882.

MESSRS. EDITORS :— The approaching 150th anniversary of the birth of Washington, and the recent celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Webster, brings vividly to my mind the centennial celebration of the birth of the "Father of his Country," which occurred on the 22d of February, 1832. Whether there were any services held in either of our churches or public buildings during the day I do not remember; but in the evening the fronts of the high buildings, then standing on Main street, between the corner of Mr. E. H. Parker's store and the house of Dr. John Brock, which stood about where the apothecary store of Capt. Charles E. Allen now stands, were brilliantly illuminated, as was also the upper windows of the building which stood on land just east of the store now occupied by Mr. Patrick Keane, and over which the railroad now runs, the upper part of which was then occupied by a number of young mechanics as a club room, and the lower part by Mr. Samuel Swain, as a watch-maker's shop. Windows in some of the buildings on the opposite side of the street were also illuminated; but as many of them between the corners of Orange and Union streets were then occupied as dwelling houses, the illuminations were not as general as on the north side.

Large bonfires were kindled and kept burning on the upper and lower squares, and the sleighing, which during that winter was magnificent—and has never been equalled since—was improved by everything that could be mounted upon runners. The street on both sides was crowded with people—for our population was then nearly three times as large as at the present day—and when it was announced that a grand race was to come off between "Washburn," with his famous trotter, and Capt. Hamblen, with "Wild Indian," the excitement among the younger portion of the crowd was at fever heat.

The race was to be three heats from the Town House, or where the monument now stands, to the "Brick Office," now the Captain's room; best two in three. I remember distinctly standing on the steps of Dr. Brock's house, watching for them to make their appearance; for by a tacit understanding all other teams had left the street, and many were drawn up along the edge of the sidewalks, waiting to see the racers pass. Suddenly a cry of "Here they come!" was heard, a shout ran along the line of spectators, the horses went by like lightning, and in an instant after, the shout of "Washburn's ahead!" told the result of the first heat. The steeds were driven slowly back and twice more put over the track with the result that "Washburn" won the race. The crowd then rushed to the lower square, and gathered in a dense mass around the contestants, each praising up his favorite in the race, but all apparently in good humor. I do not think there was any betting in the case, or that any money changed hands, as in horse-races of the present day.

But by 10 o'clock the bonfires had gone out, the candles in the windows had burned low in their sockets, the crowd were wending their way homeward, the singing club at the Mechanics' Room had sung their last patriotic song, and the festivities of the one-hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth-day were over.

1830.

FEBRUARY 18, 1882.

The Fourth.

The anniversary of our national independence was very quietly observed here, even the noisy demonstrations with discordant fish horns being dispensed with in a measure, the bells hanging silent in the steeples, and the annual morning gun remaining mute. Flags floated from various public and private buildings and on the vessels at the docks, and these, with the snapping torpedoes and toy pistols were the only reminders about town that Independence Day had come.

The appearance at Surf-side was different. Here crowds of people collected, a few in teams, but the majority being carried thither over the Nantucket Railroad, extra trains being run throughout the day and evening for the accommodation of the public, who embraced the opportunity offered, despite the threatening appearance of the clouds during the afternoon, crowding the cars both afternoon and evening, with a liberal patronage during the morning.

At noon dinner was announced, and at the long tables set in the depot building was soon seated a large company with holiday appetites, who discussed with apparent relish the dinner set before them by landlord Patterson, of the Bay View House, which is said to have been of superior excellence, and to have been served in first-class style.

Dinner was served until about 2, P. M., when the tables were cleared and the musical and literary exercises were inaugurated by the Glee Club, who sang the "Star Spangled Banner." Rev. Mr. Ransom, pastor of the Centre Street M. E. church, followed with a prayer befitting the time and occasion. An Ode was next rendered by the Glee Club, following which Miss Emma Cartwright read the Declaration of Independence with fine oratorical effect. The Glee Club followed with a spirited rendering of "The Red, White and Blue," after which the orator of the day, Rev. J. A. Savage, was introduced.

After some introductory remarks concerning the relation of the island to the other parts of our country, with a brief allusion to the value and object of the anniversary exercises of the day, the speaker proceeded to say that instead of rehearsing the deeds and achievements of the nation's founders and original defenders he would endeavor to aid in celebrating the day by calling attention to the Growth and Present Value and Significance of the National Heritage left by our fathers.

Mr. Savage spoke first of the nation's growth, dwelling at some length upon the enlargement of the nation's original domain, the rapid increase of its population and the steady growth of its institutions. He contrasted its original territory of 827,000 square miles with its present vast domain of 3,600,000 square miles. He showed why the population of the Republic had in so short a time increased from less than 4,000,000 to 50,000,000. Then after dwelling briefly upon the growth of our institutions and congratulating the country upon its 84,700 miles of railroad, "along which the shriek of the locomotive is now heard from the wilds of Washington Territory to the breeze-fanned Surf-side of Nantucket Island," he proceeded to speak of the value and present significance of our national heritage. In this part of the address the speaker called attention to the wealth, general prosperity, vast opportunities and responsibilities of the country, and then proceeded to speak at considerable length upon the great trust committed to the American citizens of today in their grand legacy of freedom and independence and their power to use and extend the right of suffrage. In this part of the address the speaker denounced the imperious rulings of party leaders, protested against bondage to party control, and called attention to abuses in legislation and corruption and favoritism in the Civil Service. Then after some vigorous words upon the Chinese question and the subject of equal suffrage, the speaker closed by paying a tribute to the freedom of spirit and breadth of thought that, as he affirmed, has always distinguished the people of Nantucket. He spoke of the inhabitants of the island as "a people who long ago were the friends of humanity and the first to give a public audience to Frederick Douglass; a people whose adventurous sails had been spread to every wind of heaven, and whose pure and intelligent domestic life had blossomed into the superb and sainted womanhood of Lucretia Mott." His closing remarks were a quotation from Whittier's well-known poem, "The Exiles."

Mr. Savage's remarks were delivered without notes, and were listened to with the very closest attention by all present. The glee club followed with an appropriate song, when Dr. Arthur E. Jenks was introduced as Nantucket's poet laureate, and delivered in a very effective and pleasing style the following, written by himself for the occasion, which was received with hearty demonstrations of approval:

MY PROPHECY.

JULY 4TH, 1882.

'Tis a day of progression—an epoch of steam!
Wide awake is our age, working out each fond dream;
Like the surf on our beach we must move every minute,
And to get the first prize in the race we must win it!
I have not forgotten—an old English doctor
Interdicted the pun as a sign of poor wit;
But in spite of the taste of the learned British proctor,
I'll make one or two, for the sake of a hit!
With this blast I begin, on this broad open plain;
'Tis a license no statute law dares to inhibit;
You may well call my verses a poetic strain,
And my unwonted boldness spread-eagle exhibit.

My good clerical friend, in most eloquent way,
Has told of nobility, valor and truth;
Revived our respect for this great natal day,
And the jubilant mirth of American youth.
For no gladness for boys means no spirit for men;
And we all were young once, and quite boisterous too;
It is wholesome for us to recall, now and then,
The queer pranks of our boyhood—what we used to do!
There's a bird perched aloft in undisturbed lair;
Our pet Eagle opposed to the fierce Unicorn!
"Let her scream!" cry the boys, with their caps tossed in air;
"There's no land like our own for a man to be born!"
On this Fourth of July, if we have any grit,
Let it sparkle and glow in each action, to-day;
To old Monarchy's rule we will not yield a bit—
Independence in thought and expression for aye!

'Twas an omen of good, our last year's jubilee,
That not distant the day when a village shall rise
On these fresh grassy knolls, by this unfettered sea—
A new haven of rest 'neath the sweetest of skies!
What tho' no hotel turns its eye to the sea?
Nor a cottage peeps out o'er the bluff? Some fine day
(And I deem this no fable, nor strange prophecy),
On this bold, breezy hill, in a bath of salt spray
Blowing in from the cliffs of the far British Isle,
"The Stranger's Delight"—I now give it a name—
Shall rise on this ground; and for comfort and style,
Will take rank with the best of our Island's fair fame;
Indeed, the hotel—and Nantucket needs one,
With broad, ample verandas to woo the seabreeze!
And a turret o'erlooking our new Philip's Run;
Such success, like all others, will come by degrees.
There's a story—it may be tradition or more—
That King Philip leaped down by the Bloomingdale track!
But our Philip lays rails to the Surf-side clean shore,
With a courage that brooks no defeat, nor turns back!
His aids are Teutonic, their future is near;
In each murmuring wave I can dream of a time
When thousands of guests shall make pilgrimage here,
To enjoy with their host a Surf-side so sublime!

Once the wind undertook to extinguish the moon!
But we all know how useless such wasting of breath;
Let alone, the worst croaker will blow out as soon,
And with his own hand put his croakship to death.
Does a man try to rise? "Pull him down!" is the cry;
But he will not come down. There's the rub—do you see?
If a spirit be in him the fates to defy,
Write no failure for him thus determined to be!
As with men, so with nations; their life is their will;
And no "Stamp Act," or kindred political tricks
Will crush out the purpose that time cannot kill:
The immortal spirit of '76!
The Greeks entered Troy by hard trying, we know;
And the "Surf-side Convention" must strive with like pluck;
The faith of the fathers will strike the sure blow.
And unflinching struggle command their good luck.
To impeach the prime movers would argue high treason;
To strangers their overtures surely are votive;
Their labor they ply with a show of good reason,
And no one can doubt their intense loco—motive!
With his hand on the throttle, our brave engineer
Turns his eye to the future; sees promise, I ween;
Strike the jubilee song, for the way is all clear,
With a gallant conductor, alert, and so *Keene!*
All hail, then, Dionis! Proud female of steam!
Type of energy known to our ancestral Dame!
There's a prophecy heard in thy feminine scream—
'Tis the ultimate glory of Surf-side's good name!
It shrieks o'er the moorlands, their silence it thrills;
Invades our pine forests, and startles the trees;
Like a ghoul, haunts our shores, skims our vales, and Mill Hills!
Then at will floats away on the sweet Summer breeze.
"There she blows!" was the cry of our ultra-marine,
In the days when our town was a live sperma-ceti!
"There she screams!" is our shiboleth, years rolled between,
Find us not quite so oily, yet none the less gritty!
Now grit is a component part of endeavor;
And 'tis this makes men differ so, in the long run;
The workman who has none, will seldom, if ever,
Achieve his life-purpose, tho' nobly begun.
The eyes of our neighbors ne'er leap from their sockets;
But answer their glance with your own and they wince;
True manhood stands outside of plethoric pockets,
A poor coat often covers the heart of a prince!
Our feeling, to-day, is of true independence,
Not beggarly worship of wealth or pretense;
To honor our citizenship without fawning;
To hide our much money behind more good sense!
The North Cliff has its lawyer who drew his friends there;
And Surf-side will have its great man, by-and-by,
Chief Treasurer Folger may yet own a share;
If he should, what a call for real Washington pie!
First of all, our great head in the realm of Finance
Has acknowledged a pass for a ride o'er this track!
Born, a son of our Isle, there's a ghost of a chance,
He may gather his fortune in hand and come back!
With the Law on the Cliff, and Finance on this Height,
There's no telling what favor may soon hover near;
Albeit, a wave from our Capitol might
Roll hither an influence—*capital* here.

This illustrious day is America's pride;
Her children recall what the fathers once wrought;
All their fierce fight for freedom thro' war's crimson tide;
Such a day ought to challenge our soberest thought.
For the bronze man of Concord e'en now guards the way
Where "the first shot was fired that was heard round the world!"
And a voice from old Lexington hails this glad day
Wherever a drum beats or flag is unfurled!
More grand than St. Peter's, the dome of this sky,
Lo, our banner, bright emblem of fealty and right,
Now saluting the sea as it gaily sweeps by;
Each wave silver-crested, aglow with sunlight!
No pageant like this. Health commands its right wing!
With its ten thousand sprays,—each foam-wreath like a star!
It outrivals the splendor of earth's greatest king;
And each sea plume more pure than the plume of Navarre!
In the midst of our glee there's a ripple I hear,
Far above and beyond the hoarse voice of the sea!
For the hero of Elberon flows Freedom's tear;
There's a memory of Garfield for you and for me.
Hark! The elfins of Summer land chant their refrain;
The ocean breeze strikes its deep minor chords, now;
Forever and ever, and over again,
Where loyalty lives, and freemen keep their vow;
Our great martyr-chief, who was slain for our sake,
Will inspire noble thought, and invoke grander deeds;
Oh, my countrymen! To our first duty awake!
And no longer be duped by political creeds.
To the God of our fathers allegiance we owe;
For our fabric of States—all unbroken they stand;
And the red hand of War lies so still, and we know
That the Angel of Peace shields our dear native land!

Another charming selection by the glee club followed, when Mr. Thomas B. Gardner, late of San Francisco, was introduced as the next speaker, responding to the sentiment, "There's no place like home," with the following remarks, which were attentively listened to by those present:

There are times when it seems as if utterance were almost sacrilege—unwelcome to the hearer, and offensive to a heart full of emotion.

Courtesy demands from me a kindly recognition of your warm greeting. Were I to attempt to give full expression to my feelings, I know I should fail. The generosity of your greeting I am sure I appreciate, but there are other voices that speak to me as I greet you, more eloquent and more tender than mortal can possess—they bid me join in paying a tribute to the memory and the deeds of those who gave us a country. They are the voices of a cherished past.

Dark indeed will be the day when men and women cease to remember the bosom that nourished them in infancy! Sad will be our manhood and womanhood when we forget paternity, maternity, and the scenes of our childhood. Sadder still will be the day when the American people neglect to honor the memory of the fathers of our nation, and the motherhood of our country.

I give you, in my humble way, a feeble echo from the surges of the grand Pacific to the rolling surf or rippling wave of the broad Atlantic. Thank God, we have a home, and on this day are at home, and at peace throughout our land, joining at this hour in a loyal pæan to the Giver of all of our blessings as a Nation.

Thirty years ago I left these scenes, and thirty years of varied experiences have only warmed my affection for all these surroundings.

At some future time it may be possible for me to endeavor to give you my impressions of the relations between the East and the West. They are wofully misunderstood, though they are identical. The one section cannot exist without the other, and yet there prevails an unnatural jealousy between the two portions of our country that it would be out of place to discuss on this occasion: they are unnatural and uncalled for. I know that in uttering the sentiments that I may, I will neither offend my friends on my native heath, nor affront those I have left behind me upon the Pacific slope.

It may not be inappropriate to remark in this connection, that there is no class of people, who, under whatever surroundings they may be placed, cherish so intense a regard for home and home associates as New England men. Their tenacity to their affections is remarkable, as it is honorable. Go where you may—whenever you find a New England man, you find an adherence to home customs and a reverence for home associates. And go where you will, I do not hesitate to assert that from the Alleghanics to the Pacific there is not a community prospering that is not controlled by New England men or governed by the New England idea.

To-day is a double anniversary to Nantucket: first, as a part of a great nation, and secondly, as we commemorate the advent of the railroad to our island. The importance of this local event, even the proprietors of the enterprise do not fully appreciate. It is the one hundred and sixth anniversary of our independence. Three centuries ago an obscure Italian dreamed of the adaptation of steam for propelling purposes. To-day we celebrate the fruition of his dream by our trans-continental system—our inter-state connections by quick transit, and an easy, speedy and cheap mode of conveyance from point to point.

It is well to-day to pause and think over the events of three centuries. The first railroad built in the world was constructed in Great Britain in 1672, and the rails were of wood. In 1738, iron rails were substituted. In 1812, locomotives were introduced into England. In 1825, the first railroad was constructed in New England, and in 1829 the first locomotive was imported from Great Britain, which served as a model from the Mother Country. So, as we celebrate this day of independence, we cannot forget that to the Mother Country we are somewhat indebted still. If she was not a good mother once, we can afford to forgive her—we can go alone now, without her help.

It was not until 1830 that locomotives were constructed in this country. To-day the United States have five times the length of railroad that Great Britain has. Such is the remarkable degree of progress that we can celebrate with full propriety to-day.

It was my fortune to travel across the country in 1866 and witness the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. While the builders were dodging the Indians on the one side of the Platte River, we were carefully watching for them on the other. Here in the peaceful surroundings of your homes, around your own firesides, you are erecting ornaments of perpetual endurance that will be as gracefully adorned by success as are the colossal strides of the great enterprises that have encircled our continent. Honor be to those who have both the means and the will to contribute to the development of the real resources of our Island Home! This is but the beginning. The improvements made upon the island during the last twenty years you, who have lived here continuously, cannot appreciate. It is we who have come home to lay our heads upon the maternal bosom awhile, perhaps forever, that can recognize the advancement made around the scenes of our early experiences. Let me congratulate you upon the air of general prosperity that prevails on every hand, and in doing so, I know that the voice of every child of Nantucket now residing upon the Pacific Coast, or the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, or wherever they may be, will say Amen, from the bottom of his heart, for every kindly word I may utter in compliment or congratulation to you as a community, as well as to every patriotic sentiment I may utter in harmony with your own, in tribute to the memory of the Fathers of our Country.

Thanking you for your generous greeting, permit me to offer you a sentiment: The "Occident" and the "Orient"—United by the bonds of patriotic devotion to a common country, with interests identical, may harmony ever exist between the two sections—"United shall we stand, divided we most surely shall fall"—blessed be the hand that may avert serious dissension.

Judge Hamilton B. Staples, of Milford, Mass., was then introduced, who offered a few pleasing remarks concerning the observance of Independence Day since 1776, terminating with a complimentary allusion to our island and to the Nantucket Railroad. The audience then joined with the glee club in singing America, which terminated the indoor exercises of the day.

During the afternoon the Cunningham Rifles, of Brockton, gave an exhibition drill north of the railroad track, near the depot, exhibiting marked proficiency in the manual of arms. The drill was witnessed by a large and interested audience, who expressed their approbation in loud terms. The City Drum Corps of Brockton, which accompanied the Rifles, performed under the leadership of their drum major at the close of the drill.

A game of base ball, between nines made up from summer visitors and the Cunningham Rifles was commenced, but was brought to an abrupt close by a shower of rain.

Notwithstanding the strong indications of rain early in the evening, the trains continued to be crowded with people eager to witness the pyrotechnic display, which was commenced as soon as darkness shut

over

in, continuing until after 9 o'clock, rockets, bombs, fancy wheel pieces, Roman candles, and colored lights following each other in quick succession to the close of the very successful exhibit.

The ball which followed was largely attended, and proved a pleasant closing feature of the successful exercises of the day at Surf-side. The depot building was the scene of the occasion, which was brilliantly lighted, the floor being crowded with merry dancers, who tripped the light fantastic until a late hour, when the train was boarded and the gay party brought to town. Messrs. Sumner and Whitman and Miss Susie Morselander furnished the music.

OTHER NOTES.

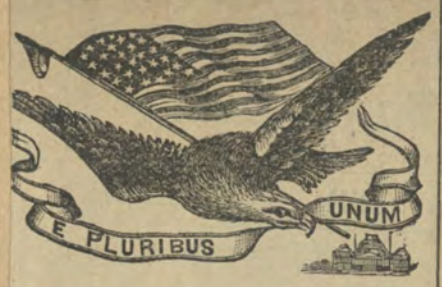
The ball given in Atlantic Hall on the same evening by John B. Chace Engine Co., No. 4., was largely attended, and proved a very enjoyable occasion, holding well in to the morning of the 5th.

July 8, 1882



A GALA DAY.

BIG DEMONSTRATION TUESDAY.



REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS UNITE

To Celebrate "Sound Money" Victory.



Tuesday was the day assigned for the celebration of the great national "sound money" victory and the old town did herself proud on the occasion. The general arrangements, under the auspices of the Republican town committee, were entrusted to a sub-committee of that organization, and the celebration was one of the biggest demonstrations of the kind ever witnessed in Nantucket. It was a perfect autumn day and the whole town was bedecked in holiday attire by day and in the evening fairly ablaze with illuminations.

The programme opened in the afternoon with a bicycle tournament, starting from the head of Main street and traversing the principal streets of the town. The wheels were gaily decorated and the costumes of the riders were elegant, gaudy and grotesque. There were nearly a hundred participants and the cavalcade was led by Master Archie Cartwright in costume and plug hat, impersonating "Ye Tacks Gatherer." Projecting ahead of his wheel was an immense horseshoe magnet. Following came a group of young misses, succeeded by young ladies. Next came young lads and members of the Weweeder club, and interspersed were sundry riders en mask. "Gold" predominated in the decorations.

At the conclusion of the parade prizes for the handsomest and most original make-ups were awarded respectively to Miss Emily Robinson, Miss Mary Marks, Mr. E. Merwin Jernegan and Master Archie Cartwright.

The evening was devoted to the parade and the illuminations and the latter exceeded anything witnessed here for many years. To atttempt a descriptive report would be a mountainous undertaking. Without detracting from the general brilliancy of the displays in every section of the town, we feel that special mention should be made of those by Mrs. William Freeland, Capt. William T. Swain, Messrs. Joseph S. Barney and Roland B. Hussey, Main street, and the Messrs. Lewis, Union street, each and all of which were simply unique in design and magnificent in execution. The house at the water works was also brilliantly illuminated, also W. C. L'Hommedieu's at Monomoy, each presenting a handsome spectacle in the distance.

Nearly if not quite every store on the "Square" was ablaze with light and resplendent with decorations of flags, bunting and Chinese lanterns. The Pacific Club's building and the larger blocks on the street presented a striking and brilliant spectacle. In fact, each one strove to outdo everyone else and everybody succeeded.

Following is a list of the individual illuminations and decorations aside from those on the square. In addition to those enumerated many persons threw open their blinds while the procession was passing but had made no special effort at illumination and decoration and of such no mention appears. While it has been our aim to make the list as nearly complete as possible, we realize that it is impossible but that some should have been overlooked:

FEDERAL ST.

Engine Co. No. 4, (entrance.)
Joseph Gauvan. (shop),
H. S. Wyer, (store),
L. H. Johnson, (store),'
Ernest H. Jernegan,
William H. H. Smith,
William Hosier.

BROAD.

George W. Hooper,
Nesbitt House,
George G. Fish,
Clinton C. Macy.

NORTH WATER.

Miss Harriet R. Easton; Drs. Mann,
Henry W. Brown,
Llewellyn E. Crowell,
Mrs. Susan Mitchell,
Benjamin F. Coffin,
Dr. Arthur E. Jenks,
Howard Easton, (Sea St.),
Albert Easton,
Herbert G. Worth,
Alfred E. Smith,
Davis Hall.

CHESTER.

Benjamin A. Gardner,
Charles H. Hayden,
William J. Chase,
Mrs. Susie Turner.

NORTH.

Eastman Johnson.

WEST CENTRE.

Peter Brock,
Charles E. Snow,
Edward B. Hussey,
Gorham G. Andrews,
Henry S. Snow.

CENTRE.

Enos Sylvaro,
Edward B. Coffin,
Edward G. Thomas,
Edward H. Swan, (store),
William C. L'Hommedieu,
Benjamin F. Wyer,
Arthur C. Cary,
F. Willets Folger,
Barzillai Luce,
Mrs. Winslow.
Edward B. Coffin, 2d,
Charles R. Paddack,
Miss. S. A. Coleman; Henry S. Wyer,
James H. Chase, (Academy Hill)
Benj. B. Pease, " "
Dr. B. F. Pitman,
Timothy C. Pitman,
Dr. E. B. Coleman,
Mrs. Maria T. Swain,
Henry Riddell,
H. G. Sheffield, (store),
Emeline Coffin, "
Mrs. M. A. Hussey "
G. W. Hooper, "
Francis E. Holdgate, (shop)

GAY.

Albert I. Tobey,
Charles H. Rule,
Obed Swain.

HUSSEY.

Josiah F. Murphey,
Wallace Gardner.

WEST LIBERTY AND LIBERTY.

John R. Sylvia,
Charles H. Gardner,
Josiah C. Brock; A. G. Brock,
Miss Jennie Chase,
William H. Tice,
Mrs. Caleb F. Allen,
James W. Dunham,
Rollin M. Allen, (Winter St.),
Josiah F. Barrett.

PEARL.

Mrs Love Parker
Edward W Folger
Mrs Elizabeth A Waitt
Wallace Cathcart
Mrs Phebe A Gardner
Miss Nannie Wood
Mrs Mary A Simpson
Mrs Charlotte Wyer; Leander Cobb
George R Folger
Charles F Swain
Miss M L Ayers
William P Hiller
David J Upham
John W Cook (bakery)

GARDNER.

Mrs. Rebecca Folger,
David Folger,
Columbus Hussey,
Mrs. Lucretia R. Cartwright,
Mrs. Ann M. Coffin,
Patrick Cox,
T. Malchman, (store),
Benj. Cartwright, (Howard St.),
Mrs. Worth; H. R. Coleman,
Mrs. Susan A. Lovell,

MAIN.

William Freeland,
Almon T. Mowry,
Arthur B. Enas; Mrs. Paddock,
Mrs. Brayton,
William T. Swain,
Henry Coffin,
Charles Henry Webb,
George W. Burdick,
Benjamin B. Gardner,
Max Wagner,
Nathan Parker; Reuben C. Small,
Miss Ann Coleman,
Miss Ann Hussey,
Allen Coffin,
Mrs. Catharine Starbuck,
Mrs. Elizabeth Starbuck,
Joseph S. Barney,
Philip Macy,
Mrs. Susan R. Mitchell,
Edward Abbott Lawrence,
Benjamin G. Tobey,
James B. Coffin, (store),
Harrison Gardner,
Mrs. Mary H. Starbuck,
Lincoln Burgess,
Peter H. Chase,
J. Cullen Ayer,
Roland B. Hussey,
Wm. H. Gibbs; Chas. L. Marks,
William Baxter,
Mrs. B. Whitford Joy,
James W. Westgate,
Mrs. Sarah Fisher, (Bloom St.)
Mrs. Celia M. Bearse,
Harrison Myrick,
Miss R. A. Gardner; Misses Folger,
Edgar F. Whitman,
William C. Mooers,
John C. Gardner,
Andrew C. Lowell,
John F. Brown,
Everett James; Warren B. Chase,
Charles G. Coffin, 3d,
Hiram C. Folger,
Mrs. Smith.

MILK.

Arthur H. Gardner; J. H. Gibson,
Willie F. Gibbs, (Prospect St.)
Andrew J. Swain,
Lot D. Fisher, (Silver St.)
Elliot M. Brown,
James B. Coffin,
Marcus T. C. Weeks,
Arthur H. Cook,
Mrs. Chadwick; O. C. Chadwick,
Mrs. Ann L. Lewis,

PLEASANT.

Obed G. Smith; C. H. Furber,
William M. Bartlett, (So. Mill St)
Mrs. Caroline Swain (Summer St.)
Charles C. Crosby. " "

PINE.

Mrs. Eliza Chadwick; Frederick S. Chadwick,
Charles B. Brooks,
John C. Jones,
Lewis F. Buchanan,
Edwin B. Robinson,
Andrew Duffey,
Mrs. Laura Gibbs,

DARLING.

Oliver C. Coffin,
Henry U. Bennett,
George F. Coffin,
Daniel C. Brayton,

FAIR.

Noah P. Appleton,
Mrs. Folger
George H. Brock
John M Bovey
Frank J Crosby
Thaddeus C Defriez
Alden H Adams
David E Ray
Obed C Coffin
George W Defriez
William F Worth
Thomas Bickerstaff
Mrs Charlotte Swain
Mrs John M Orpin

ORANGE.

William Perkins
David Sylvester
Miss Bailey
Charles A Coon
Antoine Sylvia
Charles S Glidden
George E Orpin
Mrs Swain
William W McCleave
George A Backus
Joseph A Lema, Jr
James H Barrett
Antoine Swasey
Henry Folger
Mrs Fuller
Reuben Long
Simeon L Lewis
Reuben C Long (store)
Mrs Mary A Hussey; Charles F Coffin
William B Starbuck
Francis B Keene
Mrs Cathcart
Franklin B Murphey
Edward G Swain
Mrs Caroline Bailey
Asa C Jones
Franklin Nickerson
Sherburne House
James H Wood, Jr (store)
Orestes A B Tracy
George W Hatch
Myron S Dudley
Mrs Phebe Coggeshall
William F Codd
George C Allen
Mrs Charlotte Pearson
Mrs F B Smith
Clinton Parker
Misses Barnard
Henry Brown
Mrs Dunham
Thomas G Macy

UNION.

Mrs J B King
Mrs Avis M Enas; John J Gardner
Andrew M Myrick
Charles W Worth
Misses Ray
Mrs Olderich
Mrs Gifford; Mrs McNamee
Mrs Margaret Coffin
Samuel Thurston
Jonothan O Freeman
Joseph Ray
Mrs Wyer
Judah E Nickerson
Michael Foley
Patrick Keane
William C Dunham

OVER

Herbert A Tobey
—— Silva
Willard Folger
Thomas Lewis
Mrs Hatch
Ezra W Lewis
Edward B Lewis
David Cathcart (Flora St)
David Parker " "

While the procession was forming in the Square an effigy, labelled "the tack fiend," was suspended from the telephone wire over the centre of the roadway in front of the Weweeder Cycle club's headquarters on Federal street, of which further mention will appear later on.

The grand procession formed in the Square and at 7.30 P. M. took up its line of march in the following order:

Chief Marshall and Aids, mounted.
Detail of Police.
Whitman's Band.
Thomas M. Gardner Post G. A. R.
Sound Money Float.
Rifle Corps.
Torch Bearers.
Carriages.

The "sound morey float" comprised a boat on wheels, gaily decorated and labled "Sound Money," drawn by a pair of horses. In the bows was the driver, "Uncle Sam," personated by Mr. W. H. H. Smith, while Mr. Frank A. Mitchell as McKinley, grasped the steering oar to direct the ship of state. In the centre, high seated, was Miss Ruth Burgess as goddess of liberty, surrounded by 13 young ladies representing the original states, while dangling over the sides of the boat were huge gold dollars for fenders.

Two grotesque figures in the midst of the procession were Messrs E. P. F. Gardner and Alvin Hull, both in costume, the former personating an organ grinder and the latter masked and labelled "from Pumpkinville, Me." There were also numerous transparencies with suggestive inscriptions borne in the procession.

The route of the procession was through the following streets: Federal, North Water, Chester, Centre, Pearl, Gardner, Main to head; countermarch to Fair, Darling, Pine, Main, Orange, Beaver, Union to Square, saluting at various points along the line. On their return a torch was applied to the effigy which was quickly enveloped in flames, when from its internal cavity proceeded a continuous discharge of fireworks, and as the figure began to vanish in flame and smoke the rifle corps hastened its dissolution by the discharge of several volleys at its inanimate form. This was the closing act of the evening's celebration and after cheers for the "Gold" Democrats and the Republican party, the immense but well satisfied crowd dispersed to their several homes.

A free lunch was served in Smith's Hall.

NOVEMBER 12, 1896.

The Nantucket Journal

THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1888.

ILLUMINATION

—AND—

Torchlight Procession,

The torchlight procession and illumination Monday evening was one of the grandest domonstrations of the kind ever witnessed on Nantucket. The enthusiasm which the occasion aroused seemed infectious, and many who were disappointed at the general result of the presidential election laid aside all partisan feeling, remembering only that the rule elect were the nation's choice, and joined in the demonstrations of ratification. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole town was literally ablaze of light, while the street parade was one of the most imposing demonstrations ever witnessed here. The long line of glistening torches preceeded by the band, drum corps and rifle company, and followed by the broom brigade and carriages, the whole procession interspersed with illuminated transparencies and waving flags formed a grand and imposing pageant.

The procession formed at the Skating Rink and took up its line of march in the following order:

Chief Marshall—Wallace Gardner.

Adjutant—Mendell Rothenberg.

Firewards.

Mechanics' Band.

Drum Corps.

Co. A., Rifles—Josiah F. Murphey, Captain; W. Barrett, 1st Lieutenant; Warren Austin, 2d Lieutenant.

Co. B., Broom Brigade—Captain, Isaac Hills.

Co. C., Silk Hats—Captain, Clinton Parker.

Co. D., Silk Hats—Capt., Millard F. Freeborn.

Co. E., Silk Hats—Capt., Obed L. Folger.

Co. F., Boys—Captain, Joseph C. Brock; Lieuts. Willie Brouwer, John Phelan and Alfred Smith.

Carriages containing young ladies representing the several Republican states.

Citizens in carriages and on foot.

There were transparencies of various designs displayed in the ranks and their inscriptions were unique and suggestive. Following are some of the mottos displayed.

"We buried Grover in this [followed by the picture of a coffin.]

"489—P. P. 13."

"Vetoes and Free Trade Killed Him."

"It is Our Turn Now to Turn the Rascals Out."

"Harrison, 239—Ames, 27,782 Majority."

"Caucus Nominee.—389."

"Protection."

One transparency bore a picture of the White House with Harrison entering and Cleveland leaving, the latter saying "A President should be trusted but one term.

Transparencies carried by the boys contained the following sentiments:

"Republican Seed."

"This is what we make Republicans out of."

"We are Small, but We Get There."

"Young Blood to the Front."

"Grandpa's Chair Just Fits Ben."

"We Do Like the Republican Party."

ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION.

The procession formed at the Rink and marched through the following streets, deviating slightly from the printed programmes previously distributed: Beach, Broad, North Water, North (as far as Mrs. Hills), then countermarched to West Centre and through to William H. Chase's, countermarched to Centre, thence through Lily, Hussey, Centre, Pearl and Gardner to the monument; then countermarched and through Gardner, Liberty, Centre, Broad, Federal, Lower Pearl, Water, Main, Saratoga, Milk, (across a vacant lot to) Vestal, Bloom, Main, Pleasant, Lyons, Fair, Main, Orange, Dover, Union, Main, Centre, Chester, North Water, to the Rink.

INCIDENTS

At various points along the route refreshments were served, among those who dispensed hospitality being Capt. B. F. Brown, Register of Probate elect, Mr. Josiah F. Murphey, Clerk of Courts elect, Capt. Anthony Smalley, Representative elect, Messrs. Isaiah E Coffin and Mendell Rothenberg. When the procession reached Capt. Smalley's, that gentleman, in response to repeated cheers, appeared on the steps and addressed the company substantially as follows:

My Friends,—I thank you for the honor of this visit and this manifestation of your pleasure at my success, and I heartily congratulate you all on the result of your labors in this place. I have not the egotism to think it was brought about by any particular merit of mine, but it was because of the great enthusiasm aroused among the Republicans throughout the town, and more than all because of organized efforts. I am aware that the duties of a representative are no sinecure, and I shall enter upon these duties with a deep sense of my responsibilities and a determination to rightly discharge them; and now with the election of the entire Republican national ticket, we have indeed great cause for rejoicing, and these demonstrations to-night speak plainly and eloquently of our triumph. This victory is especially significant to the working man, for it indicates that the American standard of wages and living shall be kept up and not pulled down.

Dr. Arthur E. Jenks, in behalf of the Republican club, then spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

We stand here, to-night, in the flush of a great victory, national and local. The Nantucket Republican Club has honorable share in the election of Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton. You will all recollect that during our public flag-raising but a few week ago, I said in Athenæum Hall, that you had dispelled every threatening cloud from Nantucket's political firmament, and set the star of Republican glory there! I know that it was said by some that my sentiment was only a flight of my poetic fancy; but, nevertheless, our star is still there! It shines above us, undimmed, to-night, and it shines down upon the happy home of him whom we have so triumphantly elected as Representative to the State Legislature—Capt. Anthony Smalley. Our representative showed his fidelity in service through the late civil war, and he will carry that fidelity, I believe, into his official duties as an able and faithful legislator. We nominated him; we stood by him, ratifying the caucus nomination at the ballot-box! His election is the glorious result in part, which we so proudly celebrate this evening. I would not forget now, the encouragement of those whose eloquence marshalled us into line—the speeches of Col. Beard, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Col. A. A. Wheelock, of New York, Rev. J. F. Lovering, of Worcester, Mass., and Comptroller Loring, of Boston. And our thanks are due Gen. H. A. Barnum, of New York, Horatio Adams, of Boston, Charles B. Swain, Esq., of this town, for campaign favors. Our own, at home already have our lasting gratitude.

All along the line of our political battle, the words sounded in our ears: "We'll bury you so deep that you will never rise again!" But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory! The Nantucket Republican Club was not organized to merit such ignoble end! The political whale shall never be created to thus swallow us whole. Nor shall our club go into history as the political Jonah of American Republicanism of 1888!

In conclusion, our great national victory means far more than mere triumph over opponents. It means the perpetuity of Republican party principle on Nantucket, for long years to come; it means that the Republican caucus shall henceforth be respected; it means that caucus nominees shall hereafter be victoriously elected! Our great country, from the far plains of Oregon, across our continent, to the resounding rocks of Maine, has declared for Harrison and Morton—two of the purest, grandest, manliest exponents of American patriotism to be found throughout the length and breadth of the land! This moral victory is the admiration of European powers, as it is our national pride. Our own political victory at home in a smaller but no less truer sense, has elevated Nantucket into an attitude equal to that of any other town in our Commonwealth; it has glorified her educational and religious institutions, and it has shown a strength of latent principle that shall "hold the fort" which we have captured, for a quarter of a century to come! Members of the Nantucket Republican Club! Stand by the flag that you have unfurled to the breeze! Stand by the old Ship of State!

"We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a furnace, what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

* * * * *

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,—
Our hopes triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!"

At Mr. Isaiah E. Coffin's house a large chanticleer was displayed in front, but was apparently dumb with astonishment at the singular demonstration.

At Mrs. Sarah Fisher's house on Bloom street, her mother, Mrs. Sallie Chadwick, ninety three years old stood in the doorway as the procession passed holding a placard which bore the inscription "From Washington to Harrison." Three rousing cheers were given for the old lady.

Capt. David F. Chase, the oldest man in town, stood in his doorway, a pleased and interested spectator, despite his ninety-four years, and responded to the cheers accorded him by waving a small American flag.

During the time of the parade a continual cannonading was maintained on a hill just west of the town, and when the procession turned into Saratoga street a huge bonfire was kindled on an adjacent hill.

ILLUMINATIONS.

The illuminations and decorations along the route of procession and elsewhere were simply superb and no effort at particularizing could do them justice in the limited space at our command, so we shall attempt nothing more than a simple enumeration, leaving it for those who viewed them to discriminate and comment thereon. In the vicinity of the Square nearly every place of business was brilliantly lighted up and decorated, among the most conspicious being the stores of A. T. Mowry, C. F. Hammond, M. Rothenberg, R. E. Burgess & Sons, W. C. Marden, A. M. Myrick, the Republican headquarters, Ernest H. Jernegan, and the JOURNAL office. Of residences and stores elsewhere in town we have endeavored to make the following list as complete as possible, and can only crave the indulgence of any who may be unintentionally omitted:

North Water St.
Benj. F. Coffin,
Thos. S. Mitchell,
Arthur E. Jenks,
L. S. Sanborn,
George K. Long,
Albert Easton,
Springfield House,
Miss Orr,
Davis Hall,
W. Clark Myrick,
Step Lane.
Mrs. Borden,
North St.
Sylvester Hedges,
Mrs. Hills.
Chas. C. Mooers,
Wm. M. Eldredge,
Albert F. Folger,
Henry D. Briggs,
Wm. Fitzgerald,
Mrs. Stackpole,
H. S. Valentine,
Alvin Dunham,
George W. Brown,
Mrs. Cobb.
Hussey St.
George S. Brown,
Alvin Hull,
Obed L. Folger,
Mrs. Coffin,
Braddock Childs.
Mrs. Oberempt,
Josiah F. Murphey,
Mrs. Sylvaro,
Geo. W. Dunham,
Westminster St.
Joseph M. Folger,
Quince St.
John W. Cook.
Gay St.
Obed Swain,
Charles H. Rule,
Pearl St.
Miss Elkins,
George R. Folger,
Joseph Winslow,
Mrs. Nickerson,
Mrs. Wyer,
Leander Cobb,
David Baxter,
Mrs. Hathaway,
Mrs. Wait,
William W. Fish.
Edward W. Folger,
Liberty St.
Ezekiel H. Parker,
Josiah C. Brock,
Albert G. Brock,
Geo. B. Paddock,
Jas. H. Coffin, 2d,
George S. Wilbur,
Mrs. Wilbur,
Mrs. Seldon,
Mrs. Crowley,
Francis E. Coffin,
David W. Burgess,
Josiah F. Barrett,
Thomas G. Macy,
Wallace Cathcart,
Jas. W. Dunham,
Mrs. E. A. Barney,
Winter St.
George Hamblin,
Josiah Gardner,
Benj. F. Taylor.
West Centre St.
Charles E. Snow,
Henry S. Snow,
Mrs. Hussey,
Wm. H. Chase,
Geo. M. Winslow,
Peter Brock,
Chester St.
Mrs. Turner,
Wm. J. Chase,
Chas. E. Hayden,
Benj. A. Gardner,
Lily St.
John R. Bacon,
Ed. B. Coffin,
Benj. F. Brown,
Edward H. Wing,
Farmer St.
Eben R. Folger,
Pine St.
Timothy C. Pitman.
Mrs. Tilton,
Lyons St.
Harry Beekman,
Margaret McCann,
Fair St.
Frank A. Mitchell,
John M Orpin,
William Clisby,
Daniel B. Chase,
Thomas Ames,
William C. Folger,
George M. Swain,
Chas. C. Chadwick.
Eunice Worth,
Mrs. Perkins,
Mrs. Lawrence,
Benj. Robinson.
Edw. H. Bennett,
George W. Defriez,
Laura Spencer,
Obed C. Coffin.
Alden H. Adams,
T. C. Defriez,
N. H. Manter,
Mrs. Wyer,
C. H. Starbuck,
Frank J. Crosby,
George H. Brock,
Mrs. Hinckley,
Mrs. Coffin,
Mrs. Folger,
Obed R. Bunker,
C. F. Hammond,
James M. Coffin,
Orange St.
Mrs. McCleave,
Mrs. Raymond,
James Easton,
Clinton Parker,
Chas. H. Dunham,
George C. Allen.
William F. Codd,
Mrs. Pearson,
Miss L. S. Baker,
Mrs. Macy,
A. D. Winslow,
Chas. E. Smalley,
John W. Rand,
American House,

over

William H. Coffin,
Mrs. Worth,
Mrs. Fisher.

Gardner St

Franklin Worth,
O. C. Chadwick,
Emeline Coffin,
Mrs. Coffin,
E. G. Thomas,

Main St.

Mrs. Thain,
Cyrus A. Roys,
Henry Coffin,
James H. Gibbs,
George C. Macy,
M. T. Worcester,
Mrs. Reynolds
Oliver F. Hussey,
Mrs. Swain,
Joseph S. Barney,
Benj. G. Tobey,
Wm. H. Gibbs,
Mrs. Cathcart,
Mrs. Lawrence,
M. F. Freeborn,
R. B. Hussey,
Wm. H. Gibbs,
Chas. L. Marks,
Edward W. Perry,
William Baxter,
Geo. W. Macy,
David F. Chase,
Harrison Myrick,
Wm. C. Mooers.
Andrew C. Lowell,
E. E. Raymond,
Geo. C. Gardner,
John F. Brown,
Franklin Folger,
Harrison Gardner,
Jas. H. Gibbs, 2d,
Wm. R. James,
Hiram C. Folger,
Mrs. Smith,

Silver St.

Lot D. Fisher.

Vestal St.

Geo. A. Chadwick,
Isaiah E. Coffin,

Bloom St.

Benjamin Long,
Mrs. Fisher,

Milk St.

Mrs. Lewis,
George C. Pratt,
D. C. Brayton. Jr.,
Arthur H. Cook,
E. H. Jernegan,
Howard Gardner,
Thomas Mack,
James B. Coffin,
A. H. Gardner,
Elliot Brown,

Prospect St.

Mrs. Rodgers.

Mt. Vernon St.

James A. Holmes.

Summer St.

LeGrand Tibbetts,

Pleasant St.

Medora Johnson,
Benj. F. Morris,
Bridget Kelly,
Harriet Macy,
Oliver B. Fish,
Jared M. Gardner,
Wm. W. Luscomb,
Obed G. Smith,
Sylvanus Morey,
Margaret Cary,

South Mill St.

Warren R. Austin,
Charles Pollard,
O. A. B. Tracy,
Mrs. Colesworthy.
Frank'n Nickerson,
Mrs. Clark,
Stephen Bailey,
Peter G. Smith,
F. B. Murphey,
Alex. M. Myrick,
Wm. B. Starbuck,
F. B. Keene,
C. H. McCleave,
Isaac Hamblin,
Mrs. Swain,
Mrs. Hussey,
Mrs. Cash,
M. Rothenberg.
Obed L. Hussey,
Geo. E. Orpin
Reuben Long,
Wm. C. Fuller,
Clinton Hussey,
Alex. D. Coffin,
Antoine Sylvia,

Dover St.

Wm. H. Bowen,

Flora St.

David Parker,

York St.

James H. Wood.

Union St.

Leonard P. Morris,
Obed Glidden,
R. E. Burgess,
Edwin R. Smith,
Thomas S. Sayer,
Joseph W. Fisher,
Mrs. Coleman,
Mrs. Oldrich,
Chas. W. Worth,
Mrs. A. M. Enas,
A. M. Myrick,
J. B. King,
J. G. Franklin,

Centre St.

Mrs. Clisby,
B. S. Coffin,
Henry Riddell,
R. F. McCleave,
Miss H. Sheffield,
Mrs. M. A. Hussey
Mrs. Coffin,
R. E. Congdon,
W. C. Marden,
B. F. Pitman,
Mrs. Russell,
Miss Dunham,
Chas. R. Paddack,
Edward B. Coffin,
Wm. S. Whippey,
Perry Winslow,
Barzillai Luce,
R. F. McCleave,
John J. Gardner,
Benj. A. Gardner,
D. T. Dunham,
Benj. F. Wyer,
Thomas B. Field,
Sylvanus Howes,
W. L'Hommedieu,
John A. Beebe,
G. C. Gardner, 2d,
Abner Turner,
Wm. H. Wyer,

Broad St.

Anthony Smalley,
George W. Hooper,

Federal St.

W. H. H. Smith.
F. C. Sanford,
William Hosier,

Nantucket was host earlier this month to 480 members of the 10th District Council of the American Legion. In picture at top, the Nantucket High School band leads the way as the parade forms at shipside. Above, Legion officials, color guard and the Drum and Bugle Corps of New Bedford Voiture 557, 40 and 8, begin the march through town. Lower, the lowly PGs pass by, tethered like so many mules. New Legion and Auxiliary officers later were installed. *(Photos by Fee and Haddon, Nantucket)*



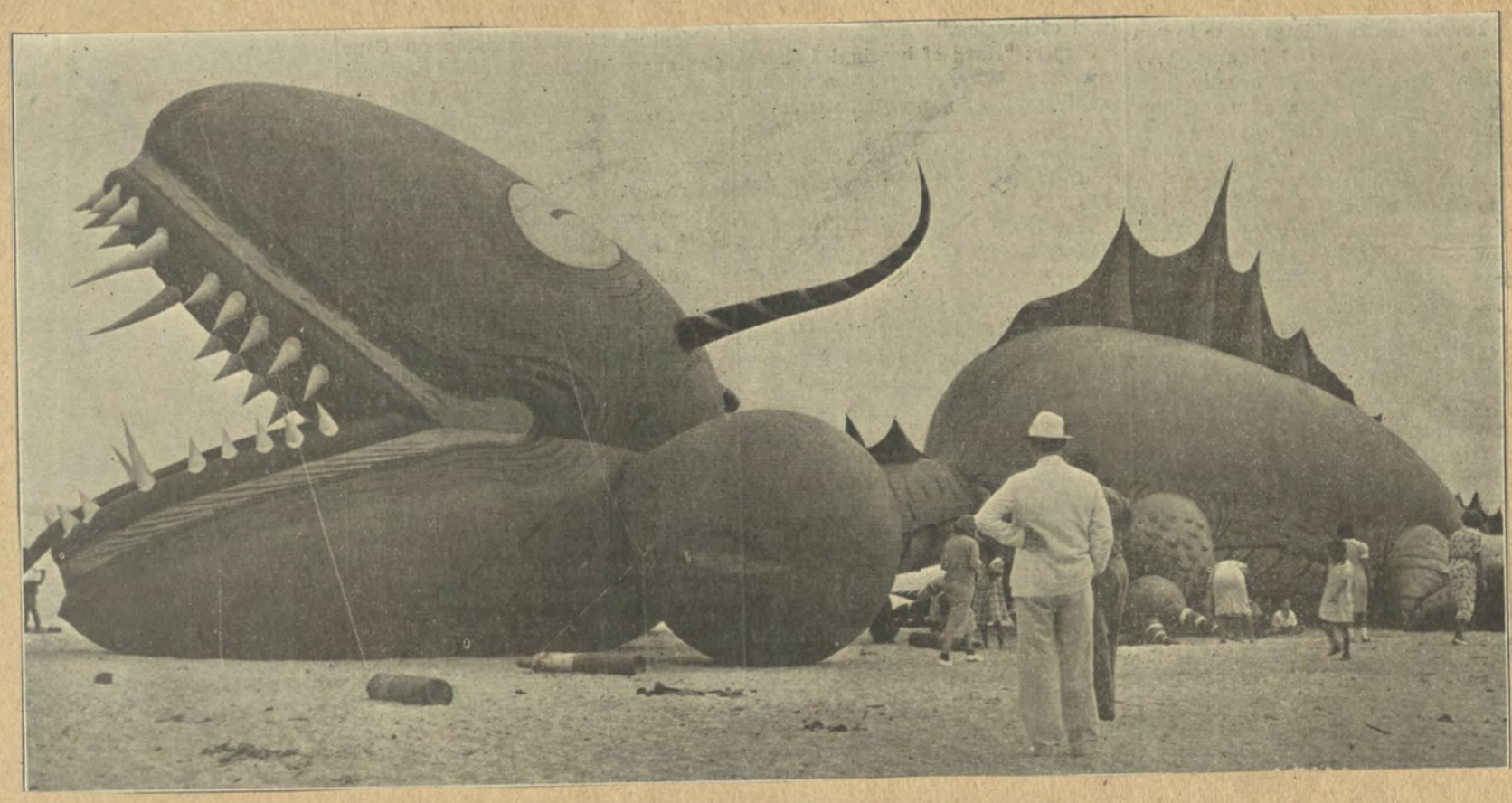


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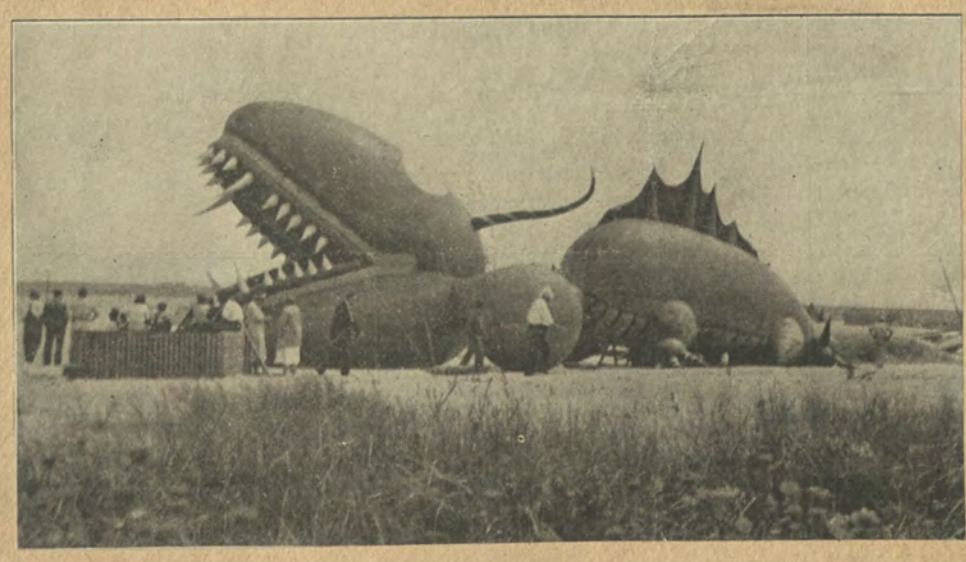
Oct. 5, 1952

THE VISIT OF NANTUCKET'S "SEA MONSTER" OF 1937





Three glimpses of the "Sea Monster" which came to Nantucket last week, and whose presence it was hoped would give the Hospital fund a decided boost, had not someone "spilled the beans". However, the arrival of the monster on the south beach, through the courtesy of Tony Sarg and Mrs. Henry Lang, afforded hundreds of children (and hundreds of their elders, too) some amusing entertainment, as can well be imagined by a glance at the pictures herewith.



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ABOUT THE "SEA MONSTER"

Details Now Unfolded Regarding Tony Sarg's Plan to Help Nantucket With Unique Entertainment.

[We have been handed the following article with the request that it be presented to the readers of The Inquirer and Mirror. It is a complete explanation of the "Sea Monster Story."—Ed.]

For the benefit of everyone interested in the now famous Nantucket "Sea Monster", The Inquirer and Mirror presents herewith the complete history of the event.

Some weeks ago the idea was first presented to the editor of this paper by Mr. Tony Sarg, noted artist, long-time summer resident of this island, and a great friend of children. Mr. Sarg explained that he, in conference with the executives of R. H. Macy and Company in New York city, had originated the sea serpent idea. Mr. Sarg annually designs the large helium-filled balloons which are the outstanding feature of the annual Thanksgiving Day parade, an event which is traditional in New York.

One of the designs for the parade this year is a sea serpent. The suggestion was made that great interest in the balloon would be evinced if it could be the central figure in a sea monster hoax. Mr. Sarg said that he felt the idea could be arranged and worked out in Nantucket. Several other locations were mentioned but Nantucket was finally selected for the following reasons.

(1) Mr. Sarg, who has been coming to Nantucket with his family for many summers, felt that he could obtain the co-operation of his friends here to assist in the stunt. He also felt—and in this a large group of prominent residents concurred—that the resulting publicity would be favorable to Nantucket.

(2) Nantucket, physically and geographically, offered ideal facilities for the event.

(3) R. H. Macy and Company was founded by Rowland Hussey Macy, who was born on Nantucket in 1822. Members of the Macy family still live here. The New York concern felt that this fact, together with Mr. Sarg's association with Nantucket, made the island a logical site for the event, but *they stipulated that the name of "Macy" should not be mentioned.*

The editor of this paper was consulted, along with several leading residents of the island, and it was the consensus of opinion that the stunt would be good publicity and would not hurt any individual or organization on the island, but would provide entertainment which was badly needed. So wheels were set in motion to stage the stunt.

Bill Manville's original story of the sea monster was the first gun in the campaign. As Manville spends most of his days fishing in and about the waters of Nantucket it was felt he would be a logical one to first sight the strange apparition. Madaket beach was picked as the site for the "footprint discovery" because of its isolated location. Messrs. Manter and Crocker were asked to discover these prints, as Mr. Manter lives in Madaket and frequently fishes from Madaket beach. He and Mr. Crocker are fishing companions and it was logical that they would find these prints.

At this point it may be said that local representatives of off-island papers had been called in on the story and had agreed to work in conjunction with Mr. Sarg and the sponsors of the idea.

In addition to this, Pathé Newsreel in New York city was given full details of the plan and agreed to co-operate. In fact, last Monday, representatives of that organization arrived in Nantucket to handle the event from a newsreel angle.

Other news organizations were acquainted with the details of the stunt and all agreed to give it publicity and follow the pre-arranged plan. The result of this program was that Nantucket was mentioned in favorable news stories from Cape Cod to California. The actual cash value of the space obtained is difficult to estimate but will run into many thousands of dollars.

It should be mentioned here that, *with one exception*, newspaper correspondents, including Mr. Ed De Long, vacationing member of the New York Sun, who was "in" on the story, respected the requests for aid in handling the stunt.

Statements quoting members of the community as to people being kept away from Nantucket by the sea monster scare, are unverified by figures and the actual fact is that during the past two weeks Nantucket has enjoyed excellent summer business.

The sea serpent stunt, as we all know, actually took place on Coatue last Wednesday. Its results were highly beneficial from a publicity standpoint and it will be featured in the Pathé News. Everyone can appreciate that R. H. Macy and Company of New York city *did not attempt to commercialize* this event nor did Macy's obtain any publicity other than the mention of Mr. Sarg as the creator of the comic balloons for Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. Through the helpfulness of Mrs. Henry Lang in offering the use of her land on the South Beach, the "monster" was inflated again on Thursday and furnished amusement for several thousands of Nantucket's residents and summer visitors—and especially the children.

To date no one has reported suffering from the results of this publicity stunt. Prominent and conservative residents of the island have endorsed the scheme. A general consensus of opinion on the stunt indicates that most people here consider it a fine thing and the only regret is that *anyone saw fit to break* his promise to co-operate with the others in the publicity stunt.

In the last analysis, through press, radio and newsreels, "Nantucket" will be placed before 100,000,000 people. Next Thanksgiving Day the "Nantucket Sea Monster" will be seen by millions in New York city.

Signed by,

O. D. Ingall,
Charles E. Congdon,
Fred D. Bennett,
Ernest S. MacLaughlin,
William D. Thomson,
Leslie Martin,
Sidney W. Thurston,
Isaac Hills, 3rd.
William L. Mather,

Nantucket, August 20.

The two pictures below were taken by Pivirotto when Mr. Sarg himself went down to the south beach and joined with the children in making things merry. Although disappointed that his plans were upset, Mr. Sarg enjoyed the young folks as much as they enjoyed him, and all had a grand time while the sea monster remained ashore.





"Nantucket Follies" Presented to Enthusiastic Audiences.

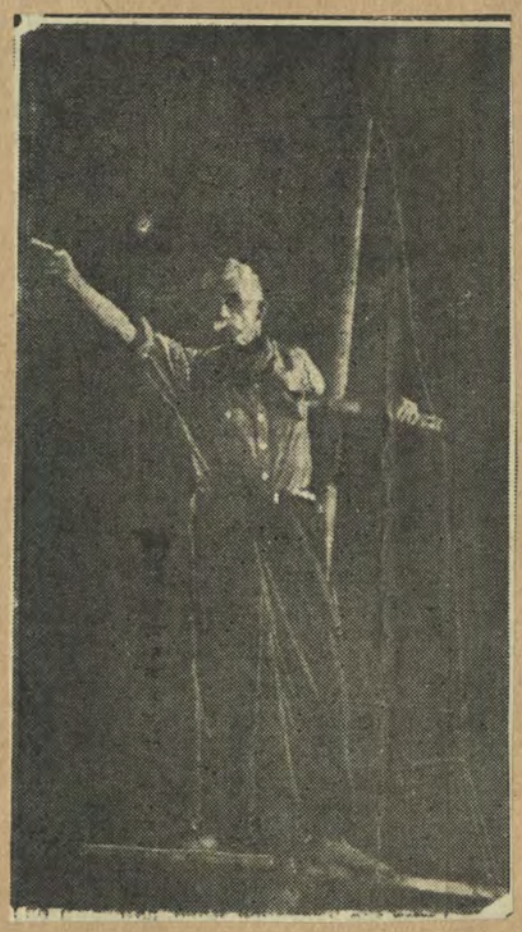




When Austin Strong conceived the idea of reviving a bit of Nantucket's glorious past in its natural setting and linking it together with the present-day world, under the name of the "Nantucket Follies of 1927", he laid the foundation for what proved to be the finest theatrical production ever presented on this island—without exception. Every one who was privileged to witness the performance in the Yacht Club Hall on Friday or Saturday evenings came away thrilled at what they had seen, throbbing with enthusiasm and brim full of appreciation for what Mr. Strong had accomplished.

The "Follies" was a superb, dramatic production that would have brought credit to any stage and to any producer. It was a clever conception, but one which might be expected of him who had brought forth two such marked successes as "Three Wise Fools" and "The Seventh Heaven". Nothing but the most favorable comments has been heard regarding the "Follies"—in fact, the performance was a most delightful surprise in every way, for no one had any idea that Mr. Strong could produce anything of this kind on Nantucket, with its restricted stage accommodations.

He was assisted by Frederick Kitson Cowley, one of Broadway's best known producers and a man who evidently found keen enjoyment in joining with Mr. Strong in the presentation of the "Nantucket Follies of 1927". And in no small measure was the success of the entertainment due to Mrs. Strong, who had given her help and talents in perfecting the various features of the program.



One went to the Yacht Club hall thinking of Follies and expecting to see a bit of burlesqued revelry. One came back to earth, and left the Yacht Club hall three hours later with the happy feeling of having seen something wholly clean and reverent and beautiful.

The hall was crowded to capacity both evenings and to those who had never seen the interior of the place since it was revamped, it was a revelation, for the Yacht Club hall is a most attractive place, with the decorations in perfect keeping with the ideals of the club. Its "rainbow curtain", representing the boats of the "rainbow fleet" with their many-colored sails, and a brilliant rainbow sweeping above, is a very clever conception and adds much to the attractiveness of the hall.

Promptly at 8.00 o'clock the Yacht Club Orchestra struck up the strains of the overture, playing as the opening number a selection arranged by the leader, Art Taylor, and dedicated "The Days of Old Nantucket". The members of the orchestra are all men well trained in conservatories and include Mr. Taylor, pianist; Elmer Simon, violin; Lloyd Maas, first saxophone; Donald MacIntyre, second saxophone; David Diffin, third saxophone; Albert Cannon, banjo; Dorn Francis, drums; and Howard Rekers, bass.

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The Jolly Roger a Clever Local Skit.

As the overture died away the curtain drew apart and revealed the first scene on the program, which was entitled "The Jolly Roger". The picture was supposed to be "a well-known pirate's den" according to the program, but it was really a representation of Roger's news-stand on Main street, with "Roger" himself behind the counter waiting on his customers as they filed in, one by one, for the daily papers. It was certainly "true to life", for Roger's customers were the real thing, including his own sweetheart, Miss Louise Burchell; John F. Lougee; Miss Dorothy Jones; James A. Holmes; Miss Alice Corse; Police Office Callwitz; Frank Malsbenden; Mrs. Malsbenden; Mrs. Karl Adams; George Fraker; George Atchison; John Walling; Miss Nancy Robb; Karl Adams (who flew down from Boston that night in order to be "among those present"); George Dyer; F. Cases; State Officer Dearborn; Hiram Reckard; and William L. Russell, the buxom expressman, who came in tugging a big box marked "C. O. D."

There was much local "color" in the way Roger handled his customers and a lot of pleasantry which everyone in the audience thoroughly enjoyed. Billy Russell was true to himself and carried his usual "quid" with the genial smile that everybody likes. Of course his appearance brought forth hearty applause, which Russell met with unconcern.

* * * * *

Florence Ingall Made a Hit in The "Hornpipe".

The "C. O. D." box which the expressman left on the stage after he "checked out" with Roger was a surprise to the audience, who saw the cover of the box rise slowly and soon a dainty little miss clad in sailor's garments jumped out and commenced to dance the "Hornpipe". It was little Miss Florence Ingall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald D. Ingall, and she was exceptionally clever in her dance, especially that she seemed wholly unconscious of the fact that she was dancing before an audience of five or six hundred persons.

William Chase's Sailor Boys.

Next came a dance number depicting "William Chase's Sailor Boys", by pupils of the Elizabeth Studio. The young people were costumed as sailor boys and were excellent imitations of the little wind-mills that Mr. Chase has made famous. They included Florence Ingall, Annette Wood, Annette Moore, Frances Killen, Mary Killen, Eileen Glidden, Katherine Hatch, Margaret Roberts, and Elsie Stig. The scene was by Mrs. Hiram Barney, the costumes by Mrs. Hogan and the hats by Miss Emma Fraser.

* * * * *

In arranging for the presentation of the various tableaux, Mr. Strong carried out a very impressive feature. In the garb of a Quaker, Mr. Cowley appeared before the curtain and with his face wearing the smiling yet serene countenance of the genuine Friend, he made a delightful introduction to each number in words which had been written by Mr. Strong especially appropriate to the scene to be depicted.

"Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet".

The curtains were parted by the Rainbow pages, the Misses Nicholson, and with a demeanor that was most impressive, Mr. Cowley, as the Quaker, said:

"I am a Friend. I have this moment come down from the Hill to remind you that we who have gone before are not dead, but very much alive in you. Out of the friendly silence I come to commune with you a while, to share your present and perhaps to recall a little of the glory of the Past.

"Come with me and I will show you how a gallant enemy, at the end of the war for Liberty, became a friend and gave to this Island a monument that will endure forever."

The curtains were then drawn and the audience witnessed a tableau representing Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin on Nantucket, in 1827, when he presented the plan and deed of the Coffin School to the inhabitants of Nantucket. It was a most realistic conception, very cleverly executed. The cast included the following:

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin
Gustavus Town Kirby

The Quaker, Frederick Kitson Cowley
His Son ..... Paul Dickson
Aid to Admiral Coffin, Frank Gilbreth
Staff Captain ..... George Dyer
Page ..... Joseph Butler
Sailor of His Majesty's Navy
Donald Smith

Ladies and girls of Nantucket, wearing the colors of the Admiral of the Blue included: Mrs. Boxall Boyd, Virginia Chambers, Wilhelmine Kirby, Caroline Lindsey, Nancy Robb, Allison Rutter, Ruth Rutter, Ysabel Stearns, and Sally Stearns.

It was a very delightful scene and one which appealed closely to the residents of Nantucket who take pride in the Coffin School, now rounding out its centennial of usefulness to the community.

* * * * *

The Sailor's Farewell.

Mr. Cowley, as the Quaker, again appeared before the curtain and said:

"Imagine now the Sailor's farewell to his maid. Try to realize what a tragic parting was theirs. How both had to face with high resolve and iron courage—four long years of abscence. Of such stuff, good friends, are you made."

Donald Smith and Miss Peggy Warner depicted in a beautiful posed picture the sailor's farewell to his love, and to intersperse a touch of the modern Miss Barbara West and Miss Marjorie Dyer followed with a scene at Royal's bathing beach, August 1, 1927. Contrast in costumes in the two numbers was marked.

* * * * *

Tony Sarg Himself.

Tony Sarg, himself, inimitable artist of the marionette, received rounds of applause as he presented a puppet munching a cracker, and then drew a caricature of his assistant, Frank Swift Chase, in the form of a rotund cupid.

Two of the young ladies of the "Concord Players" rendered a fine vocal duet and then came the Quaker again, with these few words of introduction to a beautiful scene:

"Year after year our women searched the empty horizon many times in vain."

When the curtain was drawn, Mrs. Frank Malsbenden was shown in the foreground of a deep oval, wearing a beautiful gown of a century or so ago. She was standing on one of the Nantucket house-top "walks", with the gilded dome of the south tower in the distance and with hand lifted above her eyes scanning the horizon for a long-gone sail.

It was a beautiful picture, well conceived and well executed, and brought forth loud applause from the audience.

Robert Benchley, the Critic of "Life".

A number which kept the audience in an almost continuous gale of laughter came when Robert C. Benchley, mimicked a rather nervous young man appearing in a public speech to solicit funds for some cause or other. Prolonged applause and cheers followed Mr. Benchley behind the curtain.

* * * * *

The Call From The Masthead.

The Quaker appeared again and with the same serene, dignified countenance he said:

"Year after year, in every part of the world, on every sea, our men searched the horizon for the faint blur of white vapor whose presence marked the spouting of the whale. Then from the masthead was sung the immortal signal for the chase."

One of the most delightful features of the evening was then enacted—the call "Thar She Blows!" from masthead by George A. Grant, son of the famous Capt. Charles Grant, who was born in Apia, Samoa, and was brought aboard his father's ship wrapped in a banana leaf. Grant had been whaling, he had heard the call "Thar She Blows!" from the masthead many times, and had given it himself. He is probably the last Nantucket man who has clung to masthead and with ship swaying to and fro has sighted a whale and given this call that the present generation never heard until Grant himself gave it in the Yacht Club in a most realistic scene. He was pictured "aloft" clinging to the mast with one arm, while he pointed with the other and gave the old war cry of the whalemen—"Thar She Blo-o-ws!"—in a manner that thrilled every person in the audience. The swaying mast, the figure of the old whaleman clinging to masthead, his loud call to the deck below announcing that he had "raised a whale", was all so realistic and true to life that it was emotional.

Henry C. Smith was delightfully entertaining in his rendition of "Ikey's Lullaby", appearing as a Hebrew character. "Buy low, sell high", crooned the actor to an imaginary infant in his arms. He was loudly applauded, but owing to the announcement on the program, he did not respond to an encore any more than did the rest of the numbers.

* * * * *

"The Nantucket Cradle Song".

The Quaker:

"Courage in action stirs the blood, but the quiet fortitude of the women who waited the long years through without word or news from their men lifts the spirit. Such, good friends, was the secret splendor of our mothers."

Mrs. Earle W. Cutler presented a beautiful picture in this tableau "The Nantucket Cradle Song", which had a remarkable setting, depicting the interior of an Old Nantucket home with a young woman sitting beside the cradle in which her child was sleeping, rocking it gently as she knitted.

A vocal number by Eleanor Short, of the Concord group, was well received and then came what was one of the finest bits of work in revealing to the present generation a picture of a Nantucket home of several generations ago.

* * * * *

"The Captain's Return" a Delightful Portrayal by Austin Strong.

The Quaker:

"And now the excitement is intense! The Little Island is shaken to its soul! A ship is returning at last—after four interminable years—bearing a full cargo of oil. The Captain's little family awaits him, not at the wharf, but in the quiet of the front room of the home.

The boy who first sighted the ship runs to tell the Captain's wife, and she rewards him with a silver dollar.

The Captain returns to their arms! To see again his son—already so changed—his daughter—so much taller—and the child born in his absence.

Look on them kindly, dear friends—and proudly—for they were your people and their spirit is your heritage."

Mr. Strong himself was wonderful in this little pantomime—bringing to the audience a story without words that everyone keenly appreciated. The scene was laid in the captain's house, supposed to be on the water front facing Brant Point in 1830. The stage settings were true to the period, and through the windows in the rear the old lighthouse on the point showed up in a delightful sketch, painted by Stanford Stevens.

The waiting wife, daughter, son, and the little one, born since the father's departure four years earlier, appear first in the simple little sitting room of their home. Relatives and friends come and go.

Then suddenly a boy rushes in to tell, with excited gestures, of the sighting of the homecoming ship. The mother rushes to the window with her spy-glass, and the children cluster around in abashed excitement. Soon, in accordance with an old Nantucket custom, the wife and mother gives a silver dollar to the messenger of good tidings, and a moment later the captain, Austin Strong, rushes in to embrace his household. The influx of relatives and friends, the bestowing on each of them some gift brought from other lands, follows. Then comes quiet, outsiders gone, and the captain gathers his flock about the little table, opens the big family Bible and the heads of all bow down in gratitude. Mr. Strong's portrayal of Captain Starbuck was superb.

Characters in "The Captain's Return were:

over

Mrs. Starbuck, the captain's wife
Mrs. Earle W. Cutler
Captain Starbuck — Austin Strong
Nancy, his daughter
Miss Anne Cutler
Priscilla, baby daughter born while he is on the sea — Jean Fitz-Randolph
David, his son — Newton Cutler
The Maid — Miss Peggy Little
Old Doctor Macy — E. S. Tirrell
Rev. Mr. Stark — Fred V. Fuller
Captain's Aunt
Mrs. Stokeley Morgan
His Cousin
Miss Miriam Catherine Clark
His Sister
Miss Sarah Bunker Winslow
A Neighbor — Miss A. W. Bodfish
Mrs. Stark
Mrs. Whittemore Gardner
The Messenger — Hauthway Mackay

Authentic furniture was loaned by Mr. Clark, and the costumes for the women and children by Mrs. Benjamin Sharp, collected from the attics of Nantucket. Here a word could be spoken for the beauty and appropriateness of costumes and setting in every scene of the program. The touch of master hands was clearly evident.

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Following an intermission, the Misses Thebaud rendered a delightful version of the Charleston and showed their skill as dancers in a manner that brought forth hearty appreciation from the audience.

Little Miss Pauline Frances Killen then appeared as a toe dancer and won the hearts of all by her dainty sweet manner.

Miss Barbara West, in the role of a "midshipmite", gave a marvelous exhibition of dancing and showing some unusually graceful movements with some rapid steps.

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"The Dog Watch", Introduced by Percy MacKaye.

Percy MacKaye, the well-known poet and author, next appeared and gave a beautiful introduction to "The Dog Watch", which was unquestionably one of the most enjoyable numbers on the program. Mr. MacKaye said:

"Friends of Nantucket, a little moment may hold the life of centuries. Imagine that, for one fleeting moment, these curtains might draw apart, on this tiny stage of today, and reveal here the ancient ship of Eric, the Red: that legendary Viking himself with his living shipmates, steering for Vinland, shouting their Norse chanteys in the winds of a thousand years ago; or some older Phoenecian captain, trimming his sails, between the Pillars of Hercules, for some port in a nameless island, ages afterward called Great Britain; or, older still, that wily sea-captain whom blind Homer sang: Odysseus, tacking his storm-battered barque between Scylla and Charybdis, to find harbor in the alluring isle of Circe. Such a moment would hold for us—would it not?—an epitome of the eternal life of the tides—a living picture of the mystic wonder, the human greatness, of deep-sea voyagings.

But of course, you say, such a living picture is unbelievable. It could never occur. Such deep-sea captains and their crews are the stuff of dreams.

Yet, in simple truth, the stuff of dreams is the very stuff of reality—here, in this Yankee Kingdom of our own Homeric Isle. The unquenchable stock of those deep-sea captains is still with us—here. Odysseus and Eric, the Red, with their shipmates, are no mere ghosts of history, or of fiction: They move quietly among us, our neighbors of Nantucket—where no blind Homer, shining with inward sight, moves among them to chant their Odyssea.

But here, behind this bunting of our Rainbow Fleet, here—for one brief moment—we shall glimpse them now, gathered together in home waters, singing old snatches of their whaling days, in loud racy laughter, and discipline and valor. For one moment, only, then—no more. For perhaps never again, after tonight and tomorrow, shall these authentic representatives of a great world era, these makers of ocean history, enact a living stanza of their own epic. After tonight and tomorrow, the memory of this fleeting moment shall come back to us in our after-dreams—strange and far off—like the waning roar of reefs in the wake of keels outward-bound."

With the audience hushed by Mr. MacKaye's tribute, the curtains were drawn and a picture was revealed which brought forth spontaneous applause. It represented the deck of the ship St. Nicholas, with Capt. B. Whitford Joy, the last square-rigger captain of Nantucket, in command. The ship's mast, the rigging, the wheel, the deck and taffrail—every part of the scene was truly pictured; and gathered about on deck was a group of Nantucket men who had sailed the deep seas—every one of them—a crew of real deep-water men. Some were splicing rope, others mending canvas, one scrubbing clothes, another playing the accordion, all busily and happily at work, as sea-lore says was most always the case during the "Dog Watch".

The jokes, the chanties, the fun aboard ship, entertained the audience for a full ten minutes before "eight bells" was sounded on the ship's bell and the crew hustled to quarters. Ben Williams, the ship's cook, with his pan of duff, came out on deck just in time to "step out" to a jig played on the accordion, and in spite of his eighty-odd years he showed the audience that he was still on deck and sea-worthy. John Cross and William Applebye-Robinson led the songs and chanties, and the whole crew joined in with the whole-hearted spirit that might be expected aboard ship.

The appearance of Captain Joy brought forth vociferous applause and the audience were privileged to listen to the orders given the crew from a pair of lungs that were still husky when the time came to "tack ship". The maneuvers on ship-board, the men running aloft, the singing of the crew when pulling ropes—all of this was so realistic to the audience that they were spell-bound. It was a wonderful exemplification of life at sea at a time when sail and not steam was the motive power.

The ship's crew included the following:

The Master — Captain Whitford Joy
The last square rigger captain in the port of Nantucket. He was master of the ships "Samuel D. Carleton", "Richard Parsons" and "St. Nicholas".

The Mate — George A. Grant
Was born in Apia, Samoa, and brought aboard his father's ship wrapped in a banana leaf. Sailed on the "Niger" and many other vessels. His father, Captain Charles Grant, was one of Nantucket's greatest whaling captains.

The Cook — Benjamin F. Williams
Sailed on the whaler "Milton" from New Bedford. Was with Capt. Grant on a whaling voyage.

The Bos'n — William Applebye-Robinson
Sailed on "Drum Rock", "Bothwell" and "Empress of China".

The Bos'n's Mate — John S. Cross
Son of a Church of England Minister who preached at the Seamen's Bethel, New Bedford. Sailed on the "Joseph Barker" and the whaler "Golden City".

ABLE SEAMEN.

George Arthur Folger—Sailed with Captain Grant on the Horatio; also on the bark Guy C. Goss, the ship Mercury, and a number of other vessels.

Stephen Hussey—Sailed on the Sunbeam and the Sea Fox.

John Fisher, Jr.—Sailed on the R. L. Barstow, the last whaler to sail from Nantucket.

Charles Lamb—Sailed on the "George and Mary".

Nelson Ewer—Sailed on the "Osprey" and "Sunbeam".

Nelson Dunham—Sailed on the "Era".

Edgar F. Wyer—Sailed on the "James Foster".

Arthur W. Jones—Sailed on the "Lucille" from Bath, Maine.

Archibald Cartwright—Sailed on "Sunbeam" and "Vineta".

Wallace N. Long—Sailed on "Macerata" and "Charles G. Rice".

Joseph Fisher—Sailed on the whaler "A. B. Bradford".

The rigging and mast in the scene were made by Peder Pederson, himself a deep-water man in sailing ships. The wheel was loaned by Sidney Mitchell and came from a vessel which ploughed the seas many years.

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"Pinafore'n'Aft" by the Concord Players.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Merwin came from Concord with a company of the famous Concord players and presented "Pinafore'n'Aft" in an original production especially prepared for the "Follies". It was classed on the program as "a few moments of violence done to a certain immortal work by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan", and made a big hit with the audience. The cast was as follows:

Buttercup — Mrs. Ralph E. Hewitt
Ralph Rachstraw — George F. Root
Captain — Mason Garfield
Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. — Samuel Merwin
Josephine — Mrs. Seabury T. Short
Dick Deadeye — Ralph E. Hewitt
Fairly Able Seamen — Ripley Gage and Seabury Short

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William E. Chamberlain appeared as "the magical man" and performed a number of sleight-of-hand tricks which interested the audience, catching live gold-fish from the air on the end of a pole on Friday evening and the next night catching two white doves. His tricks with cards and a silk hat were clever and he furnished a variety to the program that was appreciated by all. He was assisted by Miss Mary Sarg, who wore a very attractive costume.

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Capt. Walter N. Chase, the U. S. Life Saver.

Next followed one of the most emotional features of the entertainment. The curtains parted and Miss Frances Ellis and Miss Elizabeth Sandsbury, dressed in charming old-time costumes, appeared and stood on either side of the stage. Then came the Hon. Breckinridge Long dressed as a gentleman of 1812, who, standing straight and tall and holding an ivory cane, spoke these words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

Too often we look for inspiration in distant lands and are prone to magnify the qualities of kings and princes.

Too often we overlook the treasures in our home and fail to appreciate the qualities of rugged character as exemplified by those in our midst.

Tonight I have the rare privilege to present a prince of our own—a man honored by the Congress of the United States with a gold medal struck especially in his honor for a feat of great valor and sustained courage on the open sea."

The curtains were then drawn and there stood Capt. Walter N. Chase, the hero of the "Kirkham wreck" away back in 1892, wearing the gold medal presented him by the United States government following the remarkable rescue when he and his crew of life-savers from Coskata station battled the elements a day and a night and part of another day in fighting their way to the wreck out on Rose and Crown shoal and reaching land again. The story of this rescue is well-known to all Nantucketers—in fact, it has gone down in history as one of the most remarkable exploits ever made in the life-saving service.

The picture of Captain Chase, gray-bearded, but standing erect and stern, clad in sea-faring togs, with a life-preserver about his waste and a coil of rope on his arm, was a wonderful conception, and it brought forth thunderous applause from the audience, which failed to shake the old man's heroic composure as he faced the assembly.

The letter sent by the government to Captain Chase when he was awarded the gold medal was printed on the "Follies" program and it was read with keen interest by all, for it recited an exploit that the life-saving department itself claims has never been equalled for endurance and bravery in the line of duty.

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Austin Strong in Pantomime.

Austin Strong and his New York company appeared in the pantomime "A Day in the Life of a Young Man About Town", which was presented Friday evening for the 100th time. The introduction was made by Samuel Merwin. Mr. Strong and his company were excellent and rendered a delightful number. Their wordless acting was more expressive than any spoken drama could have been.

Mr. Strong's associates were Theodore E. Steinway, Henry Clapp Smith and Henry Bennett, the latter presiding at the piano. The pantomime was thoroughly enjoyed by all and Mr. Strong and his company received a generous share of the applause which greeted the performance at every turn.

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"The Pony Ballet" of Nantucket.

The program ended with the "Pony Ballet", a group of young lady dancers organized by Mrs. Frank Malsbenden and directed in the ballet by Mr. Strong himself, who kept both the dancers and the members of the orchestra on the jump. It was excellent and showed the results of careful training. The young ladies in the ballet included the following:

Misses Irene Chase, Florence Richards, Lucille Miller, Irma Baker, Clara Larrabee, Elizabeth Gardner, Florence Crocker, Florence Warren, Lillian Worth, Doris Lake, Alma Killen, Charlotte Worth, Alma Ottison, Frances Chase, Louise Coffin, Dorothy Jones, Kathryn Kilbury, Dorothy Boyer, Doris Burchell and Lois Jackson.

The screens were designed and executed by Mrs. Hiram Barney.

With the exit of the dancers from the stage the orchestra started playing "The Star Spangled Banner". But the audience was not to disperse then at the Saturday evening performance. There were loud calls for Austin Strong and when he appeared before the foot-lights he was given three emphatic cheers for presenting the most successful performance ever staged on Nantucket. The enthusiasm was high.

In responding to the ovation, Mr. Strong expressed pleasure that his efforts had been appreciated, but said that, like Lindbergh, he could not have made it so successful without the hearty co-operation of "we", meaning the people of Nantucket and the summer visitors, through whose co-operation, he said, the "Follies" had been produced.

In the presentation of the "Nantucket Follies" Mr. Strong was assisted by Frederick Kitson Cowley, the well-known director, and the following:

Assistant Stage Manager—Karl Satler.
Props—Richard Jamison and Jack Walling.
Curtain Man—Roger Williamson.
Electrician—Wallace Thorsen.
Crew—Don Gifford, Bobsie Hills, Peter H. Wilson, William Harshe, Albert A. May and Ellery L. Wilson, Jr.
Call Boy—George Gordon.
Rainbow Pages—Virginia and Caryl Nicholson.

The ushers were the following young ladies: Miss Laura Foster, Miss Lillian Foster, Mrs. Priscilla Coleman Ingall, Miss Pauline Gill, Miss Rosamond Duffey, Miss Lillian Burchell.

The "announcers" were Gustavus Town Kirby and "Roger", both of whom seemed perfectly at ease before the foot-lights.

Souvenir programs of the "Follies" were presented the audience through the courtesy of Leeds Mitchell, commodore of the Yacht Club, and they were something unusual in the shape of a theatre program, printed with a parchment cover, with an original design by Mr. Strong, and carrying a word of greeting from the commodore, an article on "Past and Present" from the pen of Charles A. Selden, and the following dedicatory lines by Percy MacKaye:

"Nantucket".

First in the dawn, last in the beaconing night,
The wave-worn Ages' mother, sweetheart, friend,
Hedged by wild roses and dim wings in flight,
"The Little Grey Lady" dreams at the world's end.

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After the audience had dispersed Saturday evening, Mr. Strong "gave a party" to those who had assisted him in carrying through the "Follies", and everything was entirely informal, with an air of good fellowship and the spirit of fun that everybody thoroughly enjoyed.

The members of the Concord Players were each presented with a gift from the Governors of the Nantucket Yacht Club, the ladies receiving specimens of "Willie Chase's sailor boys" and the men whale vanes, while Mr. Strong's fellow pantomime artists received ditty boxes.

At this point Everett U. Crosby, vice-commodore of the Yacht Club, presented Mr. Strong with a token of appreciation from the club members in the form of a ship model, which is to bear a silver plate expressing the sentiments of the occasion. Mr. Strong responded feelingly.

Then in came Samuel Merwin, who had been reported "missing" from the audience. He bore aloft a large whale, which was filled with fruit, with a pineapple posing as the whale's "spout". This he presented to Mrs. Strong as a slight expression of regard from the Concord group.

Then Mr. Merwin presented each member of the company who enacted "The Captain's Return" with a bouquet of flowers, and Captain Joy and his crew, Captain Chase and others who took part in the performance received boutonnieres.

Lots of fun followed the presentations and everybody had a good time. Henry Bennett played "We Have No Bananas—Yes" and Wallace Long some lively airs on his accordion; Barbara West entertained with some more clever dancing; Frank Malsbenden did some intricate dance steps; then Merwin Blount sang a song; Florence Ingall again danced the hornpipe, and John Cross and Captain Robinson sang some more chanties.

Ripley Gage, of the Concord group, did an exceptionally fine piece of work in lip manipulations, imitating a full band so cleverly that cornet, trombone, drums, etc., could each be distinguished in the rendering of a lively march.

Following him, Messrs. Merwin and Root, also of the Concord company, stood up and gave an imitation of the bagpipes, which was so clever that everyone wished it could have been part of the Follies entertainment itself.

The "party" was certainly a jovial affair and a happy aftermath to the final performance of the "Follies" after days and nights of rehearsal. Before the crowd dispersed Mr. Strong invited all to partake of refreshments and it was after the midnight hour before the Yacht Club building was back to normalcy again.

AUGUST 6, 1927

An Abandoned Bark.

Norwegian bark Mentor, Capt. Ormunsden, from Cienfuegos via Delaware Breakwater, for Boston, with a cargo of 5500 bags of sugar, consigned to Nash, Spalding & Co., struck on Rose and Crown shoal early Sunday morning, during heavy weather. The crew of eleven men took to their longboat, and succeeded in reaching Great Round Shoal lightship, from which they were taken Monday by fishing schooner Wide-Awake, and landed at Vineyard Haven. The fishing vessel returned to the shoal, but no trace of the bark could be seen, and it was conjectured she had broken up. The following morning word was received here to have an eye out for her, and lighthouses and life-saving stations were notified. Scarcely five minutes elapsed when the Surfside men reported a vessel answering the description ten miles south of that station, and there was life at once awakened among the wreckers, who hastily manned the Underwriters' boat, and launched from the shore, the crew being made up as follows: James A. Holmes, George A. Veeder, James Kiernan, James H Luce, John P. Taber, James M. Ramsdell, Joseph P. Gardner, Leander Small, Asa W. Small, Nelson Clark, Arthur Folger, Charles G. Coffin, Arthur C. Manter and George W. Burgess. The Surfside crew put off at about the same time, and taking Messrs. James H. Wood and John R. Sylvia from their fishing dory (which was anchored) followed the larger boat. The bark, which had been left with a few light sails drawing, was sailing very slowly westward under a light breeze and favoring tide, and the chase was a long and hard one. At slack water—about 2.15 p. m —her progress was checked somewhat, and the men were soon on board. Finding their services were not required, the life-saving crew returned to the shore after a long row of twenty-five miles, while the prize crew set sail and headed southwest, with the evident intention of making a port in Vineyard or Long Island sound. Tugs which had been sent out failed to overtake her, the thick weather shutting her from view. No news was received from her here until Thursday morning, when she was reported as arrived at Vineyard Haven, which port she reached at 1.30 that morning, having taken a tow off Block Island. The vessel was leaking some, but was easily kept free with the pumps.

The Mentor was to have left Vineyard Haven for Boston on Thursday, in tow of a tug.

April 20, 1893

SOME OF THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE "NANTUCKET FOLLIES"

A number of the members of the "cast" of the "Nantucket Follies", presented by Austin Strong last week, posed before Boyer's camera the day following the performance, with the result pictured below.



AUSTIN STRONG AND HIS "SISTER"
Mr. Strong and Miss Sarah Bunker Winslow



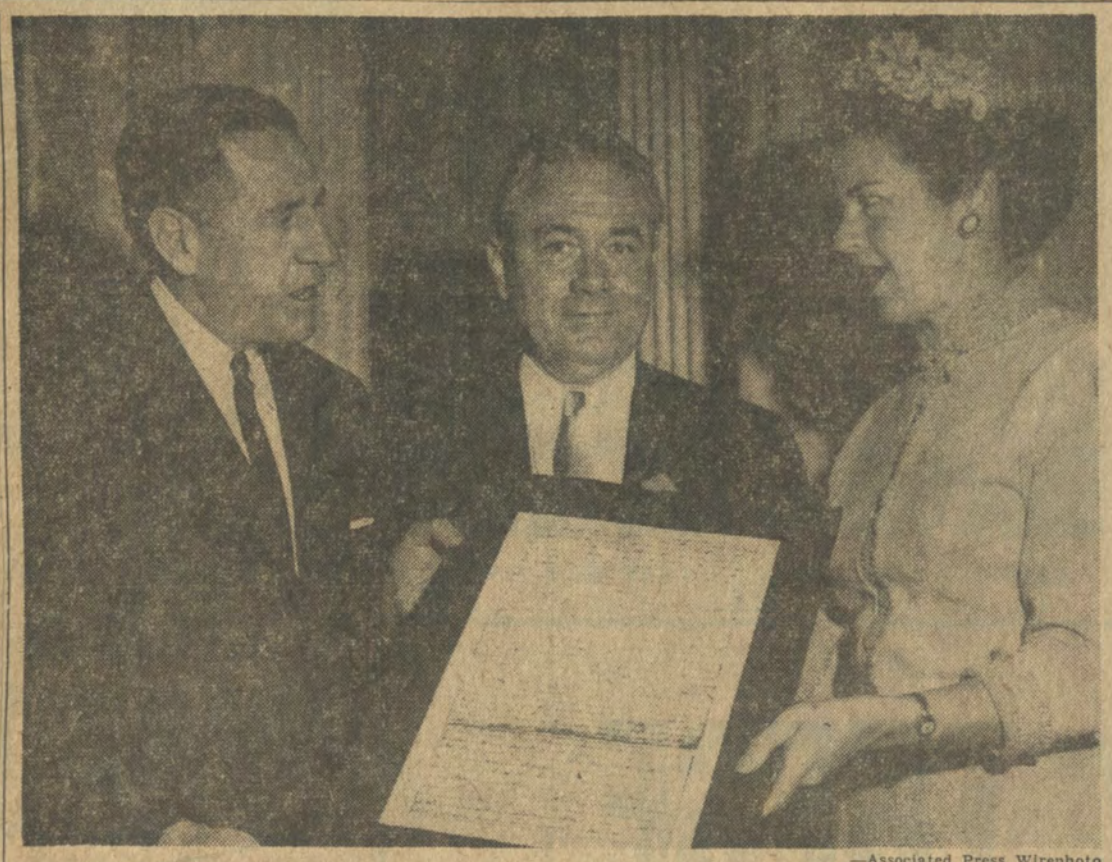
CAPT. WALTER N. CHASE
Hero of the Kirkham Wreck in 1892.



MEMBERS OF THE SHIP'S CREW.

"The Dog Watch", in which the above group, and others, enacted a scene aboard ship on the deep sea, was one of the most interesting features of the "Follies" program. Those in "The Dog Watch" who did not pose in this photograph were William Applebye-Robinson, Arthur Westgate Jones, Nelson Ewer, Edgar F. Wyer, Nelson Dunham, Archibald Cartwright and John Fisher, Jr.

From left to right—Standing, George A. Grant and George Arthur Folger. Seated—Benjamin Williams, Capt. B. Whitford Joy, John Cross, Stephen Hussey, Charles Lamb, Joseph Fisher, Wallace Long.



—Associated Press Wirephoto

NANTUCKET ENVOY to Brussels Fair, Mrs. Ruth Ley of Belmont and Nantucket shows Governor Foster Furcolo a copy of a page from the log book of the whale ship Topaz which she is taking to the World's Fair in Brussels. Residents of Nantucket are sponsoring Mrs. Ley's trip to the fair where she will lecture and show pictures on the beauty of the island. Massachusetts commerce commissioner John T. Burke is in center. Log book mentions last survivor of the Mutiny on the Bounty living on Pitcairn Island.

Apr. 25, 1958

Enthusiastic Groups Greeted Hobby and Crafts Show.

The Neighbors' - Civic League Hobby and Crafts Show, held on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, was the most successful affair of this type that has yet been arranged on the island.

Staged at The Boathouse, on the end of Commercial Wharf, the show had an ideal setting, and the appreciation of the committee and exhibitors is acknowledged to Mr. and Mrs. Eben Hutchinson, of the Ocean House, who so graciously offered the use of the property.

The committee, headed by Secretary Joseph R. Burgess, had many industrious members, and with the co-operation of the exhibitors, the various articles were carefully arranged and displayed to excellent advantage throughout the two days and one night of the show.

Total proceeds realized from the show were in excess of $500 and this amount goes into the treasury of the sponsoring Civic League.

Tea was served on the porch during the afternoon and evening, with the committee providing excellent food service. The porch commands a view of the entire harbor and shore, which was greatly enjoyed by both visitors and exhibitors.

There were so many outstanding exhibits that it would be unfair to select one or more as particularly attractive. From Nicky Carpenko's fine ship-model at one far corner to Mrs. Elizabeth Carret Woodward's collection of implements (hammer, screwdriver, etc.) as a handiwoman; from Harriett William's beautiful crochet work to Dr. Gilpatrick's display of his skill as a cabinet-maker; from the intricate designs of Mrs. Clifford Stiles' hooked rugs to the shell pictures of Mrs. George H. Yerkes, the show was a remarkable demonstration of the workmanship and pride which go into hobbies and allied crafts.

It was interesting to hear the many comments concerning the details so evident on every hand. Both the type of exhibit and the variety were in fact the outstanding characteristic of the show as a whole. It was interesting to observe that such skilled island craftsmen as Lincoln Ceely, Earl S. Ray and Wallace Long have hobbies closely allied to their trades. Mr. Ceely's reverse painting on glass for his mirrors; Mr. Ray's workmanship and design in his barometer, and Mr. Long's excellent paintings of two schooners, showed to good advantage.

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The collection of mechanical banks exhibited by Richard M. Lederer, Jr., (as selected from his large collection) had a definite appeal, especially among the children. So popular did they become, that it was necessary to empty them several times during the show, and an avalanche of pennies went into the general fund.

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Perhaps the most unusual hobby "on display" was that of Howard C. Barber—who exhibited a "barber-shop quartet" in the persons of John S. Chapman, Claude Bond, Edouard Stackpole and himself. The four sang some old favorites, including two sea chanties, and made several appearances during the show. On Thursday, the "Barnacles" sang, with Dr. H. Brooks Walker taking his usual place as the "lead."

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Nelson O. Dunham, one of the island's painting contractors, has several hobbies, but his display of cabinet work in his dressing table and mirrors showed mastery of that difficult hobby.

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The collection of old documents by Richard Lederer, Sr., of Polpis and New York, contained a most unusual array of historic autographs. Taken from his extensive collection, this display featured documents and letters autographed by George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Francis Scott Key, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Carroll of Carollton, Brigham Young, John Hancock, Gen. U. S. Grant, George Bernard Shaw, William Shirley and William Rotch—the latter the famous Nantucket Quaker merchant.

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The interesting hobby of making model furniture and toys, as well as ivory carving, was that of Hugh K. MacDougall.

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The cane seating of chairs was an allied hobby, and the work of David and Nancy Austin and Frank and Julia Crocker revealed high skill, as did the exhibit of Edward Backus' rush-seated chairs.

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The "Nantucket Recorder Ensemble" was the name given by four summer residents who exhibited the instruments "the recorder", which is a flute-like reed instrument which had its origin two centuries ago. The ensemble consists of Mrs. Buell P. Mills, Mrs. W. H. Craig, Mrs. W. P. Constable, and Alexander E. Hoyle.

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A fine display of hooked rugs was made through the entries of Mrs. William J. Blair, Mrs. E. H. Newhall, Mrs. William Reis, and Mrs. Gertrude Monaghan. These were hung about the walls in vantage spots, so the quality of the work could be shown to advantage.

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That the re-finishing of old furniture, including some valuable antiques, is a hobby favored by numerous islanders was evidenced by the excellent examples on display. Miss Ellen Ramsdell, Mr. and Mrs. David Austin, Antone Sylvia, Mrs. Lawrence Mooney, C. L. Sibley, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Coffin displayed a variety of tables, chairs, stands, etc., which revealed patient work and fine results.

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Gordon Turner, one of the island's radio enthusiasts who has a sending and receiving set, displayed some of his "Q. S. L." cards. These are those sent by operators contacting one another, and this display showed contacts from many parts of the country as well as from foreign nations.

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Three cleverly executed models occupied places in the little hall by the door. The model of the Unitarian Church, made several years ago by Ning Der, young Chinese boy then residing in Nantucket, was admired, and many baseball fans were numbered among the many examining "Buddy" Mooney's detailed model of Fenway Park, completed this spring.

Elmore Swain, the Nantucket contractor, displayed a model of a colonial cottage, similar to the type which he has built on Brant Point.

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David Wood had an excellent display of his hobby in stencilling, including examples of restoring rare stenciling.

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Seated in costume beside her extensive collection of articles "From My Family Attics," was Mrs. Howard Barber. The articles included 17th century apostolic spoons, Revolutionary War muster rolls, a sampler, a whale's tooth, etc. Close by, Mrs. N. B. Rogers showed a rare old quilt and old costumes.

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W. J. Hedden, of Nantucket, had an unusual collection of old bells collected from all over the world. The bells were of varied shapes and tones and were shown to advantage.

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Ruth Haviland Sutton, artist and lithographer, exhibited some of the unusual boxes she has collected.

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There were a number of exhibits of basketry. Capt. Horace Norcross, oldest male Nantucketer, who is in his 89th year, showed two lightship baskets of his making. George H. Mackay, of Nantucket and Brookline, had several baskets of excellent construction and Jose Reyes had an exhibit which included his special type of weaving.

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Miss Edith S. Mason showed some items from her collection of antiques. Gladys Emerson Cook exhibited a number of items from her interesting collection of early prints of cats and dogs. Martie Jenkins Post had on display a number of items from her collection of antique china figures.

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Joseph and Ida Amrein, of the Nantucket Shop, displayed examples of the work of Nantucket silversmiths.

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A collection of miniature dogs of all sizes and shapes, exhibited by Merle Turner Blackshaw, shared a part of the room where Miss Emily Hickey displayed puppets she had made to illustrate a scene from Hansel and Gretel, and where Mrs. David Lewis displayed chair seats in petit point after scenes from the Arabian Nights. Hooked rugs in designs from Chester Court were shown by Mrs. Gertrude Monaghan, and Harriett Lord showed some of her collection of old tiles.

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Mrs. Helen Congdon had an interesting display of heraldry. Among the coats-of-arms she has drawn she showed those of Bartlett, Berrien, Glidden, Grimes, Macy and Wyer.

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Mrs. Irene S. Kahn had some unusual oval trays on display. Fine examples of needle-point were shown by Mrs. Burnham N. Dell.

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Assorted Nantucket jellies were a display by Mrs. James P. Coffin, and Elsie Gleason Sloan exhibited some old book-marks collected from American family bibles.

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The handicraft of pottery was also a part of the show, with Mrs. Edmonds Putney exhibiting materials and tools as well as ceramics.

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Mrs. Marion Sibley's two photographs of rare birds was an excellent sample of another type of hobby.

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Bertha Fuller Sturgis exhibited Nantucket shells in unique arrangements. A collection of glass salts, including some Nantucket items, was shown by Miss Elizabeth Fulton.

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Miss Mabel Clark exhibited an oil painting, and Howard Laundry had a design of the Old Mill on copper. Mrs. Estelle Coggins showed what could be done with bits of material, exhibiting a quilted coat and a hooked rug made from various pieces of cloth at a minimum of cost but with a maximum of effective use.

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Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Burgess had an excellent exhibit of Old Tole.

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Marcia Graves Loring, interior decorator, showed some old designs in wallpaper which are being revived.

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Morris Ernst, of Monomoy and New York, had some of his wooden tableware, carved by him in his hobby hours.

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Miss Eleanor Manter, of Nantucket, displayed a large collection of buttons of many varieties.

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Helene Dickinson's orientation of designs and stencils for trays was an attraction together with Mrs. Chatfield's design of the well-known Anglow Tweeds.

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Dr. Gilpatrick's wood-working display had a table, stationery box and a Welsh dresser. Dr. "Gil" had cards describing the wood used, where he obtained it and other details which all made a most interesting exhibit.

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Everett U. Crosby, whose hobbies have led to a number of valuable contributions to Nantucket historical knowledge, had a large show-case on hand, in which were displayed unusual items. The model of the ancient whaleship, made by William Meader in 1768, is perhaps the earliest Nantucket model known. Lightship baskets of long ago were shown, and a few examples of scrimshaw, among them being that carved by Frederick Myrick, for Capt. Prince Coffin, showing the whaler *Susan*—one of six known to be in existence. Also in the case were examples of the work of Nantucket silversmiths, of whom Mr. Crosby wrote in a book published a few years ago.

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In full vantage spots on the wall, the crocheting artistry of Mrs. Susan Crocker and Miss Harriett Williams, Nantucket sisters, were admired by everyone. Mrs. Harry Turner displayed a knitted bedspread which must have taken hours of painstaking work, and Mrs. George A. Folger showed some quilts a century old. Marion Sibley's free-hand decoration in old-time designs was in good company.

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Mrs. Dorothea L. Cochran's hobby of collecting old French and Belgian pewter was displayed on the Welsh dresser made by Dr. Gilpatrick.

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over

On the side, enclosed porch were exhibits of varied scope. Dr. Walter Boyd, who collects Nantucket items, had an 1897 town directory, a first (London) edition of de Crevecoeur's "Letters of An American Farmer," a first edition of the "Globe Mutiny" and a first edition of "Moby Dick" in a small glass cabinet.

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Rev. William E. Gardner's display of "Searching and Scribbling" was a most attractive exhibit. He showed the manuscripts, galley proofs and some source materials which went into the making of his outstanding book "Three Bricks and Three Brothers."

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Dr. Joseph Cochran had a collection of French medals from the 1st World War on display. Adjoining was Jonathan Swain's coin collection, and a stamp collection shown by Charles Flanagan. An exhibit of American Indian Arts and Crafts was shown.

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Mrs. Charles Flanagan displayed some of the Eskimo Scrimshaw collected by her father, the late Eugene Perry,

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An exhibit of block printing on curtain material was shown by Louise Emerson.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Long had a few items here, including some rope beckets by Mr. Long and hooked rugs by Mrs. Long.

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Nikita Carpenko's fine model of the cutter *Search*, now in the collection of Richard Adler, of Birmingham, Ala., shared a show case with Mr. Carpenko's recent design of the famous Marine Corps emblem.

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Mrs. George H. Keyes showed some skillful arrangements with shells to form a framed picture and a doll.

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Mrs. E. H. Newhall's hooked rug, "A National Bouquet," attracted much attention, being designed from the flowers of all the states.

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Mrs. Eben Hutchinson had a display of Cuban craftsmanship, including some skillful use of bone in designing ship models and other articles.

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Horatio Wagner served as a night watchman during the two evenings of the show. He had a fine time chatting with friends when he came down in the afternoon and, armed with a pocketful of cigars, prepared for his night vigil.

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Josephine Boyd, 10-year-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Boyd, displayed some of her free-hand sketches of horses, all of which revealed a real talent and a fine hobby.

AUGUST 28, 1948.

Nantucket Quintet Sings at Hobby Show



This charming quintet in authentic old-fashioned costumes furnished the entertainment at the recent hobby show held at Bennett Hall under the auspices of the Nantucket Civic League. Standing, left to right: Paul Hoadley, Miss Isabelle Worth, Mrs. Howard Barber, C. L. Sibley. Seated at the old melodeon is their leader, Howard Barber.

Hobby and Crafts Show Proved an Outstanding Event.

The importance of home-crafts and hobbies has been advanced many times on Nantucket over the years, but it is doubtful if a more practical demonstration of the great value of these skills has been more effectively demonstrated than the Nantucket Civic League's Hobby and Crafts Show at Bennett Hall on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

The committee in charge of the event was composed of Howard C. Barber, as Chairman, with the following assistants: Miss Edith Mason, Hugh MacDougall, Charles Gerald Snow, Richard Gray, William L. Mather, Mrs. James Reid Parker, C. Clark Coffin, Mrs. W. H. Craig, Rev. Gordon C. Thompson, James Reid Parker, Mrs. Anne W. Kimball, Mrs. Byron Coggins, Mrs. Burnham Dell.

A steady stream of visitors attended the show, many returning with friends. It was noticeable that the majority of spectators were appreciative of the excellent craftsmanship shown in the exhibits of the various wood-working and allied hobbies. A large number of individuals were keenly interested in specialized forms of the crafts, such as ship-model making, cabinet-work, hooked rugs and allied work.

There were exhibits of several types of collections. Mrs. C. L. Sibley had an extensive exhibit of the Bellflower pattern of Sandwich Glass; Mrs. Thomas Sturgis had one of the most intricate hobbies of all on display—the creation of flower pictures with various sizes and styles of seashells, colored to complete the picture.

The unusual ranged from Mr. and Mrs. Willet's detailed hobby of stained glass making to the collection of oriental cages built to hold crickets, shown by J. L. Kolle.

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In the cabinet-making displays, the excellent craftmanship of Wallace Long was again demonstrated in the miniature Grandfather's Clock and the inlaid table; Rudolph Hassay's beautiful drum table and unusual coffee-mill lamp; Edgar Lindstrom's wood-carving, with various steps illustrated; Edward Backus' rush- and cane-seated chairs; Howard Barber's quarterboards; and Mrs. Charles Adshead's carved mirror and serving table.

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The satisfying hobby of fishing had a place in the display with the arrangement of equipment and photos by Mrs. Kitchen and Mrs. Sherwood Smith.

The stage was most attractively set off by a display of native flowers and pines by the Nantucket Maria Mitchell Association, in conjunction with flower arangements by Mrs. DeMenocal, Mrs. Dell, Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. Seeler and the several varieties of geraniums displayed by Alexander Hoyle.

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Howard Barber, together with his duties as chairman, combined an exhibit of photos showing choral groups in costume, which he has organized in the past, with the "real thing." Two groups of songsters appeared on a number of occasions during the show, having been "collected" by Mr. Barber as special audible attractions. The first group was "Ye Olde Tymers," with Mrs. Barber, Miss Isabel Worth, C. L. Sibley, Paul Hoadley and Mr. Barber appearing in costume to sing around the old melodeon on a small platform. This group was introduced as "Aramanthy Matilda Coolidge, Patience Pepperell, Manassa Doolittle, Deuteronomy Pettyjohn and Ebenezer Snodgrass, from Hope-Valley, in the Green Mountains." The costumes were authentic and drew an instant attention from the gathering—which enjoyed the singing in equal measure.

The second group of singers was titled "The Three Shavers," and was a "barber-shop trio." Mr. Barber was the bass, Rev. David Foulk the lead, an E. A. Stackpole the tenor.

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One of the most important of the displays was that of the Colonial Crafts Shop, in which Lewis S. Edgarton demonstrated how a Nantucket type of paneled door may be reproduced, as well as distinct types of molding and other finish processes. His screen door was durable and well designed.

The hooked rugs, crocheting and wood-finishing display shown by the several ladies was, as during the first hobby show, assembled last year, one of the particularly pleasing features of the show. One exhibitor showed a rug in the process of being hooked, while another displayed a large rug-runner that, at a distance, resembled a patch-work quilt. The crochet work was equally admired.

The Show was open from 2 p. m. to 9 p. m. on Wednesday and from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. on Thursday.

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The list of the exhibitors is as follows:

Mrs. Charles Adshead—serving table, carved mirror.

Miss Ida E. Amrein—candlesticks with sperm whale oil candles and decorative types.

Miss Ethel Anderson—Hand-painted lampshades, 2 lamps.

Mrs. James M. Andrews—Fan, silk fire screen.

Edward Backus—rush- and cane-seated chairs.

Mrs. Edward Backus—Hooked rug in process of making; flowers in a favorite container.

Mrs. William H. Barney—Collection of Nantucket glass salt cellars.

Mrs. Mertice Bianchi—Chippendale tray.

Mrs. William J. Blair—Hooked rug.

William J. Blair—Screen painted with Nantucket scenes.

Mrs. Joseph Burgess—Decorated trays, 2 re-finished chairs.

Mrs. Margaret Burnside—Stenciled trays.

Mrs. Catherine Campbell—1 Pontypool tray.

William Chamberlain — Ship-in-a bottle; canvas bag.

Nikita Carpenko—Wood carving.

Mrs. H. G. Chatfield—Anglow Tweeds, 2 pieces, 2 throws, hat, suit, scarf, painting.

Colonial Crafts Shop (Lewis S. Edgarton)—Nantucket style paneled door, screen door, molding designs.

Walter C. Crane—3 ship models.

Aquila Cormie—Hand-forged iron pitch-fork, with rope design handle.

Mrs. Walter C. Crane—Ceramics, 11 pieces.

Mrs. Susan Crocker—crocheting, embroidery.

Julia Crocker—Old washstand and chest re-finished.

Mrs. A. Morris Crosby—Pair of gloves.

Louis S. Davidson—Photographs.

Lee Parsons Davis—Hooked rugs.

Mrs. B. N. Dell—Flower arrangement in favorite container.

Mrs. Daniel A. DeMenocal—Flower arrangments.

Nelson O. Dunham—Cabinet work; table, mirror, mirror clock, quarterboard, 2 children's chairs.

Mrs. Nelson Dunham—Crocheted bedspread.

Louise Emerson—1 rug.

Miss Grace Brown Gardner—Nantucket History—collection of old programs of island organizations.

Thomas Giffin—2 airplane models.

Isaac and Mike Harter—Model-making—ships and airplane.

Rudolph Hassay—Cabinet maker's work—drum table, spice shelf, coffee-grinder lamp, cigarette box.

Rev. William Horton — Ancient bronze mirror, Okinawa lacque tray.

Alexander Hoyle—Geraniums.

Mrs. John Kitchen—Needle point.

John Kolle—Orient cricket cages.

Edgar T. Lindstrom—Ship models and woodwork.

Wallace Long—Cabinet maker's work. Miniature Grandfather's clock, quarterboard, child's chair, console, mirror with reverse painting, table.

Harriet Lord—Tile table, tiles.

Mrs. Marcia Graves Loring—Wallpaper, fabrics, painted boxes.

Hugh MacDougall—Miniature flower arrangements with stands.

Maria Mitchell Association—Native plant arrangements on stage.

Frank Mather—Chinese models.

Allen Mills—Clay bowls.

Sarah Mills—Model circus, butterflies.

The Misses Monaghan—Needlepoint handbag, door stops.

Mrs. Lawrence Mooney—Drop-leaf table, dry sink.

Mrs. Edward H. Newhall—2 hooked rugs.

Mrs. Jessica Nixon—Metal and shellcraft (25 pieces.)

Priscilla Nixon—Leather, textile.

Mrs. Walter G. Pollak—Quilt and sampler.

Mrs. Alfred C. Prime—Cowrie shell snuff boxes, needlepoint pocketbooks.

Mrs. Edmonds Putney — Pottery bowls.

Mrs. Earl S. Ray—Hooked rug.

Earl S. Ray—Painting, clock.

William L. Reis—Hooked rug.

Mrs. Valle Reyburn—1 native plant arrangement.

Jose Formoso Reyes—Basketry.

Mrs. C. L. Sibley—Collection of Sandwich glass.

Mrs. Sherwood Smith and Mrs. John Kitchen—Fishing equipment with photographs and "The Compleat Angler."

Mrs. E. V. Seeler—Flower arrangement and tools.

Mrs. Clifford Stiles—Rugs, mat.

Mrs. Thomas Sturgis—Seven shell pictures representing flowers.

Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton—Collection of boxes.

Mrs. Robert Swinburne—Sewing box.

Charlotte Taylor—Ceramics.

Mrs. George Thompson, Jr.—Glass.

Mike Todd—Canvas and rope work.

Mitchell Todd—Tray (inlaid.)

Gordon Turner—Stamp book.

Mrs. H. B. Turner—Bedspread.

Miss Doris E. Wensberg—Shells in design.

Henry L. Willet—Stained glass.

Muriel Crosby Willet — Stained glass.

Harriet Williams—Hooked rug.

Mrs. Elizabeth Woodward—Garden tools.

Mrs. George Yerkes—Shellwork; miniature room; tile table.

Nantucket Weavers—Weaving.

Aug. 27, 1949

Piazza Gave Way.

The residents of Brant Point and North Water street were startled about 9.30 o'clock, Monday evening, by a crash, accompanied by heart-rending shrieks, and following up the direction of the sound, came upon a scene of wild confusion in the rear of The Springfield, where the piazza had given way, precipitating a large number of persons in a promiscuous heap, a distance of eight or ten feet, and the cries that had attracted attention were uttered by the injured and panic-stricken.

It appears that following an entertainment in the hotel parlor, which was given for the benefit of the "Merry Workers" fund, the spectators were invited to participate in further entertainment on the piazza, where a "dime museum" had been arranged, with some very clever "freaks." A rail had been placed across the veranda, to prevent the spectators crowding in upon the performers, and was so located that the audience were congregated near the rear entrance to the hotel.

Suddenly a crackling sound was followed by a crash, as the central girder tore away from its fastenings to the house, and a section of the veranda some dozen feet square broke through, precipitating the horrified spectators downward and piling them in a confused mass. Those of them who were located nearest the house were the greatest sufferers, as they were first to fall, the others sliding down upon them with sledge-hammer velocity, inflicting bruises and cuts innumerable, to add to the injuries sustained by the fall. The section where the performers were located remained intact, and they were left gazing awe-stricken into the abyss of suffering.

But cool heads soon led to the work of relief, and there were plenty of willing hands to participate. Many of the injured, forgetful of their own suffering, lent a helping hand as soon as they could extricate themselves from the tangled heap, and it was not long before all were released, and under the care of a corps of physicians who had been speedily summoned, including local surgeons and a number of medical students who were sojourning near by.

As nearly as can be ascertained, some thirty persons were injured; but fortunately the seriously hurt were comparatively few, and are all now doing finely. They are as follows:

Mrs. George S. Forbush (whose case was the most serious of all), of Boston, sustained fractures of the tibia and fibula of the left leg, and had both ankles dislocated.

Mr. A. H. Winton, of Pennsylvania, sustained a dislocation of an ankle and bruises.

Mr. W. P. Innis, of Chelsea, severe sprains feet and ankles, and bruised back and arm.

Mrs. W. P. Innis, severely sprained ankle, bruises and severe shock to nervous system.

Mr. J. W. Crocker, of South Boston, severely strained knee and bruises about head and arms.

Mrs. I. E. Morrison, of Boston, bruised and severely shocked nervous system, producing nausea.

Mr. E. J. Morrison, of Boston, legs strained and cut.

Miss Lottie Alley, of this town, back injured, ankle sprained, and bodily bruises.

Mrs. A. O. Russell, of Cincinnati, ankle sprained.

Mrs. Mary A. Simpson, of this place, severe nervous shock and injury to knee.

Mr. C. S. Hills, head slightly cut and ankle sprained.

Mrs. H. S. Valentine, of this town, Mr. Preston C. Nason, of Boston, Mrs. Andrew J. Morton, of Boston, Hon. Elijah A. Morse, of Canton, Mr. Burr, of Kansas City, and some others, suffered only from bruises or slight scratches.

When our reporter called at the hotel Thursday noon, he found some of the injured moving about the corridor, and five still confined to their beds, but all doing well. Of those of our own people who were hurt, Miss Alley and Mrs. Simpson are still bed-keepers, and Mrs. Forbush, as her injuries indicate, will be unable to be about for some time.

The people with whom we conversed were loud in praise of the unremitting attention bestowed upon them by landlord and Mrs. Mowry and the employees of the house. Nothing is left undone that their comfort demands, and their good cheer is manifested by the jollity and repartee that is constantly going on in the hospital ward, where Mr. Morrison spreads his wit about among his fellow-sufferers, and has a ready reply for all their sallies. He only wants to meet the 180 pound man who fell on his neck.

To relate the individual experiences would occupy too great space and time, but they are interesting to a great degree. Mr. Innis and wife arrived that evening, and had just stepped upon the veranda when the crash came. Mr. Innis seized her, and by a superhuman effort, so braced himself that his wife, who was the undermost, received only a partial pressure of the mass of struggling humanity.

Many who were in the basement rushed to the rear door to render aid, but were foiled, as the door opened outward and was completely blockaded by the debris.

Lawrence Mack, an employee, was just opening the screen door under the piazza when the crash came, and he jumped back in season to escape harm.

Miss Mertie Harding was precipitated with the others, and shot down the toboggan landing upon her feet, and dashed out to the yard uninjured.

And there were other incidents of similar nature that occurred.

The cause of the disaster was the improper construction of the veranda, which was quite recently constructed, there being no supports for the inner end of the floor joists, which were simply butted against the house and nailed, the same being the case with the cross ties. By daylight next morning workmen were on hand and repairs made of a substantial nature that precludes the possibility of a similar catastrophe.

AUGUST 4, 1894.

Accident at "The Springfield"

A CROWDED VERANDA GIVES WAY,

Precipitating a Score of Persons to the Ground!

A Dozen More or Less Injured—The Majority but Slightly.

A portion of the veranda on the east side or rear of the Springfield house gave way about half past 9 o'clock, Monday evening while crowded with people, precipitating some twenty-five or thirty about ten feet to the ground. Two or three were severely injured, eight or ten slightly, and all received more or less of a shaking up.

An entertainment had been given during the evening in the parlors of the hotel for the benefit of the "Merry Workers'" fund and at the close some of the guests improvised a "dime museum" show on the piazza, to which the guests and spectators were invited. As the crowd surged out they naturally congregated near the door bringing a tremendous weight on one section of the veranda, when suddenly the end of the centre girder attached to the house gave way carrying with it the cross ties and flooring of a section some ten or twelve feet square. The outer end remained fast to the sill and the startled spectators were precipitated down the inclined plane and piled one upon another in a promiscuous heap, those nearest the house being undermost and sustaining the more serious injuries.

For a moment everyone was panic-stricken, but cool heads quickly regained their self-possession and willing hands soon extricated the unfortunate ones from their predicament.

Drs. Grouard and Williams were quickly on hand and rendered surgical aid where needed, but the majority of the injuries consisted of minor bruises and scratches. The more seriously injured were made as comfortable as possible and taken to their homes or apartments in the hotel.

It is a matter of universal congratulation that no lives were lost. The most seriously injured are:

Mrs. Forbush, of Boston, wife of George S. Forbush, Esq., compound fracture of one leg and dislocation of both ankles.

Mr. Winton of Scranton, Pa., ankle dislocated.

Miss Lottie Alley, of this town, injuries to back and sprained ankle.

Mrs. Mary A. Simpson, of this town, injuries to leg and back, and nervous prostration.

Others more or less seriously injured are:

W. P. Innis of Chelsea, both ankles sprained and arm and back injured.

Mrs. W. P. Innis, ankle severely sprained.

Preston C. Nason of Boston, hand injured.

Hon. Elijah A. Morse of Canton, arm bruised.

Mrs. Annie Waite of New York, slight abraisons.

Mrs. H. S. Valentine, of this town, foot slightly injured.

Mrs. Andrew J. Morton, of Boston, bruised slightly.

E. D. Morrison, of Boston, and Mrs. J. E. Morrison of Boston, bruised and shaken up.

J. W. Crocker, of Boston, bruised.

Mr. Burr, of Kansas City, slight injuries.

One or two others were more or less injured whose names we failed to learn. In fact an air of reticence has prevailed regarding the nature and extent of the injuries sustained which has rendered the obtaining of information in several instances difficult and embarrassing. The absurdity of attempting to suppress any facts in connection with the affair however, is so apparent that we have felt constrained to respectfully refuse all such requests.

Tuesday there were at least eight persons confined to their beds in consequence of the accident. All are steadily improving and the majority will be up and about as usual in a few days. Landlord Mowry and his associates have been unremitting in their solicitations for the comfort of the injured, and at the time of the accident the guests who escaped vied with each other in ministrations to the unfortunates.

Nearly everyone connected with the disaster had an "experience" to relate and some are quite interesting.

Mr. W. P. Innis, special examiner for the State Aid department, accompanied by his wife, arrived at the hotel that evening and had just stepped out on the piazza when it fell. Throwing his arm around his wife Mr. Innis braced himself against the house and partially shielded her from the press of the crowd which would otherwise have crushed her.

Mr. Nason, who during his sojourn here acts as correspondent for several publications, had started to take notes of the entertainment. He had written but a single line when the catastrophe occurred and he found himself on the ground with his hand maimed, his coat nearly torn off, and note book and pencil vanished.

Mr. Lawrence Mack, an employee of the hotel, had a narrow escape from annihilation. He started out of the basement door which opens outward under the piazza just as the structure fell, striking the door and forcing it to, and preventing his egress.

The piazza was constructed several years ago, and was some twelve feet wide, running the entire length of the building. The girders were simply butted against the sill of the house and a nail "toed" in on each side. The cross-ties to which the flooring was nailed were even less firmly secured to the girders, being "toe-nailed" on but one side of each end, and not a cleat or support of any kind under the piazza, save at the outer edges. It goes without saying that it has been thoroughly and substantially repaired and no precaution omitted to render a repetition of the accident practically impossible not on only on this but every other piazza around the hotel.

Aug. 2, 1894

Straw Riders Injured in Runaway.

About thirty of the young men and women employed in the Sea Cliff hotel started forth on a straw ride to Surfside, late Tuesday evening, which terminated in a shocking accident, wherein seven of the young ladies were quite severely injured and others in the party more or less bruised.

The accident occurred by the frightening of a pair of horses belonging to J. H. Wood & Son, which were drawing an old hay rack, laden with the young people. Ahead of the hay rack was a single team carrying a party of a dozen or so, and the combined noise issuing from the horns and bells, added to the shouts of the joy riders, was enough to frighten most any steed. Aside from the usual equipment of a straw ride party, the hay cart carried a heavy-toned bell, and the din behind them caused the horses to bolt. Just as they reached the top of the hill on Cliff Road, they got beyond the control of the driver, Lawrence Mooney, and the outfit dashed down the hill at a terrific speed, close behind the other section of the party.

Although Mooney succeeded in heading the runaway team around the corner into North Water street, he was unable to prevent the over-turning of the vehicle, and the occupants were hurled to the concrete pavement in a mass of shrieking humanity. The horses collided with a tree on the west side of the street, near the residence of Herbert G. Worth, and were thrown from their feet by the impact, else they would probably have struck the team ahead and a second accident resulted.

Seven of the young ladies who were in the hay cart were severely injured, one of them, Miss Catherine Riley, of Boston, receiving a fractured skull, a terribly lacerated face, and her tongue being cut in two its entire length. Miss Anna O'Brien of Worcester received a serious wound in the side, and several others were injured so as to necessitate medical treatment. The injured persons were taken into the office of Dr. J. S. Grouard, where their wounds received proper attention, and they were later removed to their quarters at the Sea Cliff. Miss Riley's injuries were of such a serious nature as to necessitate her being taken to St. Luke's hospital in New Bedford, and, although it was at first feared her case would result fatally, her condition was favorable at last reports, but she will probably be disfigured for life.

Those who were in the party speak in the highest terms of the efforts made by the driver to check the runaway horses, and Mooney himself was badly cut and bruised when he struck the concrete as the hay rack overturned. It is remarkable that more of the young people were not seriously injured, or that no fatality resulted, as the old wagon was almost completely demolished. Blame for the runaway is in the main attached to the joy riders themselves, who had been warned not to commence their noise until outside the limits of the town, where the driver would have ample room to control the horses should they become frightened. The names of the more seriously injured members of the party are:

Miss Catherine Riley, fractured skull, face badly mangled, tongue torn, possible internal injuries.

Miss Anna O'Brien, bad wound in left side, necessitating several stitches in closing. Severe bodily bruises.

Ilene Maher, wrenched shoulder and back, with numerous bruises.

Nellie Garrity, face badly cut.

Mary Mitchell, severe bruises and bad shaking up.

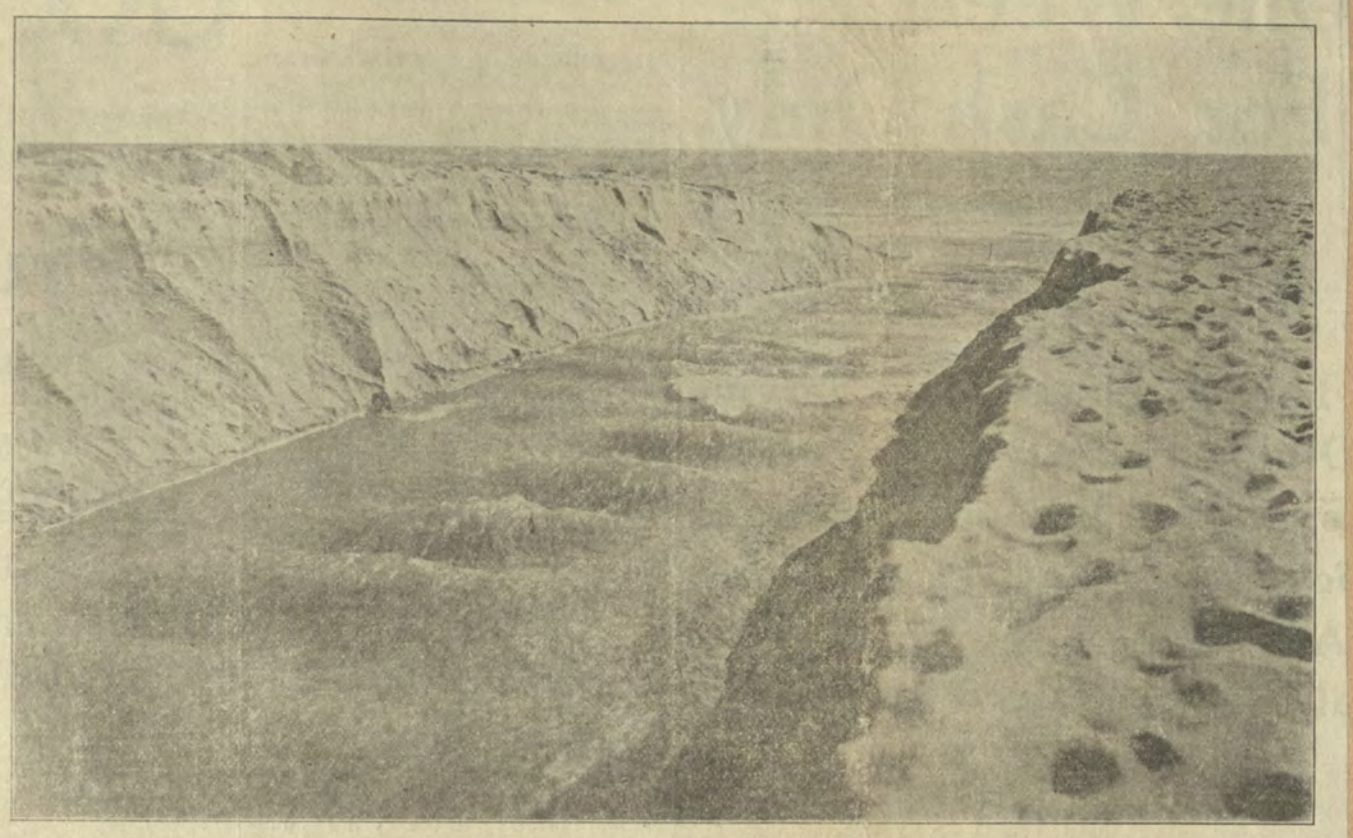
Catherine Willis, lacerated hand and arm.

Bessie Riley, cut on head.

Albert Mabee, left side and arm injured.

Lawrence Mooney, face cut and bruised.

Aug. 27, 1910



MIACOMET POND FLOWING OUT TO SEA

What Miacomet Pond Was Doing Flowing Out to Sea.

A few weeks ago a subscriber to The Inquirer and Mirror, in acknowledging receipt of the 1916 souvenir calendar, commented on the picture which appears on the April sheet and queried: "Miacomet Pond Flowing Out to the Sea"—what does that mean? What is a perfectly respectable pond like the Miacomet doing flowing out to sea?"

In acknowledging his query we promised to make an explanation of "what Miacomet Pond was doing flowing out to the sea," believing that there are doubtless many other persons who will see that picture and not understand its exact meaning. Of course every Nantucketer knows what it means, but there are so many subscribers to The Inquirer and Mirror who are not Nantucketers—but wish they were—that a reply to the query of our correspondent may be appreciated, especially as the accompanying illustrations will help tell the story.

Miacomet Pond was flowing out to the sea because the hand of man made it do so, as the hand of man has done periodically for generation after generation. Last year—when the camera caught the pond "running out" and making such an attractive picture—it was done not only by the hand of man, but by vote of the town and under an appropriation made for the purpose at the annual town meeting. And Hummock and Sesachacha ponds also "flowed out" and the $193 which the triple job cost the town was money well invested, even if there does still exist the same old question as to who owns the ponds of Nantucket—the proprietors-of-common-and- undivided-lands or the state of Massachusetts.

Many, many tons of beach sand were removed from the strips of land which separate the ponds from the sea before they "flowed out" and it is this procedure and the reasons therefor which our subscriber desired to learn about.

Fresh water ponds like those on Nantucket get stale, and at certain periods they are greatly improved if they are "opened" and their waters allowed to run out into the ocean until the water in the pond reaches sea level. When the pond has "run down" the tide rises and the salt water rushes into the pond and brings the "improvement" desired, the opening across the beach sometimes remaining there for days before it commences to fill up and finally closes again.

Without attention from the hand of man the ponds, especially in the spring and summer months, become too full and rise over adjacent meadows. The water gets stale and foul, and, at Sesachacha, frequently overstocked with perch. The grass about the shores gets long and slimey and it sometimes extends out 20 or 30 feet from shore. Consequently the water in the ponds, although fed from springs, gets rather stagnant, in a measure, and "needs changing". The easiest way to change it, to improve it, is by digging a long trench through the beach and "letting the pond flow out to the sea", as Miacomet was doing when the camera was snapped for the illustration on our April calendar sheet.

There are four large ponds on Nantucket—Long, Hummock, Miacomet and Sesachacha—only one of which has connection with the sea continually. Long pond was many years ago "opened" by the hand of man when Madaket Ditch was dug from Madaket harbor along the narrow, twisting little water-way until it reached the pond. And it has ever since been kept open by means of the ditch, the town appropriating money each year for the purpose of taking care of the ditch and keeping it clean and of sufficient width to permit the fishermen to catch eels and herring in their respective seasons.

But Hummock, Miacomet and Sesachacha ponds have no ditch to keep their waters from getting stagnant, and consequently they need "opening" occasionally. And it is some job, too—especially at Miacomet, where the beach separating the pond from the ocean is wider than at either of the other ponds. It would be difficult to even estimate on the number of tons of sand which have to be removed in "opening" Miacomet, before the first little streamlet will trickle through to the ocean. The beach is at least 300 feet wide at that point, with a long slope down to the ocean through which the cut must be made.

Usually the work is done on a Sunday, because then the men who are interested in the procedure are not otherwise employed and can unite their labors. When the proper time for opening the pond seems to have arrived, the plans are all made the night previous, the word is passed around, and early in the morning the gang goes out armed with plenty of shovels and a couple of pairs of horses for the heavy work of "scooping".

Two big iron scoops are carried out and as soon as the horses are harnessed the work commences, the trench being started at what seems to be the lowest point on the crown of the beach. A man skillful in the use of a two-horse scoop is an important factor in carrying the work along suc-



1—Digging the trench through the beach at the head of Miacomet. The horses and scoops were working almost at the edge of the surf when the picture was taken, and the shovelers were removing the sand from the bottom of the trench, the digging having been in progress about seven hours.



2—Scooping away the sand-bar at the edge of the pond after the final word has been given "to let her out". The water has by this time worked through the sand at the head of the trench and made it "mushy," so that a person could not pass from one side to the other dry-shod.

cessfully, for there is a "knack" in filling the scoop each time and in emptying it at the proper moment, which can be gained only by experience.

The start is never made very close to the pond itself—instead it is some distance away, where the horses commence their work—and it needs a pair of strong, well-trained horses, too. As the trench gradually assumes its form and length the horses are driven down one side and up the other, across the width, the man who manipulates the scoop filling it by a dexterous movement of the handles just at the lowest point, and as soon as the horses have mounted the other side of the trench he gives a reverse movement to the scoop and empties it, the outfit being at once turned around and the performance repeated in the opposite direction, the ditch each time being one scoopful deeper and the bank on the side one scoopful higher, with the labor for the horses increasing correspondingly.

The men with the shovels are busily at work in the trench which has been started by the scoops, throwing the sand back as they dig their way inch by inch down into the beach, until they have a trench about three feet wide, cut straight down through the beach on a steady incline, until the sides in places are nearly ten feet high, owing to the depth of the cut and the big heaps of sand on each side. Hour after hour the work progresses, with aching arms and tired backs, while many a person who has been made aware that the pond was to be "let out" takes the opportunity for a drive or ramble out from town to watch the work.

Usually it is well along in the afternoon [See illustration No. 1] before the trench has been dug down to the proper depth to insure free passage of the water into the sea, and then the work at the lower end ceases, and horses and scoops and men and shovels are ordered up to the pond, which seems to be lapping at the little bit of a sandstrip which has been left undisturbed in order to hold the water back in the pond while the digging progresses. Both pairs of horses are now put at work. The first scoop which digs into the sand near the edge of the pond causes water to show itself and with each succeeding scoopful removed the sand that is left is mushy and seems to be half water. [See illustration No. 2].

In a few minutes the horses have difficulty in making their way through, the men working the scoops sink knee deep in the mud, and it is then that the force with the shovels gets busy. Everybody hustles and the shovels fly merrily, while the water from the pond shows signs of breaking through into the ditch even before the preliminary work is completed. Finally the man who is overseering the work—usually John S. Appleton at Miacomet, John H. Bartlett at Hummock and William H. Norcross at Sesachacha—gives the word and the shovelers dig away the narrow barrier of sand which is serving as a dam. A thin stream of water trickles down into the head of the trench and slowly worms its way along. The shovelers at the shore of the pond continue their work as long as they are able to stand, and gradually the stream of water increases in size until it fills the bottom of the trench and actually works its way along into the ocean. [See illustration No. 3].

But even then there is a bit of uncertainty as to whether the opening will "run" and the men with their shovels keep digging away along the entire line of the trench, removing lumps of sand which seem to be hindering a free movement of the water. Once the upper end has been opened freely, however, the water rushes down and eats its way into the trench, finally getting so deep and the current so strong that the shovelers are obliged to scramble up on the bank and leave it to its own efforts. [See illustration No. 4].

Within ten minutes after the water had started Miacomet pond was flowing out to the sea in a stream three feet wide. Within ten minutes more it had increased to four feet—in a half hour it was five feet—and then it commenced to "ripple", which was a sign that the "opening" had been a success. The "ripples" are caused by the action of the water cutting into the sand on the bottom of the trench and they seemingly work directly against the current, starting almost from the very edge of the surf, where



3—When the pond first starts to flow out. The men who wear "long-leggers" remain in the water as long as possible, plying their shovels vigorously until the head of the trench gets so deep and the force of the outrushing water so strong that they can no longer maintain a footing.



4—Looking down the "opening" towards the sea a few minutes after the pond had commenced to flow out. One of the shovelers is seen working knee-deep near the edge of the surf, where the trench was not dug deep enough at first. The first "ripples" are starting to work. A few minutes after this picture was taken the man was obliged to leave the trench owing to the strength of the current.

the pond water spreads out across the beach in a stream several times the width of the trench. One by one the "ripples" show themselves, equi-distant apart and mounting one by one up into the trench, until in a few hours they are almost to the edge of the pond, gradually but steadily cutting away the sand on the bottom of the trench until (usually not until the pond has been running out two or three days) the "slope" has been cut down to a level, when the current of water ceases and water flows through only on the rise and fall of the tide in the ocean.

It is the "ripples" which make the "flowing out" of the pond such a pretty and interesting sight. In the calendar picture (here reproduced) they can be plainly seen. even as far back as the ocean, rippling against the current, which was running swiftly away from the camera when the exposure was made the day following the work of "opening," when the pond was flowing out freely.

All signs of the original trench had then disappeared, as the water from the pond, rushing seaward with constantly increasing force, had eaten its way through the beach, with the opening growing wider and wider and deeper and deeper hour after hour and the height of the water in the pond slowly—very slowly—lowering.

For two days and two nights Miacomet pond "flowed out to the sea", until the water left in the pond had reached sea level. And then the rising tide turned the tables and salt water flowed through the trench into the pond. Herring had smelled the fresh water and were lapping the shores, many making their way up through the trench into the pond, and perch and eels occasionally making their way out. Some folks claim that herring go into the fresh water ponds at such times and become perch and that perch go out of the ponds into the sea and become herring. Of that bit of nature study we know naught.

We do know that herring are attracted to the opening when a pond is flowing out and are frequently so numerous and so close to the beach that men can rake them ashore with wooden rakes—but that is usually hours after the pond is first opened.

How long a pond remains open is uncertain—sometimes three or four days, sometimes a week, sometimes more and sometimes less—it all depends upon the conditions of wind, sea, tide and storm. Gradually Nature will repair the damage the hand of man hath wrought and the opening will commence to fill up again, and a few weeks later the beach at the head of the pond will look as it did before the pond was opened. The next year the men will take their horses and their scoops and their shovels and go down and do the same thing over again—to improve the pond. That was what "Miacomet Pond was doing flowing out to the sea" when that picture was taken.



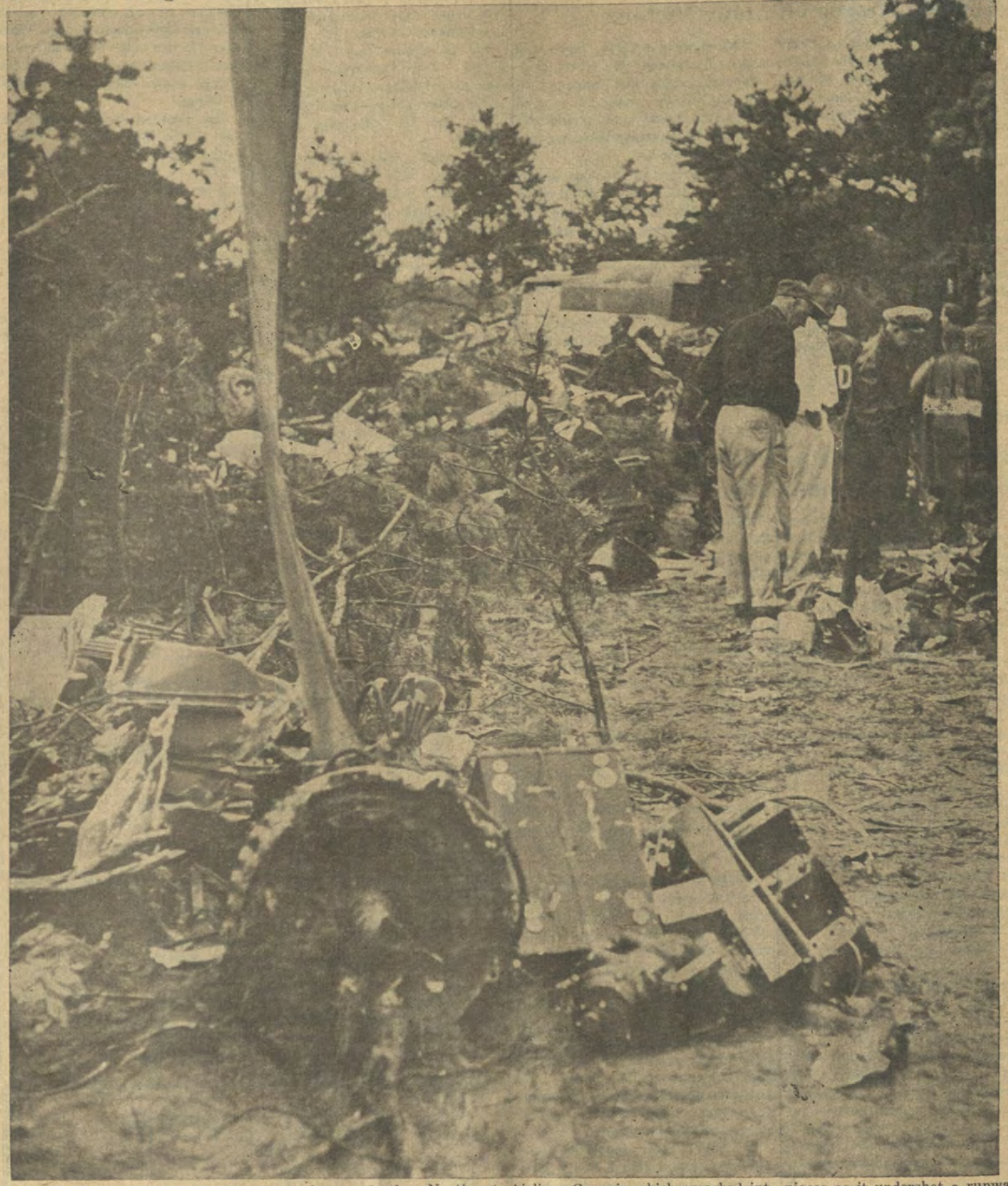
Some of the "Sons and Daughters" gathered in front of "Weweeder Inn" at Surfside after they had disposed of the shore dinner. Photo by Gardiner.

AUGUST 12, 1916



Fortunately, The Inquirer and Mirror's camera caught President William F. Macy, of the "Sons and Daughters," informally addressing his flock at Surfside in an effort to bring a satisfactory pose for the group picture, in which the President happens to be conspicuous by his absence.

Strewn Wreckage



Blade of a propeller and strewn wreckage of the Northeast Airlines Convair which smashed into pieces as it undershot a runway at Memorial Airport are shown in this photo.

Northeast Plane Crash Shocks Entire Island.

A horrible air tragedy struck this island about 11:30 o'clock last Friday night when a Northeast Airlines twin-engine Convair crashed in heavy fog and exploded in flames as it was attempting a landing, kiling 24 of the 34 passengers including the crew.

Friends and relatives waiting at Nantucket Memorial Airport to greet their loved ones were struck speechless with horror as a rolling fog temporarily obscured their vision of the plan circling to the eastward and they saw a ball of fire rising from a grove of pines.

Immediately Northeast employees, airport workers, taxi drivers, and others jumped into their vehicles and raced along the old Navy road to the scene of the crash. The Nantucket Fire Department was summoned and the Nantucket Cottage Hospital was alerted.

The sounding of the fire alarm brought scores of persons to the scene who immediately pitched in to assist with rescue work.

The airliner had plowed a wide swath about 500 feet through an area of scrub pine and literally splintered to pieces as it slashed through the growth. Rescue workers said it appeared that the plane must have skidded around and somersaulted at least once before coming to a halt about 300 yards short of the north-east-southwest runway.

Injured and dead were pitched from the broken plane. One group of 12 passengers were trapped in the tail section which was in flames and were burned to death, the white hot heat of the burning metal stopping the rescue workers from getting near to pull them out.

One of the miracles of the disaster was a 20-month-old baby, Cindy Lou Young, being thrown from the wreckage and found alive. Her mother, Mrs. Jacqueline Young 18, of Joy Street, Nantucket, was enroute home from a trip to Ohio with the youngster and was among those killed. Mrs. Young was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Duce of Joy Street, and wife of Philip Young of Dayton, Ohio.

Among the first to reach the scene were Leslie Costa, operator of the repair shop at the airport and Folmer Stanshigh, maintenance man at the field. They said the fire was "all around" them and "people were crawling away from the wreckage."

Those who were thrown clear or who managed to crawl from it were the first to be picked up and rushed to the hospital.

Ambulances, police cars, trucks, station wagons. and service vehicles were pressed into service in the emergency. For a while there was a shortage of stretchers and Daniel Harrington, a taxi driver, said he found a badly burned woman and the only thing he and another person could find was a wide board to place her on. "She was still on the board when we carried her into the operating room," he said.

Lieutenant-Commander Henry Stevenson personally led a large detail of sailors from the local Naval Facility and furnished a great deal of rescue and lighting equipment. They later guarded the wreckage until a detail of State Police were flown to the island and took charge.

A detail of 16 men from the Coast Guard, led by Group Commander Isadore Souza, served as stretcher bearers.

The service units were highly praised by other rescue workers for the manner in which they threw themselves into the task of combing the wreckage for survivors, trying to help everyone and utilizing their vehicles as ambulances.

One woman was trapped alive under one of the plane's huge engines for nearly an hour crying for help. Volunteer workers dug out from under her to get her in a better position to be pulled out. Finally a rope was attached to the engine and, with the aid of a number of men lifting and pulling, the heavy engine was lifted long enough to get the woman free.

Every available doctor and nurse on the island, including many who were vacationing here, were called to duty at the hospital. Others who were not listed at the hospital rushed there to volunteer their services.

The lobby was crowded with friends and relatives of those aboard the ill-fated airliner. Priests and ministers offered spiritual help.

At the emergency ambulance entrance other volunteers were ready to carry victims to hospital rooms as directed by the nurses. Those who were dead on arrival were placed in the corridor to await identification.

The Red Cross, the Air Force, and other hospital agencies fled into action as the news of the disaster was flashed to the mainland, The Red Cross at Boston sent serum albumin, a shock concentrate, and blood by plane. A C-54 Air Force plane with three flight surgeons and nine medical corpsmen landed here from Otis AFB. Thirty pints of whole blood was flown in from New York and 24 ponts of blood plasma came from New Bedford. The Air Force also sent a Globemaster transport and an amphibian with additional equipment and supplies.

Leroy H. True, hospital administrator, did a masterful job coordinating the various phases of the task at hand. Mrs. Carol Brown, at the telephone switchboard, had her hands full answering the multitude of calls pouring in from all over New England and New York.

The Nantucket Airport was a beehive of activity throughout the night and, despite a thunder and lightning storm, planes continued to come in from New York and Boston loaded with newspapermen and cameramen and officials of Northeast Airlines. It is estimated that 100 reporters flew to the island to cover the tragedy.

As the names of the dead and injured were revealed it was found that the co-pilot, who perished, was David C. Carey, 23, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Carey, of Cambridge and Siasconset. Mr. Carey, the father, is district manager for Shell Oil Company and was vacationing here. He identified the body.

The plane's pilot, Capt. John T. Burnham, 37, of Marshfield, a veteran of eight year's service with the airline, and the stewardess, Miss Eileen Dabek, 23, of Manchester, N. H., also died in the crash.

The three crew members, according to Northeast officials, had just completed a flight to LaGuardia Airport in New York and were told they could take out a later flight than the fatal 258 which had been delayed two hours by bad weather. The three declined a change to another flight and took off at 10:30 on a direct, non-stop flight to the island.

According to a Northeast report, the first radio call from the plane came at 11:14 as it approached Nantucket asking about the weather. The plane was given a within-limits report. At 11::23 the pilot talked with the Radar Approach Control Tower at Otis Air Force Base receiving a report on the weather, the altimeter setting and a clearance to land.

Thomas H. S. Giffin, Northeast agent in charge of the station at the time, gave another weather report at 11:28, saying the visibility had suddely dropped to one-half mile, the minimum allowed for Convair landings here. At 11:33 he tried to contact them as the fog started to roll in very fast but received no answer from the plane.

A DC-3, flight 289, was waiting on the taxiway for flight 258 to land so it could take off. At 11:38 the pilot saw a ball of fire rise up from the pines to the east and reported it over the radio to the Northeast station. Captain Raymond Roy immediately returned his ship to the parking area outside the administation building and he and his co-pilot, Dick Crowell and the stewardess, Miss Mary Wright, jumped into passing vehicles to go to the scene and help in rescue work.

An alarm was telephoned to the Central Fire Station and apparatus rushed to the scene. When Chief Bartlett arrived he radioed for additional equipment.

Sergeant Stuart Chadwick, at the police station, was notified of the crash and, after calling Chief Wendell H. Howes at his home, he and State Police Sergeant Robert Haley left the station and were the first police to arrive. Chief Howes summoned all

Aug. 25, 1958

Weather At Time of Crash Given by Weather Bureau.

Alfred H. Geddes, chief of the U.S. Weather Bureau station at Nantucket Memorial Airport, has released the "log" of the weather at the time of the Northeast Airlines crash last Friday night. The observations were taken by Meteorological Specialist Raymond Bliven.

10:58 p.m.: Scattered clouds at 500 feet, ceiling 12,000 feet, visibility 4 miles, fog.

11:12 p.m.: Special Report. Sky partially obscured, visibility ¾ mile, fog.

11:27 p.m.: Special Observation. Sky partially obscured, visibility ½ mile, fog. (This weather observation was transmitted to the pilot and acknowledged.)

11:31 p.m.: Special Observation. Sky partially obscured, visibility ⅛ mile, fog. (This information was transmitted but not acknowledged.)

11:36 p.m.: Check Observation. Sky partially obscured, visibility 3-16th mile, fog.

11:40 p.m.: Weather Bureau notified of crash by C.A.A. Observation taken as required. Sky partially obscured, visibility 3-16th mile, fog.

Mr. Geddes stated that eight to nine tenths of the sky was obscured during the entire period. Despite the fact that stars could be seen directly overhead, the lateral visibility was very poor, as his report indicates.

Aug. 25, 1958

Killed in Plane Crash.

The following were victims of the tragic crash of the Northeast Airlines Convair at Nantucket last Friday: Eric Bannister, Jr., of Brooklyn, N.Y.; John Thomas Burnham of Marshfield, Mass.; Jeanne Cavin of Malvern, Penn.; Arlene Dabek of Manchester, N.H.; Barbara Dasch of Bayville, L. I.; Laurence Standley Foster, Jr., of Belmont, L.I., N.Y.; Barbara Gillen of Bronx, N.Y.; Paula Haken of Jamaica, N.Y.; Helen Bowling Hereford of Upper Marlboro, Md.; William W. Hinckley of Westchester, N.Y.; Edward Joseph Kilberg, of Woodside, N.Y.; Virginia Marsh, of Farmingdale, N.Y.; John S. Pearson, of New York; Sidney Rubenfeld, of Bayside, L.I.; Harvey L. Schwamm of Riverdale, N.Y.; Jewele Shabel of Flushing, N.Y.; David Trauth of Maplewood, N. J.; Donald A. S. Breswick of Manhattan, N. Y.; Barbara Feinerman of Brooklyn, N.Y.; David C. Carey of Cambridge and Siasconset; Gordon Dean, of New York, and Nantucket; John C. Wehmann of Florham Park, N.J. and Nantucket; Ira Edward Wight Jr. of New York and Nantucket; and Jacqueline Duce Young of Nantucket.

Crash Victim and Others Flown from Island.

There were three special ambulance plane flights out of Nantucket Memorial Airport Wednesday.

The first was Miss Joyce Bell, of New York, one of the 10 survivors of the Northeast Airlines crash, who returned home to recuperate.

Miss Bell was taken to thte airport in the Nantucket Cottage Hospital ambulance to await a special plane provided by Northeast Airlines from which the seats had been removed. It was learned later the plane coming from Boston to pick up Miss Bell developed mechanical trouble and landed at Hyannis.

Local Northeast manager, William Murray, made arrangements to fly Miss Bell to Hyannis in another ambulance plane, here from New London, Conn., to return Brooke Hodgson, 7, a bicycle accident victim, to his home at New Canaan Conn.

Meanwhile, two seats were removed from a Hyannis to New York DC6-B with 40 passengers aboard so Miss Bell could be carried to New York on this flight. The plane was held a half hour to await Miss Bell's arrival. At Idlewild Airport in New York, Miss Bell was taken to Harkness House.

When the ambulance plane returned from Hyannis the Hodgson child was flown to his home.

The third plane-ambulance passenger flown out Wednesday, was Mrs. Mary Lyman, a summer resident of Cliff Road, who has been a patient at the hospital since August 11. She was flown to St. Louis, Mo.

Northeast Thanks Residents For Help Rendered In Accident

"Deep appreciation" to the Nantucket residents and organizations which "gave such invaluable assistance during the critical hours" following the crash of the Northeast Airlines crash here Aug. 15 was expressed today by President George E. Gardner of the Airlines in a statement issued through the Town Crier.

"Words are hardly adequate as a means of thanking those who pitched in and helped us," said Mr. Gardner on behalf of the Airlines. Mr. Gardner said it was difficult to cite all individuals because of the possibility that someone equally active may be overlooked. However, he said he was taking the oportunity of expressing the Airlines' gratitude to the following:

Fire Chief Irving T. Bartlett and his volunteer fire department; Nantucket police under Chief Wendell H. Howes and Sergeant F. Stuart Chadwick; State Police under Captain James A. Cretacos of Middleboro and Sergeant Robert G. Haley; US Navy Facility and Coast Guard personnel, Air Force personnel, including crews and medical corpsmen.

Also Nantucket Cotage Hospital, including trustees, volunteers, nurses, technicians, telephone operators, ambulance drivers and other employes; resident doctors and others of the medical profession visiting the Island; American Red Cross and its blood donor program; Memorial Airport personnel, including Folmer Stanshigh, George Lusk, Roswell Holmes and William Bachman; those early on the scene assisting in rescue operations, Roland Huyser, Charles S. Davis, James Cranston, C. George Anastos, Allen Holdgate and Walter S. Barrett, Nantucket telephone operators mobilized under direction of Harold Morris; Andy Docca who supplied coffee, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Zlotin and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lloyd of Sea Cliff Inn who contributed their services and facilities.

Sept. 12, 1958





—Associated Press Wirephoto

NANTUCKET—A WEEK LATER—Paul Kozinn, who survived last week's Northeast Airlines plane crash, leaves Nantucket Cottage Hospital with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Kozinn, Brooklyn, N. Y. At right, Cindy Lou Young, 20 months, another survivor of the crash, proudly shows off her toy dog from her bed at Cottage Hospital. The baby's mother, Mrs. Jacqueline Young, 18, was one of 24 persons who lost their lives in the crash.

Aug 23, 1958

LITTLEST SURVIVOR

Home With Grandparents



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

BACK WITH GRANDMA and her doll is Cindy Lou Young, 20-months-old survivor of Northeast Airlines plane crash that brought death to her mother, Mrs. Jacqueline Young and 23 others. Cindy Lou is shown with her grandmother, Mrs. Annie Duce, in the spacious sunny yard of the Duce home at Joy and Prospect Streets, Nantucket.

Sept. 2, 1958

Cindy Lou Treated Like Fairy Princess At Hospital; Little Passenger Is Cheerful

By Louise Young

"Mummy gone?" 20-month old Cindy Lou Young, the youngest traveler on ill-fated Flight 258 said Saturday morning to hospital volunteer Mrs. Rollin Kirtley. Cindy Lou's mother, Mrs. Phillip Young, perished in the crash.

"She got up and put her arms around my neck so trustingly," Mrs. Kirtley said. "It nearly broke my heart to hear her saying 'Mummy gone?' She probably thought I was a baby sitter. She showered me with affection while I was with her," Mrs. Kirtley said.

A mother of three children herself, Mrs. Kirtley reported for duty at the hospital at 1 a.m. Saturday, worked until 4 a.m., then returned at 9 a.m. to spend the day caring for Cindy Lou. Mrs. Kirtley works as a volunteer at the hospital during the Fall, Winter, and Spring, but ordinarily devotes herself to her family during the Summer.

"When I bathed her, I looked for marks and bruises but there was only a small scratch under her chin and a small bruise low on her neck," Mrs. Kirtley said.

A cheerful "Hi" from Cindy Lou greeted this Town Crier reporter, visiting the crash survivors at the hospital Tuesday. Playing with her favorite teddy bear, her interest was soon riveted on her food tray and the smiling aide who brought it.

Nurses and aides assured me that Cindy Lou's spirits were good, and that she didn't mind being treated like a fairy princess.

Cindy Lou Has New Home

Nantucket Kin Act In Custody Battle

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Sept. 19 — Little Cindy Lou Young, 20-month-old tragic figure in a bitter custody fight being waged between her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Duce, of Nantucket, and her father, Philip Young, of Dayton, Ohio, is now living in a nice modern apartment.

Mr. and Mrs. Duce, finally successful in their hunt for living quarters that would be suitable for Cindy Lou, have found a four-room apartment, that provides a room Cindy has all to herself at 8 Cliff Road, located in one of Nantucket's finest residential districts.

The night tragedy struck into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Duce and Cindy Lou, the couple was living in a tiny 1½-room cottage. It was something they had to take in an emergency at a time when they were looking for living quarters and vacant apartments were non-existent.

When the life of their daughter Jacqueline Young was snuffed out in a flaming Northeast Airlines plane after it had crashed in a field behind the Nantucket Memorial Airport, the life of Cindy Lou was miraculously spared and Mr. and Mrs. Duce immediately took over the care of their granddaughter.

During the dramatic legal battle for Cindy Lou's custody, staged in Nantucket County Probate Court, a week ago, Attorney Arthur Eaton questioned both Mr. and Mrs. Duce about the quarters in which they were then living with Cindy Lou.

There had been little time—only four weeks—for the Duces to find an apartment. And during those four weeks the island was still crowded with vacationists.

To the repeated questions about the cottage house both Mr. and Mrs. Duce answered, "We have been looking for a new place ever since the accident."

While they looked for new quarters both were determined they would not take any place that was available. They were determined their first consideration in selecting the new apartment would be governed on what would be best for Cindy.

And now it appears they have found the ideal place for Cindy Lou. It is an apartment of two bedrooms, a living room, kitchen and bath. And perhaps most important from a standpoint of Cindy's health it has a beautiful lawn covered spacious yard, completely surrounded by a thick 4-foot hedge and equally high fence from which it would be impossible to toddle out into the street.



LEAVES FOR NEW HOME—Cindy Lou Young, 22 months, gets a goodby kiss from her grandmother, Mrs. Arnold Duce of Nantucket, as the child leaves to make her home with Mrs. Dirjke Lamens, mother of Mrs. Duce. Mrs. Lamens, who is "Nan-naa" to little Cindy Lou, was awarded permanent custody of the child in Nantucket Probate Court. The baby was saved from death in the Northeast Airlines plane crash on the island Aug. 15. Her mother was one of the 24 killed in the accident. (Story on Page 24.)

—Standard-Times Staff Photo

Cindy Lou Is Given To Great-Grandmother

Permanent custody of Cindy Lou Young has been given to her maternal great-grandmother, Mrs. Dirjke Lamens of Coffin Street, in a "Wisdom of Solomon" decree handed down this week by Judge Jeremiah Sullivan in Probate Court. The father of the 22-month-old survivor of the August Northeast airplane crash, Philip Young 22, of Dayton, Ohio, who has sought custody and who has been named in Ohio as administrator of the estate of the child's mother, Jacqueline Young of Nantucket, a crash victim, has the right of appeal within 20 days.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Duce, the child's grandparents, had been granted temporary custody during litigation here. They and Mrs. Lamens are delighted by he decision. The Pacific National Bank is special administrator of the Jcqueline Young estate. Mrs. Lamens is a 69-year-old widow whose qualifications for custody were explored by Judge Sullivan at a contested hearing here last Summer.

The formal custody decree refers to Cindy Lou's father, Philip, who was estranged from his ill-fated wife, as "an unfit person" and not only gives custody to the great-grandmother but names her as guardian.

Young is expected to contest the latest decision, with emphasis upon whether Jacqueline Young was a resident of Nantucket or Ohio. At any rate, as stated in The Town Crier last week, Cindy Lou will stay on the Island, where she appears to be happy, in view of the latest development.

Nov. 7, 1953

Permanent Custody of Cindy Lou Awarded Great Grandmother

It was announced Wednesday afternoon at the office of Register of Probate, John J. Gardner, 2nd., that Probate Court Judge Jeremiah J. Sullivan had signed a decree awarding the permanent custody of little Cindy Lou Young, 22-months-old survivor of the August 15 Northeast Airlines plane crash, to her great-grandmother, Mrs. Dirkje Lamens, of 2A Coffin Street.

This decision of Judge Sullivan follows closely on the heels of his rulings of last week when he rejected a petition introduced by Attorney Gerald P. Walsh, of New Bedford, on behalf of Philip M. Young, of Dayton, Ohio, Cindy's father, to vacate the appointment of the Pacific National Bank as special administrator for the estate of the mother, the late Jacqueline Young. At the same time Judge Sullivan rejected a petition brought by Attorney George M. Poland for Arnold Duce asking that the custody case hearing be reopened to hear new evidence.

In awarding the custody of the child to Mrs. Lamens, Judge Sullivan has brought at least a temporary end to the two-month legal battle between Mr. Young and Mr. Duce, Cindy's grandfather, for her permanent custody. Register Gardner said Mr. Young has 20 days to file an appeal from Judge Sullivan's decision.

The original petition for custody of the child was filed by Mr. Duce on August 18 and the decree appointing Mrs. Lamens was signed by Judge Sullivan on Monday, November 3. In the decree it stated: "that the surviving parent, Philip M. Young, being unfit, it is decreed that Dirkje Lamens be appointed guardian with custody of the person and of the estate of said minor, Cindy Lou Young."

After hearing of Judge Sullivan's decision Mrs. Lamens, a 69-year-old widow, said with a pleased smile: "I am the happiest woman in Nantucket. I am so happy for Cindy Lou that she has been given into my care and she will be able to stay on the island. I think that real justice has been done for the child."

Boatline Strike Ends After 76 Days

Vineyard Service Started, Nantucket Boat Is Readied

First boatline service run in 77 days was made by the ferry Islander from Vineyard Haven to Woods Hole early this afternoon, 20 hours after the steamship authority and unlicensed workers ratified a contract agreement to end the long strike. Meanwhile, the steamer Nantucket was hurriedly being readied at New Bedford, to go into service at 7:30 a. m. tomorrow. She will ply twice daily to Nantucket. The Islander will make shuttle trips on a round-the-clock schedule, at least through the holiday weekend, it was reported. Triple crews will man the vessel to relieve each other on the continuous runs, including a trip to Nantucket tonight.

Scheduled to start her first trip from Vineyard Haven to Woods Hole at noon, the vessel was delayed when an underwater sea strainer clogged. Two skin-divers worked several hours to clear the drain.

Confusion prevailed at the Woods Hole, with hundreds of passengers—their cars and baggage—jamming the dock for hours before the vessel arrived and in between trips. Two trailer-trucks, driven on at the Vineyard returned loaded with freight.

Huge Volume Expected

The continuous 24-hour service was ordered by the authority to break the logjam of passengers, freight and cars waiting to be hauled to the islands for the holiday weekend. The traffic volume the next three days is expected to be the biggest, single mass influx of pleasure seekers to the islands in history.

The steamer Nantucket will leave New Bedford daily at 7:30 a. m., to go to Woods Hole and then to Nantucket. She will return to Woods Hole and then make a second trip to Nantucket.

Her last daily leg will be to leave Nantucket, stop at Woods Hole and arrive back at New Bedford at 9 p. m. to stay overnight and leave next morning on the same schedule.

A final settlement of the strike was reached at 6:45 last night at the New Bedford Hotel when the New Bedford, Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship Authority accepted a three-year contract its negotiators had hammered out in 16 hours of conciliation with unlicensed boatline workers.

Vote Is 90 to 6

The strikers represented by Federal Labor Union 24053, and last of four labor groups to come to contract terms, earlier ratified the pact on a 90 to 6 vote at a Labor Temple meeting.

Ratification resulted in an immediate return to work at Vineyard Haven and New Bedford by maintenance men and engineers last night. The two groups had settled on separate contracts earlier in the strike.

Licensed personnel — captains, mates and pilots, represented by Local 59, Teamsters Union—came to terms earlier this week, but also made the contract agreement official yesterday.

Authority plans were to shuttle the Islander between Woods Hole and Vineyard Haven to handle a backlog of autos awaiting transportation to Martha's Vineyard. Private barge and small boat service also is expected to continue to transport cars to the island from Hyannis.

Boatline workers swarmed over the Nantucket today to prepare the vessel for service. She and the Islander are capable of carrying 55 cars a trip, in addition to heavy passenger and freight loads.

Details Not Disclosed

Details of the contract were not disclosed. Attorney Robert M. Segal of Boston, union counsel, said exact wording of the pact will be worked out next week at a meeting between negotiators for both sides. The labor-management groups agreed on contract memorandums containing settlement highlights.

The contracts provide no pay raise this year and 4-percent increases in 1961 and 1962; improved fringe benefits, including insurance, unemployment compensation payments along State government lines, and an improved grievance arbitration clause.

The contracts reportedly give the authority more flexibility of operation, in that it reserves the right to require single-crew manning of vessels from September to June if traffic volume falls below normal.

Settlement of the strike resulted in dismissal of two cases pending in Suffolk Superior Court. They were for strike restraining orders sought by the authority against the unions. A third was automatically discontinued. It was to compel the authority to provide service despite the strike.

Over the objections of Attorney Louis H. Weinstein, counsel for the authority, Judge Frank J. Donahue dismissed the two injunction suits and a third against the State Labor Relations Commission. The latter case was to prevent a commission hearing on a union charge of unfair labor practices against the authority.

Weinstein protested that although the labor-management groups had agreed on a settlement, contracts would not be signed until next week. He added there may be a possibility some trouble would develop before the signing.

The lawyer was believed being overcautious and the court was old by Attorney Segl crews had returned to work and that a vessel sailed today. He said in view of that, it was unlikely any trouble would develop.

Arranges Reservations

Frank B. Look, boatline general manager, today was busy arranging freight, passenger and auto reservations for the vessels. He was investigating the possibility of increasing the schedule of runs between the islands.

Captain Alec Smith sailed the Islander on her first shuttle-trip schedule this afternoon. His relief, Captain Walter E. Kszystiysiak, will take over the vessel for the Nantucket run tonight.

In Boston, Benjamin Morton of the Vineyard Chamber of Commerce and island leaders were meeting with John Burke, commissioner of the State Department of Commerce, at the University Club about launching a tremendous advertising and promotional campaign urging vacation travel to the islands.

Work on the Nobska is not scheduled to start until Tuesday. But her overhaul will be speeded to put her back into service to take up the traffic overflow.

At Buzzards Bay yesterday, the first Cape Codder train from New York City arrived at 5 p. m. with 635 vacationers. It was the first New Haven Railroad vacation train from New York to the Cape in a year.

Bourne selectmen, Chamber of Commerce officials, the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Band, beauty contest winners and a crowd of more than 700 persons greeted the train with red ribbons strung across the tracks.

There was no indication yet what the strike had cost to the authority and unions, and what it has done to the economy of the islands. Islanders greeted the settlement with relief. Church bells were sounded on the Vineyard and there was dancing in the streets at Nantucket.

Bells tolled out the news from 18 churches in six Vineyard towns. On Nantucket, Miss Margaret Pope rounded up a group of women to wear historic costumes to greet the steamer Nantucket tomorrow.

July 1, 1960



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

CONTRACT SIGNING ENDS STRIKE—Shown at a contract agreement signing yesterday ending the 11-week boatline strike are negotiators for the New Bedford, Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship Authority and licensed personnel, represented by Local 59, Teamsters Union. The licensed group was one of two labor groups that came to terms with the authority. Left to right are Captain Aldei Sawyer, Ernest Tripanier, union secretary-treasurer; Captain Joseph Gwodz, Captain Walter B. Zelski, S. P. Jason, chief authority negotiator; Matthew L. Carvalho, union president; Frank B. Look, authority general manager, seated, and John Frasier, union business agent.

Story at Right

July 1, 1960

No Boat! Crew Refuses To Bring "Nantucket" Here

In a surprise move, the crew of the steamer "Nantucket" refused to take the vessel from New Bedford this (Friday) morning, as a result of an ultimatum by the Steamship Authority regarding crew and pay schedules.

As a result, there will be no steamer service today, and perhaps for many days, although the Authority is at present working to provide alternate transportation of mail, freight, and passengers between Nantucket and the mainland.

The crisis came when the steamer "Nobska" was taken off the run for its spring overhaul, and the "Nantucket" was to take its place. The Authority felt it was justified in running the larger steamer with only one and a half crews, rather than a double crew as the union desires.

Robert M. Love, Authority representative from Martha's Vineyard, reports the steamer "Nantucket" was operated with "one and a half" crews last fall when it took the place of the ferry Islander. However, the union claims the Authority set a precedent when the "Nantucket" was first put into operation and double crews were used. Mr. Love states the situation at that time called for the double crews for training purposes, as it was necessary for all hands to become familiar with the new vessel.

"We felt this is the time of the year to fight this thing out," Mr. Love stated. "We (the Authority) are not going to let them get away with anything. If we give in now, for practical purposes we have lost everything. . . . As far as I am concerned, their (the union's) argument won't hold water."

Mr. Love also stated that the Authority is making other arrangements for the transportation of freight and passengers, and it is believed that Frank Look, general manager of the Authority, is attempting to charter one or more Northeast Airliners for the purpose.

The Vineyard Authority member could give no estimate of the time the steamer "Nantucket" will be tied up, but stated that the Authority is going to "fight it out" with the union rather than giving in to the nearly impossible demands.

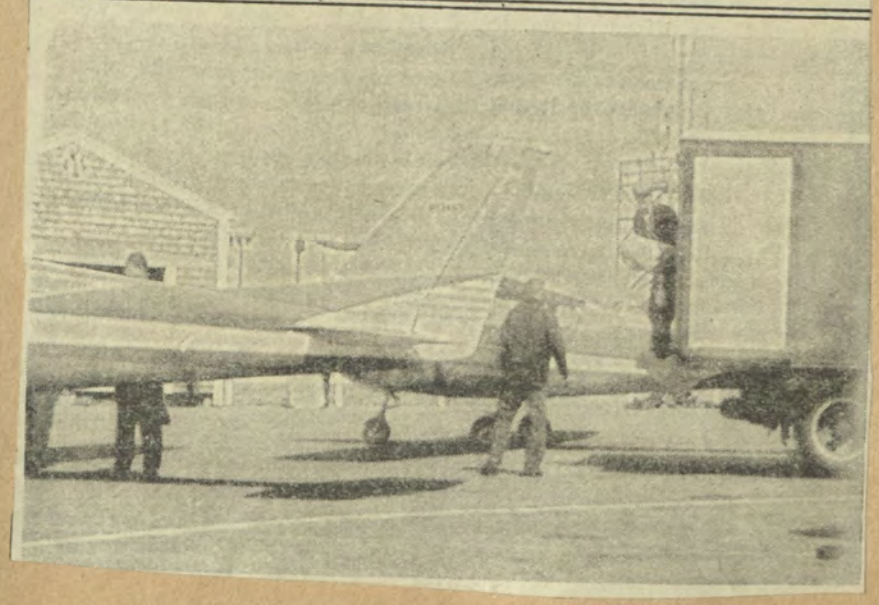
Apr. 1, 1960



Unloading the "Capt. Leroy," a 40-foot party boat, at Straight Wharf Tuesday afternoon. The "Capt. Leroy" and her sister vessel, "Capt. Leroy II," were chartered by the trucking firm of Andrews and Pierce to bring provisions to the island.



Linemen employed by the Electric Co. and passengers watch freight being unloaded from the Cape and Islands Flight Service plane Wednesday morning. Much of the freight in this shipment consisted of equipment to be used on the new high-voltage line along Orange Street. On a previous trip the plane brought milk and perishables to the island.



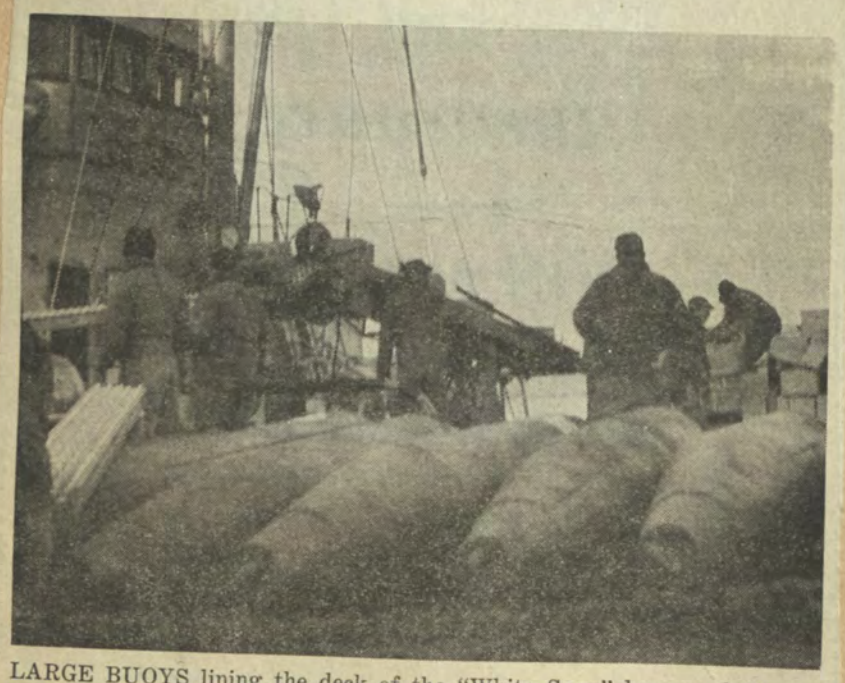
Apr. 8, 1960



AMONG THE FIRST automobiles to come off the steamer "Nantucket" Wednesday afternoon was the car of Mr. and Mrs. William Waine, who had been on a vacation trip to Boston. Like many other islanders, their plans to return last weekend were changed by the strike, and they had an enforced four-day stay on Cape Cod until the boat left Woods Hole.



PERSONNEL OF THE U. S. NAVAL FACILITY are shown unloading a Navy supply ship at Steamboat Wharf Wednesday afternoon. When supplies at the Facility began to grow short as a result of the Steamship Authority strike, the Navy sent the ship to Nantucket from Newport, R. I. The vessel docked beside the U. S. Coast Guard buoy tender "White Sage" and the cartons were carried across her deck to the wharf.



LARGE BUOYS lining the deck of the "White Sage" hampered the unloading of the Navy supply ship Wednesday afternoon.



Three small Cessna planes brought supplies of meat to Nantucket Wednesday morning. The "squadron" came from Providence for the Great A&P Tea Co. and flew two round trips, in precise formation.

Apr. 8, 1960



Photo by Robert Caldwell

THE U. S. COAST GUARD buoy tender "White Sage" is shown as she approached Steamboat Wharf at noon, Wednesday. She carried provisions for the local Coast Guard stations to the island when steamboat service was curtailed by the strike.

Apr. 8, 1960



—Stuart B. Day Photo

RELIEF RUN by the ferry Islander, diverted from its Vineyard Haven-Woods Hole schedule, was made to Nantucket yesterday for the first time since commissioning in 1950 to assist the steamer Nantucket with a heavy freight load. The vessel, shown unloading soft drink beverages, helped carry a two-day accumulation of supplies caused by tieup of the Nantucket. In addition, supplies included extra orders by island merchants in advance of a possible boatline strike.

April 14, 1960



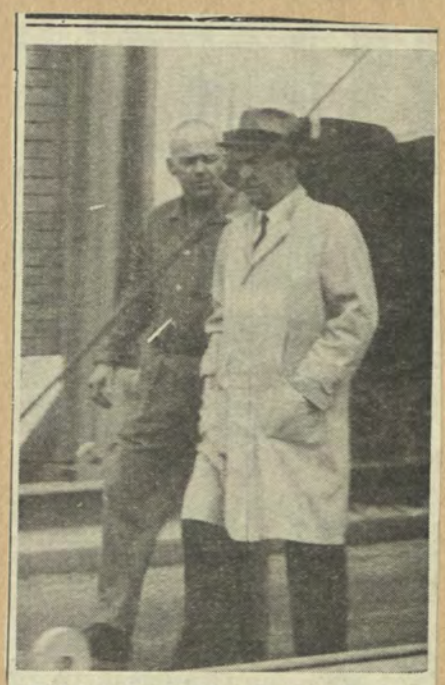
The ferry "Islander," which normally runs only between Woods Hole and Vineyard Haven, is shown just before she docked at Nantucket at noon on Wednesday. While far smaller than the "Nantucket," the ferry is capable of carrying almost as much freight and as many passengers as the larger vessel, but at the same time requires a crew of only 16, compared to approximately 57 on the "Nantucket."

April 15, 1960



First Boat to arrive at Nantucket with perishables since beginning of strike at midnight, Friday, April 22, was the New Bedford fishing dragger, "Winifred H." Unloading milk for Whiting Milk Co., are Richard Austin (in boat) and George Folger (on dock), Whiting Milk Co. employees.

Apr. 22, 1960



Richard F. Tobin, Falmouth Authority member, paid a short visit to Nantucket Wednesday, arriving on the ferry "Islander." Mr. Tobin is shown with Robert S. Backus as they walked over the loading ramp.

April 15, 1960



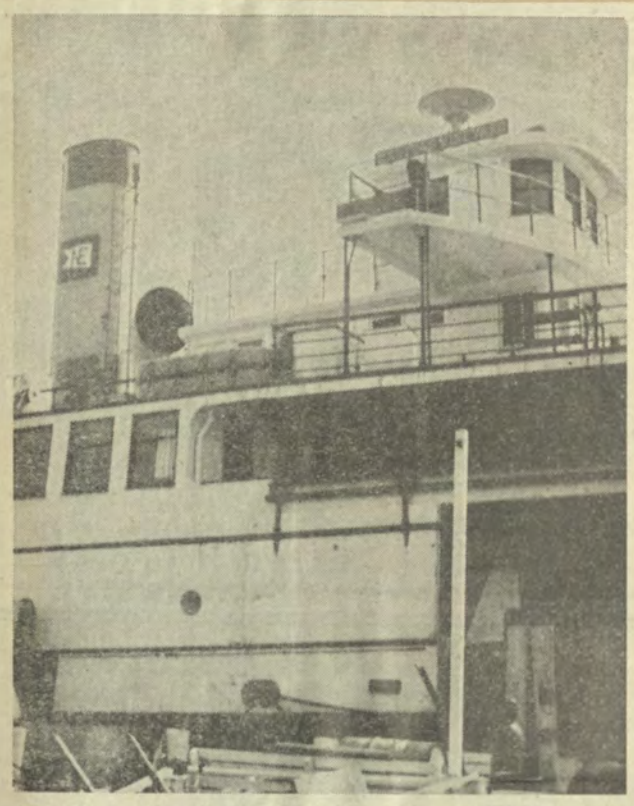


The Catherine-Tek made her first trip of the year to Nantucket last Saturday afternoon, when she arrived in port about 12:30 p.m. with passengers and freight. Normally she would not have begun her daily trips to and from Hyannis until just before the summer season, but her owner, Mr. Theodore J. Gelinas, has started daily runs to the island to alleviate the conditions caused by the strike of the Steamship Authority employees. Above, left, she is shown approaching Old South Wharf, and, at the right, she prepares to tie up.





Irving Soverino, Jr., carries freight from the Catherine-Tek in the picture above, left. Large cargoes of freight and express have been carried throughout the past week. In the photo at the right are shown some of the passengers disembarking Saturday afternoon, including a group of Girl Scouts from Framingham, who were on an excursion.

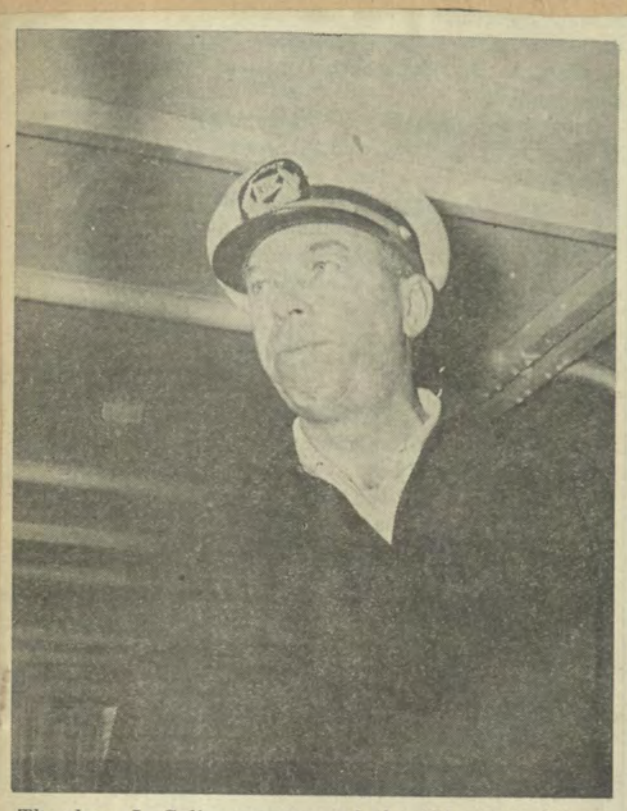


The port side of the "Martha's Vineyard," showing a wing of the bridge, the pilot house, and a freight deck opening. The "NE" (Nantucket Express Lines) on the stack is reminiscent of the "good old days" when the steamers were run by the New England Steamship Lines.

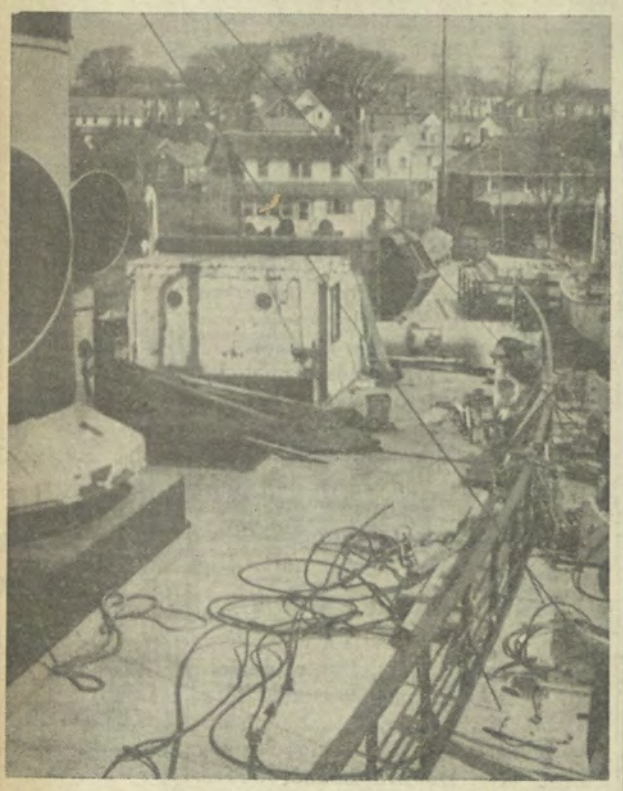


Above is the starboard side of the "Martha's Vineyard" showing a portion of the radio shack removed to lower the 15-ton diesel engines into the engine room. The old steam engines, replaced by diesels from the US Navy submarine "Finback," will allow more economical operation.

April 29, 1960



Theodore J .Gelinas, owner of the "Martha's Vineyard," is shown docking another of his vessels, the "Catherine-Tek," Saturday. Mr. Gelinas purchased the "Martha's Vineyard" from the Steamship Authority, and intends running her from Hyannis to Nantucket this summer.



At Hyannis, the "Martha's Vineyard" lies beside the former US Fish and Wildlife Service vessel "Albatross, III," purchased by Mr. Gelinas as a source of parts to renovate and improve his vessel. Mr. Gelinas hopes to have the former Steamship Authority steamer in operation to Nantucket by July.

April 19, 1960

Mail Service Assured

The old legend, "The mail must go through," will be adhered to as much as possible if the boatline strike becomes a reality at midnight tonight.

Postmaster J. Sydney Conway conferred the first of the week with Charles Bonner, chief of transportation for the Post Office Department in Boston, and Joseph McHugh, assistant agent of the local Authority station, on plans for transporting the mail on and off the island in the event of a strike.

Postmaster Conway said he had been assured the Authority would provide for a daily mail trip via a chartered Northeast Airlines plane that would leave New Bedford daily at 11:15 a.m. for Nantucket with a stop being made at the Martha's Vineyard Airport enroute.

On the return trip the plane will try to leave about 12 noon to return to New Bedford, with the usual stop at the Vineyard on the way. The amount of mail to be transported determines the number of passengers that can be carried on the charter flight. Reservations for this plane must be made at the ticket office on Steamboat Wharf. The cost of the ticket sold to the customer, is not at the airline price, but at the regular boat fare rates.

Apr. 19, 1960



In a happy mood as the barge load of their cars approached the dock are automobile dealers Harry Gordon, left, and Albert Silva. Also shown are Patrolman Herbert Cole and John Blaser, an employee of the Gordon Motor Company.



May 20, 1960



Jack Briard, left, on boat, and Oscar Bunting, right, are shown unloading Allen W. Holdgate's boat at Straight Wharf Monday of a load of mail brought over from Hyannis. Holdgate's boat, the "Sea Mist," has been chartered by the Steamship Authority to carry mail between this port and Hyannis for the duration of the boatline strike. Malcolm Soverino may be seen stacking the mail in the truck and his helper "Chuck" Thomas on wharf ready to pass up some of the sacks.

May 20, 1960



Ben Baxter's barge approaching Miller's Wharf.

May 20, 1960



DO-IT-YOURSELF fad has hit the Navy—Unable to move reassigned men and their families on or off the Island because of the boatline strike, the Navy Department decided to do the job itself. Photo shows Navy supply depot employes Benjamin Chase, checking, as Jesse Dennis, center, and Irving Katzman sort out household effects which were shipped to Nantucket by a Navy LST 287.

June 23, 1960



Photo by Robert Caldwell

Heading straight into the beach, the fishing trawler "Agnes & Myrnie" grounded in the Chord of the Bay, Coatue, late Sunday night. She was pulled free by the Coast Guard the next day. (Other photos on Page 3.)



FREIGHT BOAT SERVES NANTUCKET—The Sprigg Caroll, freight and passenger boat out of New London, Conn., has been chartered by the newly-organized Nantucket-Hyannis Transportation Company, Inc. It carries 53 tons of freight and has made several trips to the island filled to capacity. Operating on a daily schedule, it is shown here approaching Steamboat Wharf, where it loads and unloads.

June 29, 1960



A barge loaded with lumber and other building materials was brought to the island Wednesday afternoon by Ben Baxter, docking at the end of Steamboat Wharf. Lumber was unloaded for both the Island Service Company and the Marine Lumber Company, while a truck aboard the barge carried concrete blocks and pipe for Thomas McGrath. There were no passenger cars aboard the barge.

May 27, 1960



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

COSTUMED GREETERS at the Old South Wharf in Nantucket await the arrival of the Hyannis excursion boat bringing Summer guests to the island. Seated in front, left to right, are the Misses Aline Plucinski, Susan Worth, Jacqueline Grieder and Roberta Waine; back row, Miss Betty Hardy, Mrs. Charles Adshead, Miss Margaret Pope, chairman of the Nantucket Chamber of Commerce Costumed Greeters Committee, Allan Stapleton, executive director of the Chamber of Commerce; Miss Sally Ingram, Miss Sandra Smith, Miss Karen Larson and Miss Helen Bartlett.

June 17, 1960



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

ISLAND-BOUND VACATIONERS throng the Woods Hole dock with baggage and bicycles, awaiting small boat transportation to Martha's Vineyard. With end of the 76-day boatline strike, vacation traffic now will be expedited more efficiently by steamship authority vessels, one of which—the ferry Islander—began service today.

July 1, 1960



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

COSTUMED GREETERS at the Old South Wharf in Nantucket await the arrival of the Hyannis excursion boat bringing Summer guests to the island. Seated in front, left to right, are the Misses Aline Plucinski, Susan Worth, Jacqueline Grieder and Roberta Waine; back row, Miss Betty Hardy, Mrs. Charles Adshead, Miss Margaret Pope, chairman of the Nantucket Chamber of Commerce Costumed Greeters Committee, Allan Stapleton, executive director of the Chamber of Commerce; Miss Sally Ingram, Miss Sandra Smith, Miss Karen Larson and Miss Helen Bartlett.

June 17, 1960



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

NANTUCKET-BOUND—Headed out from New Bedford at 7:30 a. m. today, the boatline authority steamer Nantucket makes the first run from here since the start of a 76-day strike. It reached Woods Hole at 9:15 and was due at Nantucket about noon. The ferry Islander made four Vineyard Haven-Woods Hole round-trips yesterday and one night haul to Nantucket from Woods Hole.

Nantucket Seems Cool In Greeting Steamer

By ELMER RODRIGUES
Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, July 2 — Nantucket greeted the first trip of its namesake island boatline steamer—despite an 11-week strike drought—with typical cool Yankee reserve today. Although 200 persons crowded Steamboat Wharf—most of them Summer vacationers—the steamer Nantucket's reception was almost indifferent.

The vessel docked at 12:45 p. m. —the first time since April 15 when boatline workers went on strike.

The dispute was settled Thursday, just when islanders were about to lose lucrative July 4 holiday weekend business.

There was no shoreward hail of greeting when the steamer rounded Brant Point and whistled her arrival.

In fact, a subdued dock crowd waved only to friends and relatives. There were no joyful shouts of welcome to the vessel.

There wasn't any outward sign of antipathy, expected toward the men who struck 76 days, curtailing service to the island.

Even the trip from New Bedford to Woods Hole and to the island was relatively quiet. Vacationers expressed little concern. Most just said they were glad they could now bring the cars over to the island.

Surprisingly, too, the Nantucket carried only 400 passengers, 27 cars, a tractor-trailer load of freight and mail, despite a huge Cape Cod jam of island-bound vehicles.

This was far short of her 53-car, 1,500-passenger capacity.

July 2, 1960

Steamer Trip Leaves City

Holiday Crowd Jams Woods Hole

The boatline authority steamer Nantucket got under way from New Bedford at 7:30 a. m. today to join the ferry Islander in loosening the logjam of more than 500 cars stranded on Cape Cod in the 76 days before the boatline strike was settled Thursday night.

Traffic volume for the next three days, swelled by newly-arrived Summer residents and tourists, is expected to be the biggest single mass influx of pleasure seekers to the islands in history.

Working round-the-clock, the Islander made the first trip, from Vineyard Haven to 7:44 a. m. today and left 8 minutes later for Woods Hole.

Incoming trips to the islands were jammed with capacity loads, which amount to 55 cars, several hundred people and variable freight tonnage.

Tempers Flare

Flaring tempers of still-stranded motorists and trippers mingled with cheers of outgoing passengers at Woods Hole yesterday. With 2,000 persons and 250 cars transported yesterday, crowds were more orderly today.

On the islands, all was festive. The weekend is expected to make up somewhat for the losses, estimates of which have run into millions of dollars, due to the long strike.

The Nantucket will sail twice daily to Nantucket as the Islander makes continuous shuttle trips, at least through the holiday weekend. Three crews manning the vessel will relieve each other on the runs.

Small private vessels used during the strike are just about out of business. The settlement ended a cash bonanza for many small boat skippers in Woods Hole, Falmouth and Hyannis.

One charter boat captain reportedly bankrolled $25,000 during 10 weeks. The authority paid $100 daily to have small craft shuttle mail to the islands.



—Standard-Times Staff Photos

FIRST STEAMER to Nantucket in 11 weeks takes on a load of passengers at Woods Hole in preparation for the last leg of the trip yesterday morning. Passenger load for the trip was only about 400, far short of the steamer's 1,500 capacity.

July 2, 1960



DOCKING AT NANTUCKET, the steamer was met by the bell ringing of Howard C. Barber, town crier at left. With him are Miss Margaret Pope, chairman of the island's reception committee; and Allan W. Stapleton, executive director of the Nantucket Chamber of Commerce.

July 2, 1960